WEEK
ENDING
NOV. 28, 1931

Liberty

5c

A Weekly for Everybody

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DELA ROGERS T. JOHNS ~ **GRAND DUCHESS MARIE** ~ **MAJ. GEN. J. E. FECHET** ~ **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS** ~ **BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER**

WAX

MAKES TEMPTING ARTIFICIAL FRUIT
BUT NOT GOOD MOTOR OIL

Artificial apples, oranges and grapes look almost good enough to eat. A splendid centerpiece. You can hardly tell them from actual fruit. But put them in the sun—see how soon they lose their shape and substance. Or place them in the cold—brittle as bone. . . Wax is like that—and these fruits are made of wax. . . Yet wax was in all paraffin-base motor oils—ready to turn thin and watery under heat, or candle-hard with cold—until the introduction of *The New Waxfree Havoline.*

Keep Wax Out of Your Motor—There is no wax in Waxfree Havoline—it's 100 per cent *oil.* That's why it holds its oily body in torrid temperatures. That's why it won't clog or stiffen when the mercury slides down to zero. Hot or cold, or in-between, there is a grade of this fine oil to protect your motor perfectly. So many car owners who have used Waxfree Havoline regularly from the first describe their motors as "flexible" and "sweet running" after thirty—forty—fifty thousand miles. . . When it's "change-oil" time again, drain and refill where you see the Waxfree Havoline sign. Your motor will thank you. *Waxfree means carefree!*

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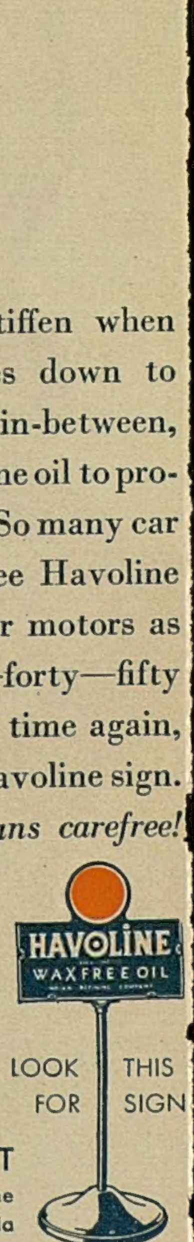

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

35c A QUART
Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

USE ONLY The New

WAXFREE HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL

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after exposure guard against SORE THROAT

29 diseases may enter the body through the MOUTH Keep it clean!

AVY
GOTLIEB

gargle Listerine every 2 hours reduces risk of COLDS 50% tests show

Under normal conditions of living, the twice a day gargle with full strength Listerine is sufficient to aid Nature in keeping the millions of germs in the mouth under control. It helps to ward off colds and similar infections.

Exposure weakens resistance

But after a late season football game, in fact after any severe exposure, more frequent gargling is advisable. Once every two hours is recommended by authorities on oral hygiene.

Body resistance is lowered by cold hands and feet, sudden changes of temperature, and long exposure to cold. So Nature needs extra help in conquering the disease germs breeding in the mouth. Listerine kills germs in record time.

Garglers have half as many colds

You can realize the great value of using Listerine *daily* by noting the results of careful cold control tests conducted under medical supervision. The results: *Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had half as many colds as those who did not gargle.*

Those who gargled Listerine five times daily had one-third as many colds.

And in each case the colds were less severe and of shorter duration.

Avoid harsh antiseptics

Such success is due to two properties of Listerine. Both are important to you.

1. Its rapid germicidal action. Listerine kills germs in the fastest time which can be accurately measured. Reduces mouth bacteria 98%.

2. Its healing effect on tissue. Listerine has none of the irritating qualities present in mouthwashes so harsh they require dilution.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it regularly. Remember, it is the *safe* antiseptic which not only combats infection but overcomes bad breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SAFE ..LISTERINE.. PLEASANT

Nov. 28, 1931
Liberty
Vol. 8 No. 48
A Weekly for Everybody
Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

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☞ **Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS NO MOLLYCODDLE

The Father of our great country was a real upstanding specimen of virile manhood.

He was a great jumper and a wrestler. And he was a fighter, not only in the battlefield but in a rough-and-tumble affray. Even Jack Dempsey at his best would have found him a menacing antagonist.

We like to place a halo around our great heroes. They are often painted with saintlike characteristics. We forget their faults and glorify their commendable traits.

Washington has had more than his share of this glorification, but he was a real he-man with many of the associated faults.

We have been fed on the cherry-tree story and many other tales that indicate his splendid character. But we can be assured that George Washington was no mollycoddle, nor was he at all saintlike in character.

Although we now know that the cherry tree was only a fable invented by Parson Weems, we also know that Washington was nevertheless a truth-telling man, hating liars. The belief that honesty is the best policy is an American trait. But we can be assured that George Washington's path was by no means a bed of roses. Much of the rigid determination and the dominating characteristics that he developed were undoubtedly acquired by the rugged environments of that period. We can be assured that the wisdom that he garnered did not come from the easy life that many believe he enjoyed.

A United States commission has been appointed to celebrate fittingly the two hundredth a[illegible]sary of the birth of this great American figure. This bicentennial celebration, which will occur in 1932, has been preceded by the recently concluded ceremonies at Yorktown, Virginia.

If the Father of Our Country could drop down on us at this time and view conditions as they are today, he would doubtless be lost in wonderment. The amazing changes since his time by far exceed the imagination of even Jules Verne. And there are many changes that would doubtless appall him.

He did not like large cities. He was afraid of them.

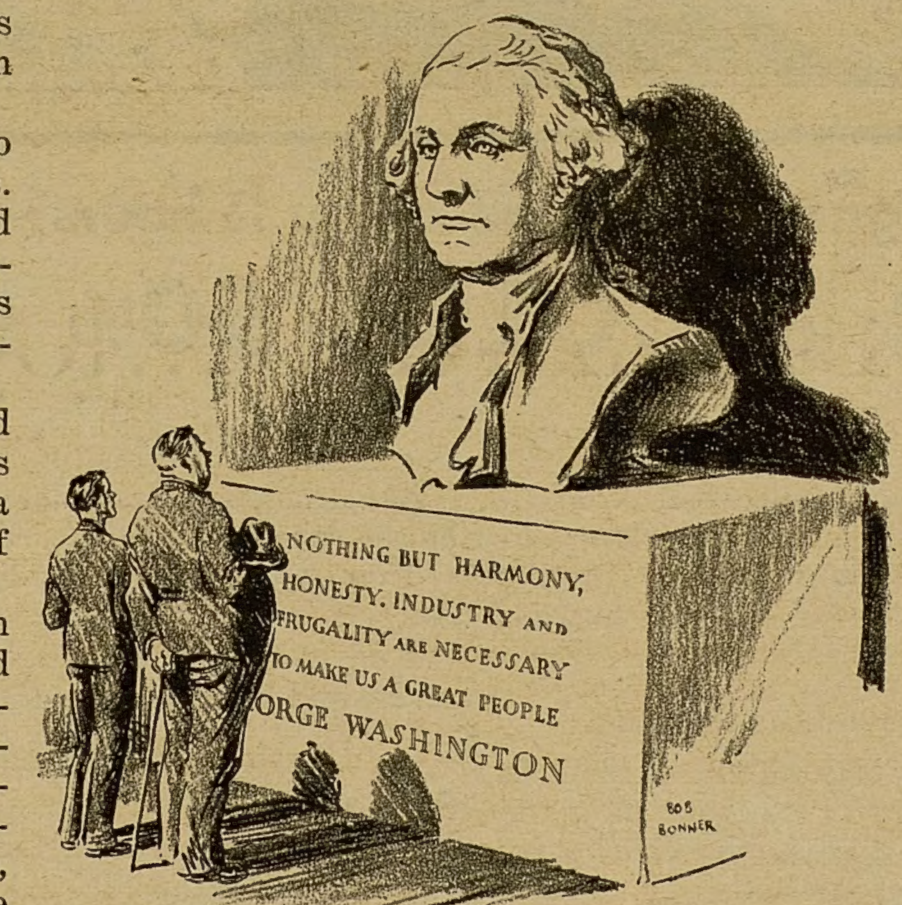
"The tumultuous populace of large cities are to be dreaded," are his exact words.

We have become a nation of city dwellers. The recent development of the airplane, automobile, and radio may help to take us out in the country; but the devitalizing influence of herding people in thickly populated communities is everywhere noted.

"Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties shall be secure," was one of Washington's special slogans.

If he were to try to define some of our complicated legal mandates, he would undoubtedly be confused. Our liberties are being encroached upon year by year. Laws of every kind try to control even our very thoughts. And we can only be hopeful that the pendulum will some time soon swing in the opposite direction, for at present we are a law-ridden nation. We have so many laws that justice is almost smothered or entirely lost to sight.

If our unending complicated mass of intricate enactments could be boiled down to something like they were when Washington's great mind was a directing force, we could at least try to be law-abiding citizens. In our present situation many people make no effort to obey the law, even in spirit.


NOTHING BUT HARMONY, HONESTY, INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY ARE NECESSARY TO MAKE US A GREAT PEOPLE
ORGE WASHINGTON
BOB BONNER

We all know we are breaking laws every day. We can only hope that we will not be caught. The wrong, it is said, is not in breaking the law but in being discovered.

George Washington tells us: "Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy people."

That sentence contains a world of truth. Wherever you find harmony, there you will find happiness, and usually honesty is unconsciously associated with it. Industry and frugality are indeed important—they help to stabilize one's career and make one's activities constructive and upbuilding. Success of a satisfying sort is then the usual reward.

priced from
$6.50 up

They are never too young or too old to enjoy BILLIARDS ... together

THERE are so few games that sisters and brothers of different ages can and will play together. Billiards is one — the best. Boys and girls from eight up will gather around a Billiard Table, forgetting that brother is little or that sister usually spoils things. They all play Billiards on an equal footing, with equal fun, hours at a time.

Billiards not only develops unselfish sportsmanship, coordination of mind and muscle, keeps mischievous hands out of trouble, but it fosters a family spirit, binds the young ones together and subordinates juvenile bickerings. It solves, too, the problem of what to do in bad weather and brings their friends to your home for entertainment.

Then, you fathers who at the end of the day want to play with the kids—and what real father doesn't, and so get close to them, really know them—will find Billiards a game, and one of the very few, that you and they can play together, naturally, enthusiastically, enjoyably. You will not be unduly tired, either. Instead, you will be refreshed, both mentally and physically.

Billiards fascinates adults — just as it does youngsters—whether it is played in the home, at the club or in one of the modern recreation centers.

Brunswick has made it possible for every home to have a Billiard Table. A genuine Brunswick Junior Playmate Model can be bought for as little as $6.50, fully equipped, ready for playing. It is not a toy, but an enduring, substantially constructed Table.

Only Brunswick can make a Table of this quality, at this price. So be sure and get a genuine Brunswick. You identify it by the trademark shown below. Don't take a shoddy substitute. No maker other than Brunswick builds a Table that embodies the scientific construction and high grade materials that are essential in a fine Billiard Table, irrespective of size.

Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes, at **$6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25.00, $60.00 and $100.00.** Leading hardware, department, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them.

Mail the coupon below for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

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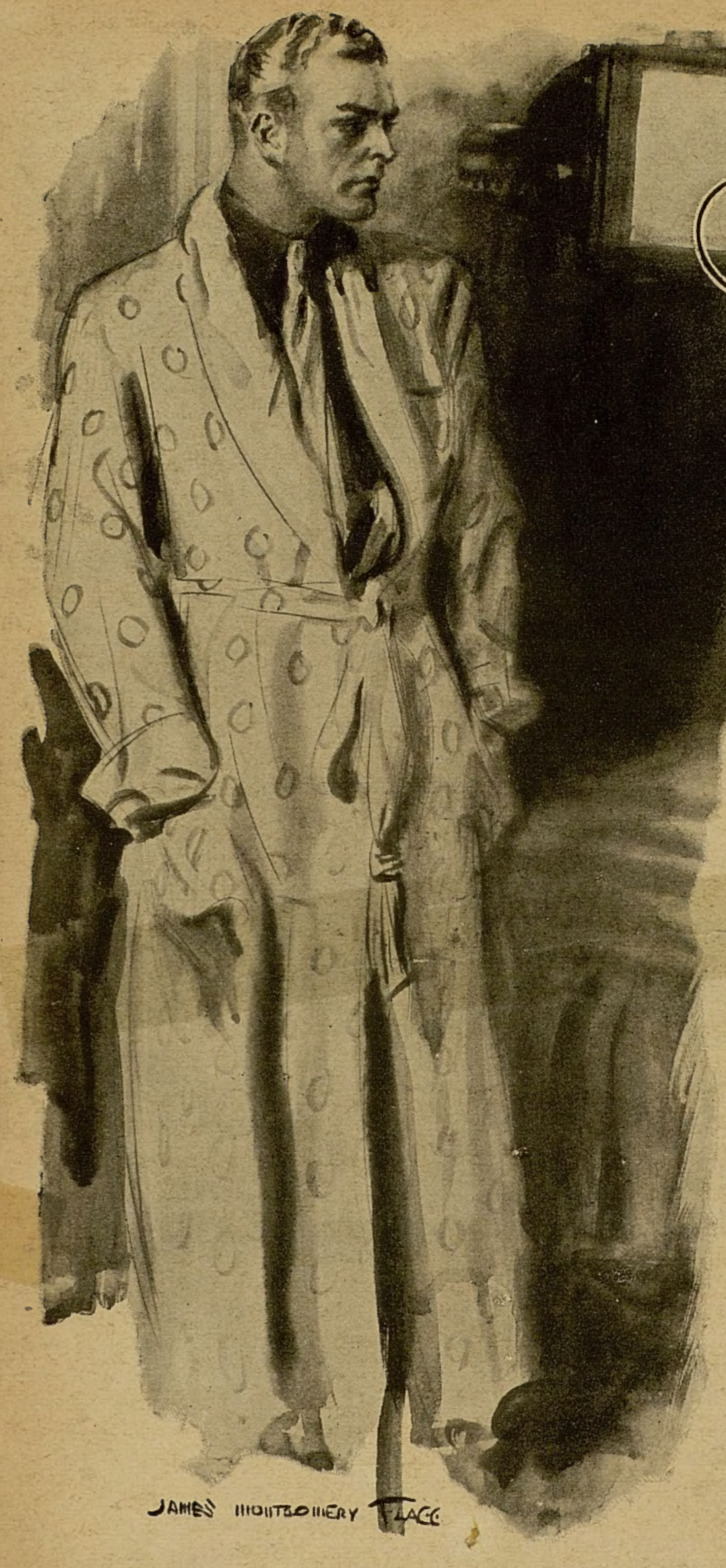
SLEE

If Any Woman Doubts Her Husband She Might Try This Experiment



(*Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.*)

FLORENCE sat very still, watching her husband across the breakfast table. Her eyes were quiet under the white lids.

She said: " It's a grand part, of course."

Brian moved impatiently. " I don't give a damn if it's Hamlet and Ben-Hur rolled into one," he said. " I'm not going to play it."

His wife filled her coffee cup from the slim silver pot. She drank it, smiling quietly to herself, still watching the tall, slim young man absorbed in his newspaper yet intensely aware of her steady eyes.

" Didn't they tell you at the studio yesterday? " she said.

The paper didn't move. From behind it Brian's voice was angry, distressed, unnatural. " Sure they did. But I told them flatly I wouldn't do it. Evidently they didn't believe me. They'll find out. I may be an actor under contract, but I've got some rights. Good God, haven't they *any* sense? "

He was, Florence thought, like a small boy. For all his six feet, his wide shoulders, his lean, bronzed face, he was like a small boy. How he hated trouble! Brian could stand anything but facing trouble.

" I don't see," said Florence sweetly, " why you shouldn't play it."

There was a sound like a bellow and the paper crashed amid the breakfast dishes. Brian's handsome, harassed face, all torn and rumpled with emotion, stared at her.

" *You* don't see," he said in a voice that he vainly tried to keep steady. " *You* don't see? Florence, have you lost your mind? Surely, surely--"

His wife stood up. A little woman in flowered pyjamas that showed her pretty bare arms and her slim young body. She went to the edge of the pavilion that was built upon the sands, and stood looking out across the clear, jade-green waves that broke, one after another, upon the strip of shore. And the bright waves, looking back, saw a white, frightened face with enormous dark eyes staring from between the jagged dwarf pines.

WHEN she turned, the fear had gone from her face and the smile was there again. When Brian Austen had married her and brought her into the Hollywood group and the gay set at Malibu Beach, people had spoken first about her smile. " She's not exactly pretty," they said. " At least, not after Adrienne. But she has the nicest smile. Poor child, I wonder if she knows? "

Florence went back and sat down at her place, her dark eyes touching tenderly her husband's angry, lined face.

" No," she said slowly, " I haven't lost my mind. But I don't see very well what else you can do. Especially "—she touched one of the morning papers with a slim finger—" especially as it's been printed."

" Printed! " Brian yelped it. " What difference does that make? Papers can print a mistake, can't they? Papers can print anything. That doesn't make it so. They'll just have to print something else tomorrow. They can just print that I'm *not* going to play that part, because—because—"

" Because? " said Florence softly.

" Because I've jolly well got something else to do; that's why."

" Oh," said Mrs. Austen.

" Let's get out in the sun," said Brian sharply. " Let's get out of this."

The sun was hot. Brian stretched out in a canvas deck chair. He was naked except for blue trunks, and his body was burned a rich tan. Florence's eyes took him all in—the slim, fine strength, the head with its crest of hair burned lighter by sun and wave, his tormented blue eyes. She curled in the sand at his feet.

" Do *you* want me to play that part? " he said at last, looking down at her.

" Yes," said Florence. " Of course I do. Why shouldn't you? "

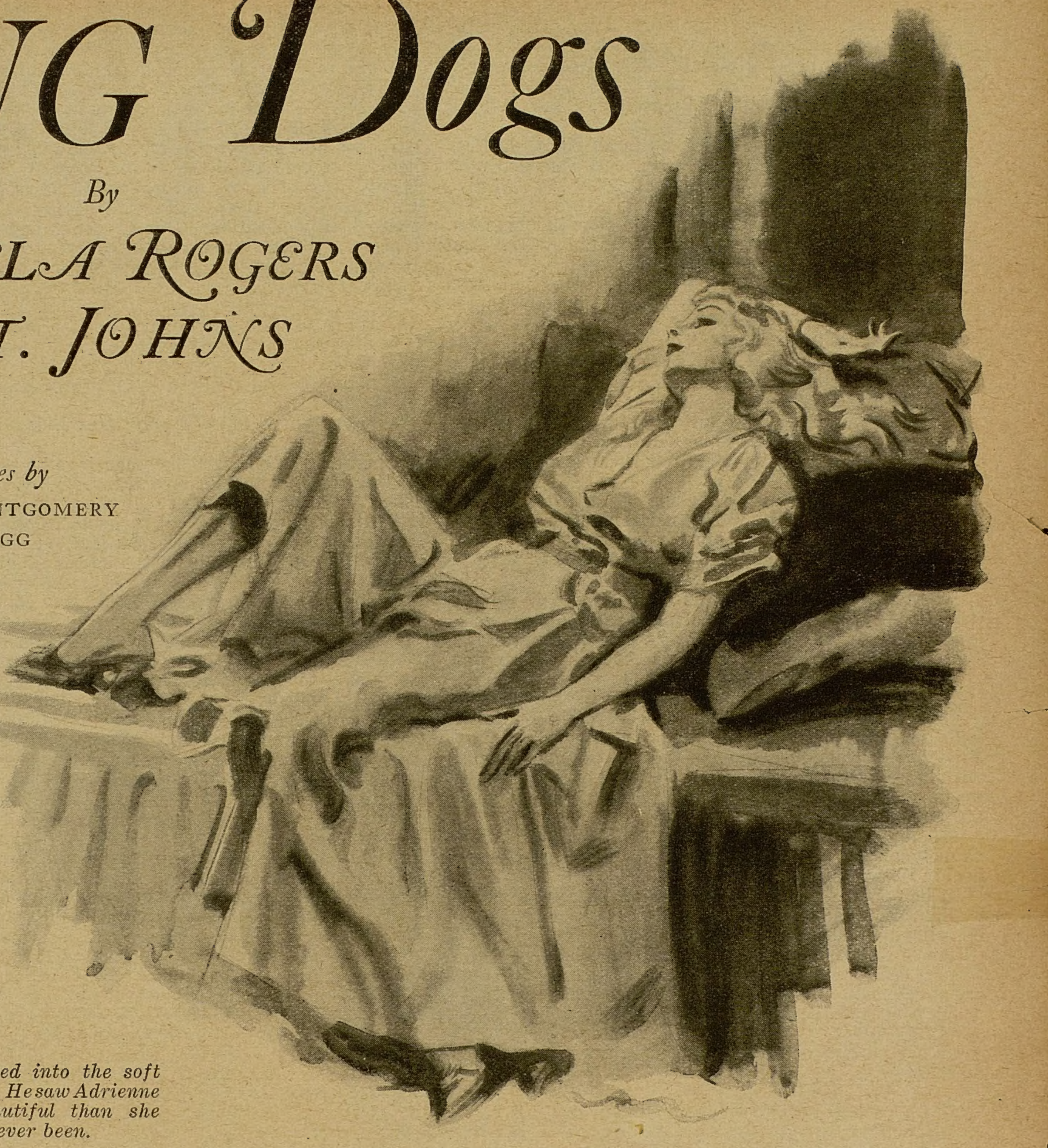
Brian moved his shoulders. Reasons, she could see, came hotly to his lips, and he forced them back, would not

ING Dogs

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Pictures by
AMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



HE walked into the soft lights. He saw Adrienne—more beautiful than she had ever been.

say them, for her sake. Could not quite bring himself to say them to her.

Adrienne's name had never been mentioned between them. Not once. They had met so strangely, so unexpectedly, in—of all places!—a dentist's office. Florence had been waiting for her mother, and he had come in, tall and swift and very impatient, and had been quite rude to the girl in charge, who didn't seem to mind as long as she could look at him.

"I'M so sorry, Mr. Austen," she kept saying. "You'll have to wait. The doctor's very busy."

"I'll wait," he said finally, and smiled at her in an absent sort of way.

As it happened, it was a long wait, and in time he had been forced to notice the slim, dark-eyed girl who sat so quietly, her hands gently folded, her pretty feet as still as two white flowers on the rug.

So he had smiled at her and said, rather shamedly, "I do hate waiting."

"Especially," said Florence, "for dentists. It gets worse, doesn't it, the longer you think about it?"

At that he had grinned and looked right at her. She was nice to look at; she looked like an old-fashioned print, somehow. Moreover, she was dark, and he was sick, sick to death, of blondes. Very different she was from the painted, cocksure, purposefully attractive girls he saw in Hollywood. Her pretty mouth was only just touched with lipstick—not painted into a vermilion sign—beneath her arched, aristocratic little nose.

Different. Different. He wanted something different, something quiet. He wanted to talk to a lady.

Beyond doubt it was her mother who cinched it. For Florence's mother, even after a session with the dentist, was something right out of boyhood dreams. Little, like Florence, with young dark eyes, and snow-white hair curling from under her small violet hat. And she carried an ivory-headed cane because she was ever so little lame. Her violet coat was trimmed with just an edge of chinchilla and she wore beautiful white gloves.

Florence rushed to her, and the impatient young man,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLEEPING DOGS
Continued from page seven

who though he was a moving-picture actor of note still read Tennyson in secret, saw the look those two exchanged and his heart grew all soft and tender within him.

"Mother," said the girl, breathless, "are you all right?"

The little lady smiled. "I'm quite all right, darling. Only—a little—a little woozy." Her eyes sparkled with delight as she used the word. "I dare say if you'll give me your arm—"

But it was the tall young man who gave her his arm, with a courtly gesture, and led her down the stairs. And then—of all things!—the car wasn't there.

"I'm sure I told him," said Florence, tears of distress in her dark eyes. "Oh, dear—can I—do you suppose there's a taxi?"

But of course Brian wouldn't hear of a taxi. His own car was waiting, and so he took them home to the big white house out on Adams Street, a part of town which was quite new to him. He realized at once that, while it was old-fashioned, it was quite grand and permanent, and that probably these people had lived in such houses for generations and not acquired them suddenly, like movie stars.

Florence's mother drank a glass of port, family port, from an old blue glass and silver decanter, and then she insisted that her rescuer stay for lunch.

"You've been so very kind," she said. "It would give me great pleasure."

Brian stayed. And that was the beginning.

Naturally, though she had belonged to a different world and wasn't exactly what might be called a movie fan, Florence had known vaguely that Adrienne Hope was once engaged to her leading man. It was a headlined Hollywood romance. Florence, between trips to Europe, winters at Palm Beach, visits to relatives in Louisville and Richmond, had here and there picked up pictures of Adrienne Hope and her fiancé—the tall, exquisite blonde, with her enigmatic smile, her half-closed eyes, her sulky, mysterious mouth. Beside her the taller, blonder young man, always smiling joyously.

It had made no great impression upon her, for she was vaguely aware that these things do not mean a great deal in Hollywood.

In her own brief sojourn in the movie colony and at Malibu, she had grown accustomed to the amazing higgledy-piggledy of the Mayfair, for instance, where people who had been married to each other and were now married to someone else, who in turn had been engaged to third people who had their own exes, all sitting at adjoining tables.

No one paid much attention, beyond a wise crack or two.

THUS, though she knew about Brian and Adrienne, she hadn't taken it very seriously.

"All men," Florence's mother had said, when it became apparent that she and Brian Austen were altar-bound—"all men have pasts. The worth-while ones at least. I should hate to intrust your future to a man who knew as little about some aspects of life as you do. It's a very wise idea, my darling, to let sleeping dogs lie. I always did. Your father and I married rather late in life, so I had whole kennelfuls of them—I mean sleeping dogs. But I let them lie and we were—very happy."

Now, after only a year and a half, her daughter was definitely refusing to follow that advice. She was deliberately determined to awaken the sleeping dog of her household.

For Brian's romance with Adrienne Hope, she discovered soon after her marriage, had been no mere passing fancy, no "we're working in the same picture" sort of thing.

It had been one of those desperate, heartbreaking affairs, violent, uncontrolled—magnificent, in a way.

Brian had loved the great beauty with passion. His life had been hers.

"It wasn't," Sofia Jackson said, when whispers had driven Florence to ask the truth—"it wasn't quite a sane sort of love, dear. Of course you know what Adrienne is."

That was exactly what Florence hadn't known. How could she? So she had gone, quite alone, to a theater on Hollywood Boulevard and slipped into a back seat in the darkened house to see Adrienne Hope's last picture. Her heart grew cold and heavy as she watched. The woman's beauty was uncanny, unforgettable. Yes, that was it. Unforgettable. Beauty like that happened only once or twice in a generation. Her Creator must have known that such beauty would unbalance living for herself a for others, and so held her above the ordinary commandments of life.

WHITE to the lips, alone in the darkness, Brian Austen's wife stared at the exquisite phantom on the silver sheet.

What lay behind that beauty? What soul inhabited that perfection?

For she knew, knew deeply, that Brian had not forgotten.

She knew at last why her marriage had been a sweet and placid and half-hearted thing. Why she had been lonely in the days and hungry in the nights of it.

She had given herself to Adrienne Hope's lover.

She was no wife. She was a solace, a comfort, a makeshift, to keep back a little the agony of his memories. Because she was so different, so unlike everything that Adrienne Hope represented, Brian had chosen her in a last desperate attempt to escape.

"It doesn't matter that he hasn't seen her since we were married," Florence said quietly to her mother. "You don't have to see her, mother. She's like some great and beautiful melody that you always remember. It isn't as though *he* had given her up."

Florence's mother thought deeply. No, Florence was right. It wasn't as though he had given her up. She had broken with him, coldly, cruelly, without a moment's warning. She had simply thrown him out. Another young man had come along—a sensational young man about whom all the women in Hollywood were quite mad. Adrienne Hope had watched them lazily through her unbelievable lashes, and when they thought she wasn't interested and thus someone else might have a chance, she had reached out and taken him.

Brian Austen had gone quite mad for a time. His mad Irish imagination had tortured him out of his natural sanity and decency. For months he had sought oblivion in life's half-death, drunkenness. Florence had supposed that such things happened only in books. Coming face to face with Adrienne Hope one day in the Embassy at lunchtime, she had realized that they could happen anywhere.

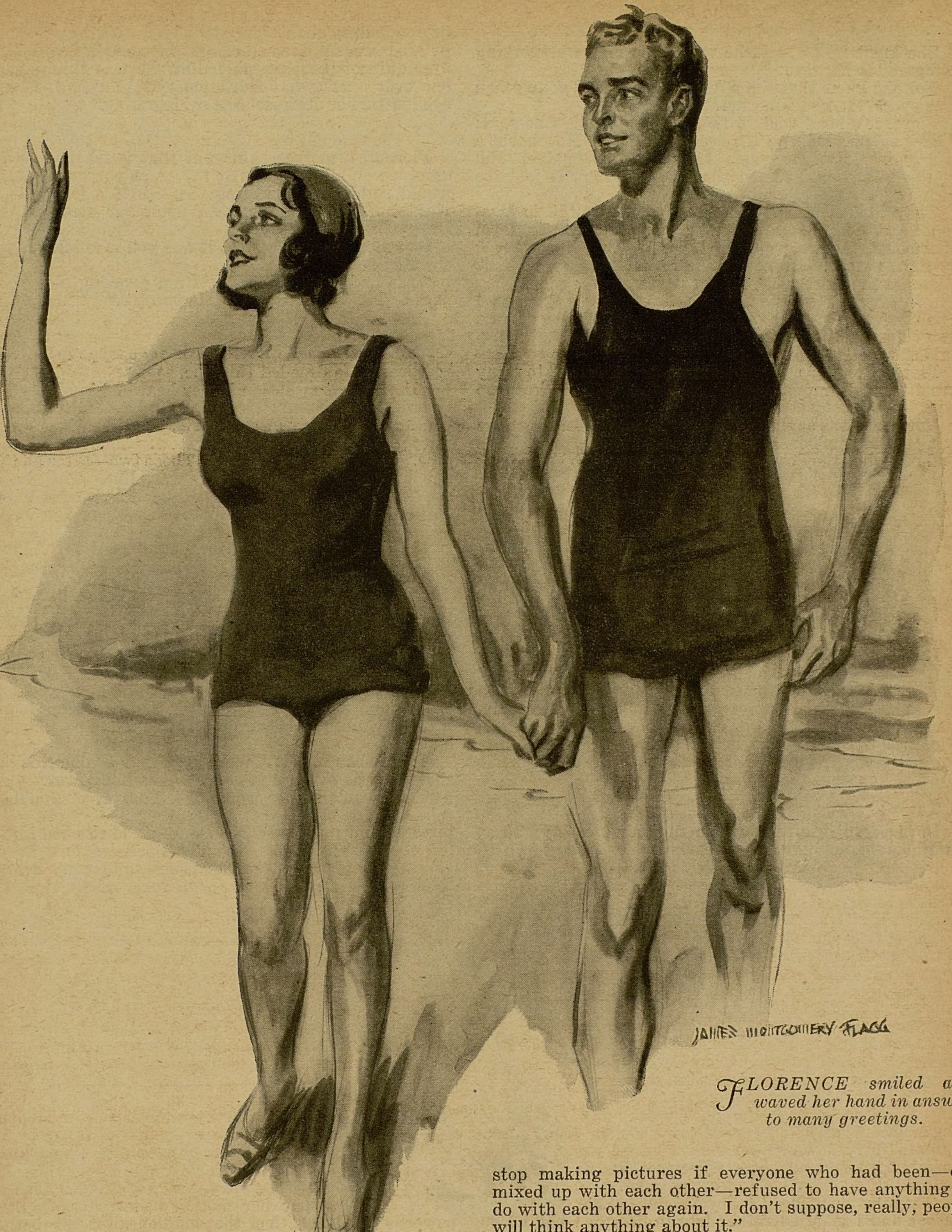
Now, curled in the hot sand, her little dark face serene in the sun, she knew with conviction that her husband was afraid to play that part. He was afraid to play opposite Adrienne Hope again.

Somewhere in Florence's heart a great bell rang.

She was a little thing and she knew almost nothing of the world's ugliness, its passions, its greed, its envy. All her life had been protected by her mother's eternal faith in the power of goodness. Yet that gentleness of her mother's hid, as she knew, a great heart and a great courage. She would never forget the day when news had come that John had been killed—her only brother, her mother's only son. She had leaped forward to hold up the frail body, to keep her from falling as that blow pierced her heart. But her mother hadn't fallen. She had stood erect and smiled. She had said, almost gayly: "What a splendid way to go—in the clouds, fighting for his country! I am proud of my boy."

Now her daughter said quietly, "Brian, I want you to make that picture. Why not?"

Brian Austen waited, trying to control himself.



FLORENCE smiled and waved her hand in answer to many greetings.

Then, " Don't you see how awful it would be? " he said. " Everyone knows I was—was engaged to her once. Everyone will laugh and talk and remember. I can't bear that sort of thing."

" My gracious," said his wife, " that ought not to worry you. There are lots of people who have been—engaged, or even married, who have had to work in the same pictures. The way things are in this place, they'd have to stop making pictures if everyone who had been—oh, mixed up with each other—refused to have anything to do with each other again. I don't suppose, really, people will think anything about it."

She stared down at her bright canvas beach shoes. That, she knew, wasn't the reason Brian didn't want to make that picture with Adrienne Hope. Brian never cared what people said. He had a splendid arrogance about gossip.

She said: " Besides, wouldn't they talk even more if you refused to make it? You know how people are. It would get around, no matter what excuse you made. Wouldn't they say you were—afraid? "

The word hung in the air, tolling, tolling. It tolled in Florence's heart.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLEEPING DOGS
Continued from page nine

She knew how afraid he was. His fear was nothing compared to her own.

For she knew that the affair with the new young man was over. He had gone the way of all flesh.

Florence's head was up now. She smiled. She said: " How about a walk up the beach, darling? How about a nice swim? Do you good. Make your coat shine. Fill you full of pep. Look at that water! Isn't it just too grand? "

They walked up the Malibu. From other little awninged pavilions, from the sand, from deck chairs, from enormous windows, people stared out. They liked to look at the Austens. He so tall, so blonde, so manly; little Florence in her scarlet bathing suit, with the scarlet cap drawn over her dark curls. Such a nice young couple! She was so marvelous to him, so companionable, so gay, so endlessly thoughtful. Other wives, discussing her, said she spoiled him.

Florence smiled and waved her hand in answer to many greetings. Her feet danced over the sands to keep up with Brian's long stride.

Her heart was saying: " I *won't* have any sleeping dogs lying around my house. Let them wake up and bark. Let's find out what they can do. Let's "—a phrase came back to her—" shoot the works."

II

SOFIA JACKSON, lunching in the cool green-and-white elegance of the Embassy with Jenny Faulkner, columnist *de luxe,* said: " Can you imagine Brian Austen doing a picture with Adrienne again? It's too amusing. I do like that poor little wife of his, too."

. . . . .

In the paper the next morning Jenny said: " Brian Austen is once more to do hot and heavy romance opposite the great Adrienne Hope. Not so long ago Brian and Adrienne were the great lovers off as well as on the screen. But Brian has married since then—that pretty débutante, Florence Cardon, is his better half, you know—so we suppose there's no chance of a renewal of the once famous Austen-Hope romance."

. . . . .

To a perspiring author Sam Rosebault said: " Now, before we start fixing this script over, I want you to know that we think it's perfect."

He began to stride up and down his palatial office. His pretty stenographer came in quietly.

She said: " Mr. Austen's outside. He wants to see you."

The author vanished. Mr. Rosebault did not even notice that he was gone. Authors were unimportant in his life. Stubborn, interfering, talkative devils, anyway. Brian Austen was important. Girls liked him. What a team he and Adrienne Hope had been—what love scenes! Sam himself, who was impatient with all that folderol when it came to love, got quite excited in the projection room whenever he looked at them. Especially that scene on the couch in Lovers' Farewell. That had " box office " written all over it.

Now here was Brian kicking up a great fuss about playing in the next Hope production. That was gratitude for you! As long as he got twenty-five hundred dollars a week, he should kick about anything!

Brian Austen, very stiff and cold, said: " It's all right about the Hope picture. I'll do it."

Mr. Rosebault beamed. " Sure. I knew you would. You're a good boy, Brian, and smart—for an actor. Some day soon I give you a picture all for yourself. A star. You're a good boy."

. . . . .

Adrienne Hope, taking her daily sun bath, stretched her arms above her head and closed her eyes. Her naked body, the delicate brown of old ivory, was a renascence of all Greek sculpture. Even the dull gold masses of her hair, curling about her shoulders, touching her firm, pointed breasts, seemed caught in eternal perfection.

It did not seem possible that she was thinking. No one ever knew what Adrienne was thinking. Her still eyelids hid her desires. She said nothing.

. . . . .

Florence's mother said: " If that is what your heart says, my child, you must do it. If, as you have said, you would rather have nothing than—half a loaf—you are right. After all, the motto upon our crest is ' Face Danger.' "

Florence laughed. " Yet it was you who told me to let sleeping dogs lie."

" Ah," said her mother, " I am growing old. I seek peace. The young must seek happiness."

III

SID PARKER had directed Adrienne Hope in seven pictures. He dreaded this one.

" Damnedest situation I ever heard of in all my life," he said to his comfortable, placid wife. " Couldn't happen anywhere else in the world. And the love scenes? They get hotter every year, anyhow. Have to. These are pips. Can you imagine that? Those two—after all that's happened! *I* know what they were like. They haven't spoken for more than a year. Now they've got to start with a bedroom scene that only stops short of a medical book. Kisses and—oh, you know."

" Why do you start with that? " said Mrs. Parker placidly. " Why don't you start something else, for goodness' sake? "

" Because Sam wants to start there. You know how he is. He'll take a look at the love scenes in the projection room, and if they're good enough he won't spend any money on the rest of the production. You know Sam."

Mrs. Parker nodded. She was thinking about her oldest boy, who had just made the freshman football team at Stanford. She did wish he wouldn't play football.

Her husband said: " Well, good-by. I wish this day's shooting was over. I'm nervous as a hang-over."

" You won't shoot," said Mrs. Parker. " You'll just rehearse."

" That's worse," said Mr. Parker, and climbed into his big car, which he didn't like but felt he must have to affirm his position. Next year he would be able to retire to his ranch and never have to worry about Hollywood again.

Adrienne was already on the set. That astounded him. Usually it took Sam himself to get her there on time the first day or two.

The cloth-of-gold negligee she wore clung to her body. Used as he was to her after seven pictures, Sid Parker stopped and stared. Her beauty made everything around her fall away into nothingness. Her eyes glowed mistily. Her head, held high on the perfect throat, was actually breathtaking.

Sid Parker's well behaved, middle-aged heart began to beat floppily. He was bitterly sorry for Brian Austen and his dark little wife.

Early that same morning, Brian's car swung out of the garage into the narrow alley that lay back of all the houses on Malibu Beach. He was driving himself, in the long, low car which Florence had given him for Christmas. The car that he had wanted all his life.

Florence stood on the board walk and waved to him. Her face was gay. The lifted hand might have held a torch, but gallantly, proudly.

As the great car hummed through the September sunshine, across the bridge, and on to the highway, Brian told himself over and over that she had no idea of this thing to which she was sending him. She couldn't understand. She couldn't conceive what it meant to him.

His heart was pounding, dull and ugly, with suspense.

His throat was dry. Florence couldn't dream of such emotions as had crept forth raging from their long imprisonment.

That horrible hunger that had never ceased to gnaw at him, beneath the quiet content of his everyday life, was ravenous now.

To see her. To touch her. To hold her once more in his arms. To hear again that low, empty voice.

He knew now, as every turn of the car's wheels brought him nearer, as he turned in from the wide beauty of the vast Pacific and headed through the Palisades, that there had not been a moment in which he hadn't longed with every drop of blood in him to see Adrienne again.

HER beauty made everything around her fall into nothingness.

What did it matter what she was, what she had done to him? The raw edges of the wound that was their broken romance had never ceased to throb with pain.

A time was when vile thoughts had lain sleeping in his brain—when he had held himself back, by efforts of will almost beyond human endurance, from finding her and strangling her, until she lay still forever and could give her sweetness to no other man. Hatred, despair, loathing for the whole sink of human wretchedness, had bred within him and spread its poison through him, until Florence came along and somehow smothered his agony—but only for a time, only like an anæsthetic that could not last.

He thought of Florence now, as he drove through the sweeping trees and hillside gardens of Bel-Air—thought of her as someone who had died, gone out of his life. With regret, with sorrow, with sweet memories.

She had never really been his wife. Only a pillow upon which to lay his weary head.

Adrienne had possessed him.

HE hadn't seen her for months. Yet the picture of her had blotted out everything else. In spite of the ugliness, the call for revenge, Adrienne had soared above all that. He had loved her first for her beauty, which no man had ever seen equaled.

During the loneliness of their separation that image had grown until it became a god.

His beautiful Adrienne. His love!

Even while his mind hated her for the cruel thing she had done to him, even while his brain measured old indictments, old disappointments, the ache of that sudden parting, the unfulfilled longings that had been in his soul when she left him distilled a glamour about her that he could not resist.

The one woman.

As he drove his car through the studio gates, he knew that the great moment had come. Because of Florence he had tried to avoid it.

His loyalty to her had given him strength to work against it, to stand against pressure. Florence herself had forced it upon him.

What could he do now but yield to its ecstasy?

He went into his dressing room. His man spoke to him and he nodded. His voice refused to come through that dry, parched throat.

He put on the scant make-up which was all he ever used. Put on the heavy satin dressing gown that he was to wear in the opening sequences. In the mirror he saw himself as a figure in a dream, tall, bronzed, his blond hair combed to a crest.

On his way to the set someone spoke to him. He raised a hand in answer. He saw Sam Rosebault and hurried to avoid him. The doorman on the set greeted him: "Morning, Mr. Austen."

And then—then he walked into the soft lights. Into the bedroom that was not a bedroom but only an artificial thing built to deceive the eye.

He saw Adrienne — more beautiful than she had ever been.

In a moment he would hold her in his arms. He would hold all beauty in his arms once more. After that, what mattered?

. . . . . .

FLORENCE AUSTEN combed her dark hair into soft wings on either side of her face. She fastened the white chiffon of her pyjamas at her throat with the pearl-and-diamond clasp Brian had given her for her birthday.

The mirror gave her back a white face and white lips that tried to smile beneath the rouge.

"It doesn't matter, anyway," Florence said aloud, "how you *look*."

She went downstairs, and her eyes darkened with anger at herself when she had to put one hand against the rail to steady her steps.

A very small, cheerful little fire glowed against the coming chill of the Malibu night.

Candles filled the room with a soft light, a light of home.

On the table a gay nosegay bloomed, and she rearranged the tiny forget-me-nots among the spiced roses.

The minutes hung, burning her with their dead weight.

Oh, if she had only left things as they were! She loved him. She had him. Until that moment it seemed to her that her love had been voiceless and that now it cried with a thousand tongues.

Why had she dared danger? Why had she pitted her love in a battle which to lose was to lose everything?

The throbbing in her ears kept her from hearing the door open. The cold night wind swept in and struck her, and brought her around face to face with him.

His arms were about her. There had never been a kiss like that before. A lover's kiss—and she melted beneath it.

"How did you know?" he cried, holding her close, as though he feared she might escape him. "How did you know it was dead? How did you know I was just a poor fool haunted by ghosts of my own making?

"How did you dream that if I saw her, touched her, I'd know the truth, know that for what it was—know that I loved you and only you?"

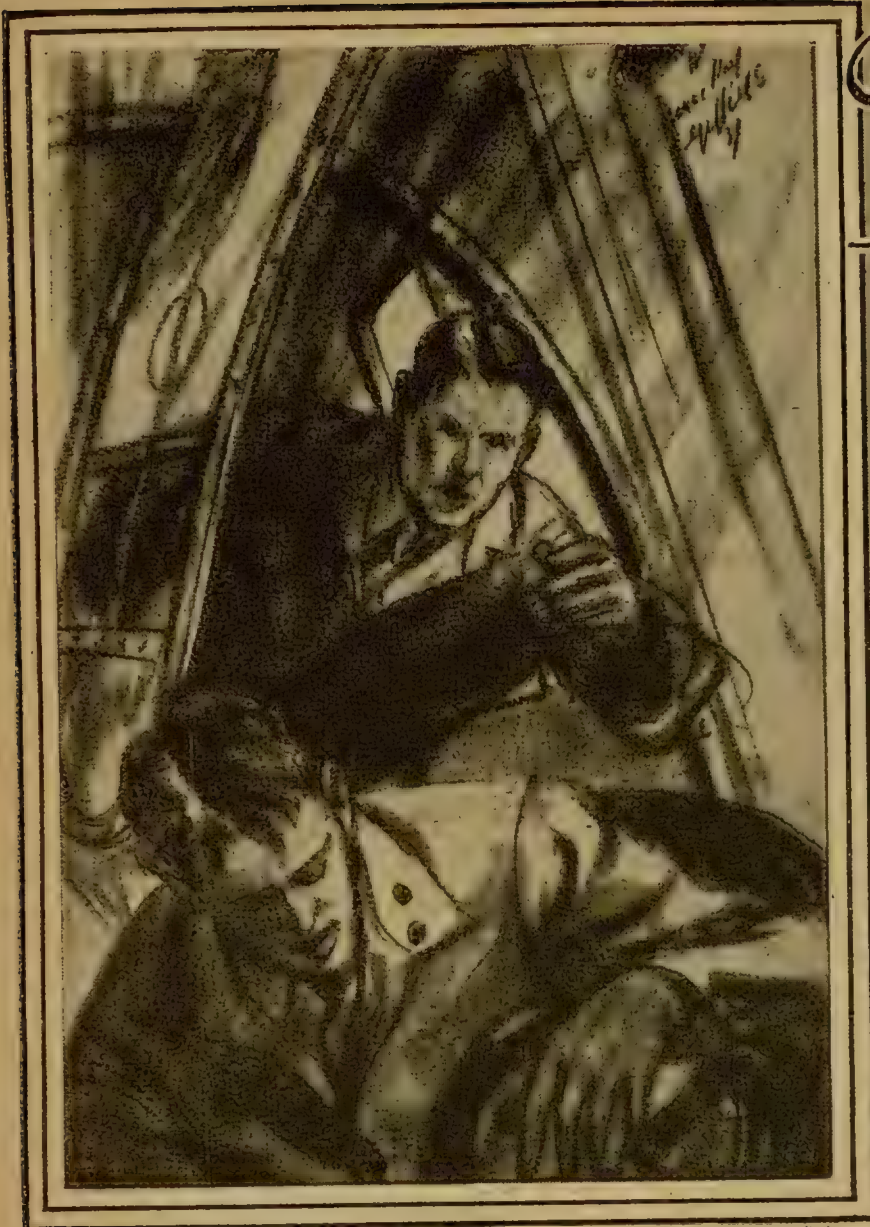
"I didn't," said Florence.

Only then did Brian Austen know how wonderful she was.

THE END

Banishing

The Air Chief of Our Army Reviews the Lesson Taught by Disasters



Picture by William MacRae Gillies

The plane headed straight for the earth. Fortunately the Secretary was able to reach the pilot's cockpit.

(Reading time: 15 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE TIME: Evening of March 31, 1931.

THE PLACE: Aboard a train, Washington to Detroit. Two business men in conversation:

"Well, that crash got old Knute Rockne. There's a dirty break for everybody, but what a black eye for flying! How many men can you name whose taking off would have occasioned such a stir in the press? Well, there's Hoover, Coolidge, Henry Ford, Will Rogers. Whom else can you name? Anyhow, tomorrow and for some time to come those big tin planes will go chasing across the continent empty."

Allow me to interrupt at this point to interpose a fact: Next day, over that same route, Transcontinental Air Transport ran double-headers necessitated by heavy traffic.

Now let's continue to listen in on the impressions of the two business men:

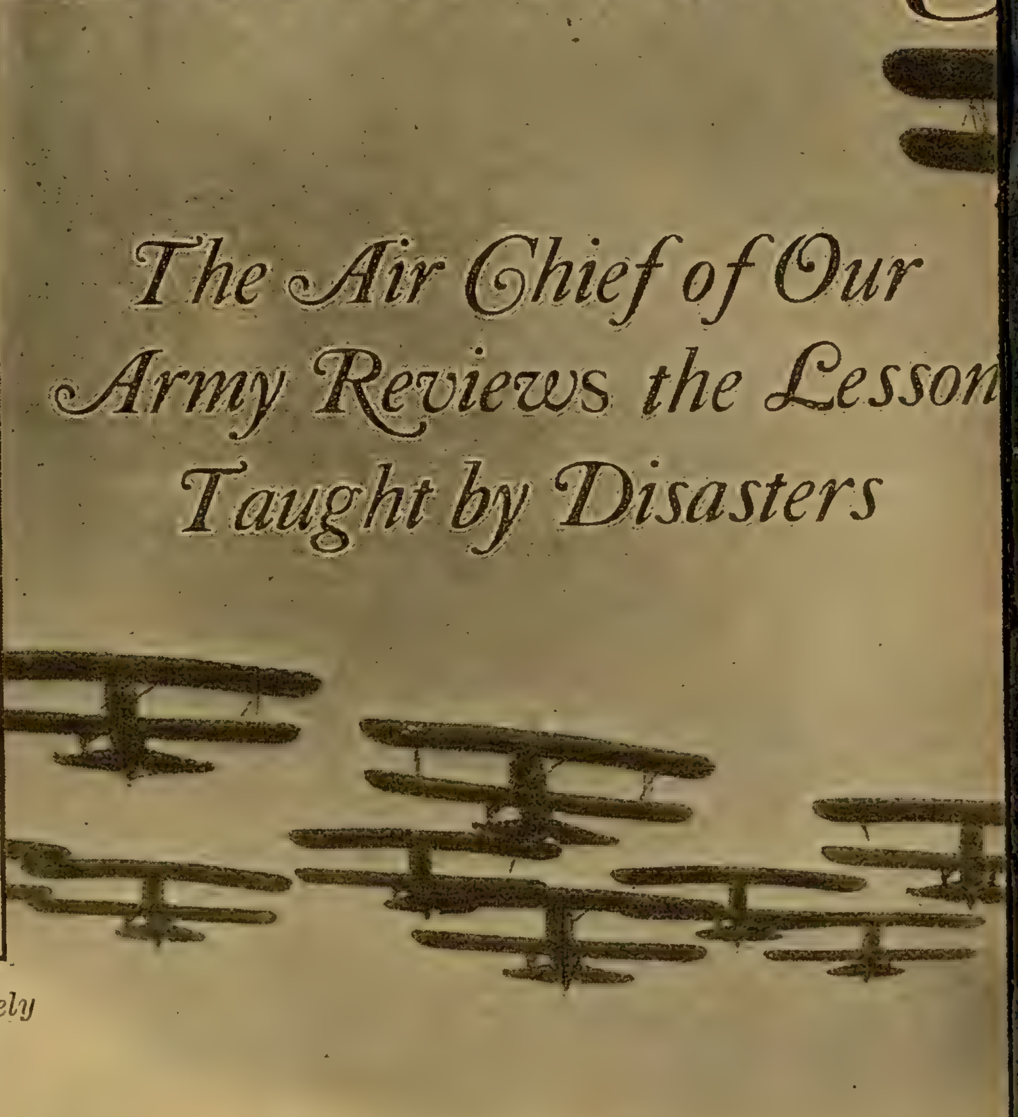
"When will they ever get this flying down to where it will be reasonably safe? My wife makes me promise, every time I start on a trip, that I won't fly. But my boy, in high school now, gives her the grand razz. He's absolutely bugs about airplanes. He says when he grows up he's going to be an aviator, own his own plane."

This conversation was undoubtedly duplicated in thousands of places, that night of March 31.

It carried me back to an evening many years ago when word came the Titanic had gone down, carrying with it hundreds of the great names in finance, letters, statesmanship, and trade. What a hubbub! What a furor that caused! All the papers ran out of black-faced type. Just as we had begun to believe that crossing the ocean was prosaic as hitching up the horse and buggy and driving to the county fair, the largest, most palatial liner afloat went down. It carried with it, to mention just two celebrities, John Jacob Astor and Isidor Straus.

The Titanic hit an iceberg. The Rockne plane hit fog. Natural enemies to human transit got both.

Long after I had berthed for the night, that observation-car conversation between two average Americans kept running through my mind. One line especially persisted: "When will they ever make these airplanes reasonably safe?"



Army observation planes in flight during the Air Corps maneuvers last spring.

Acme photo

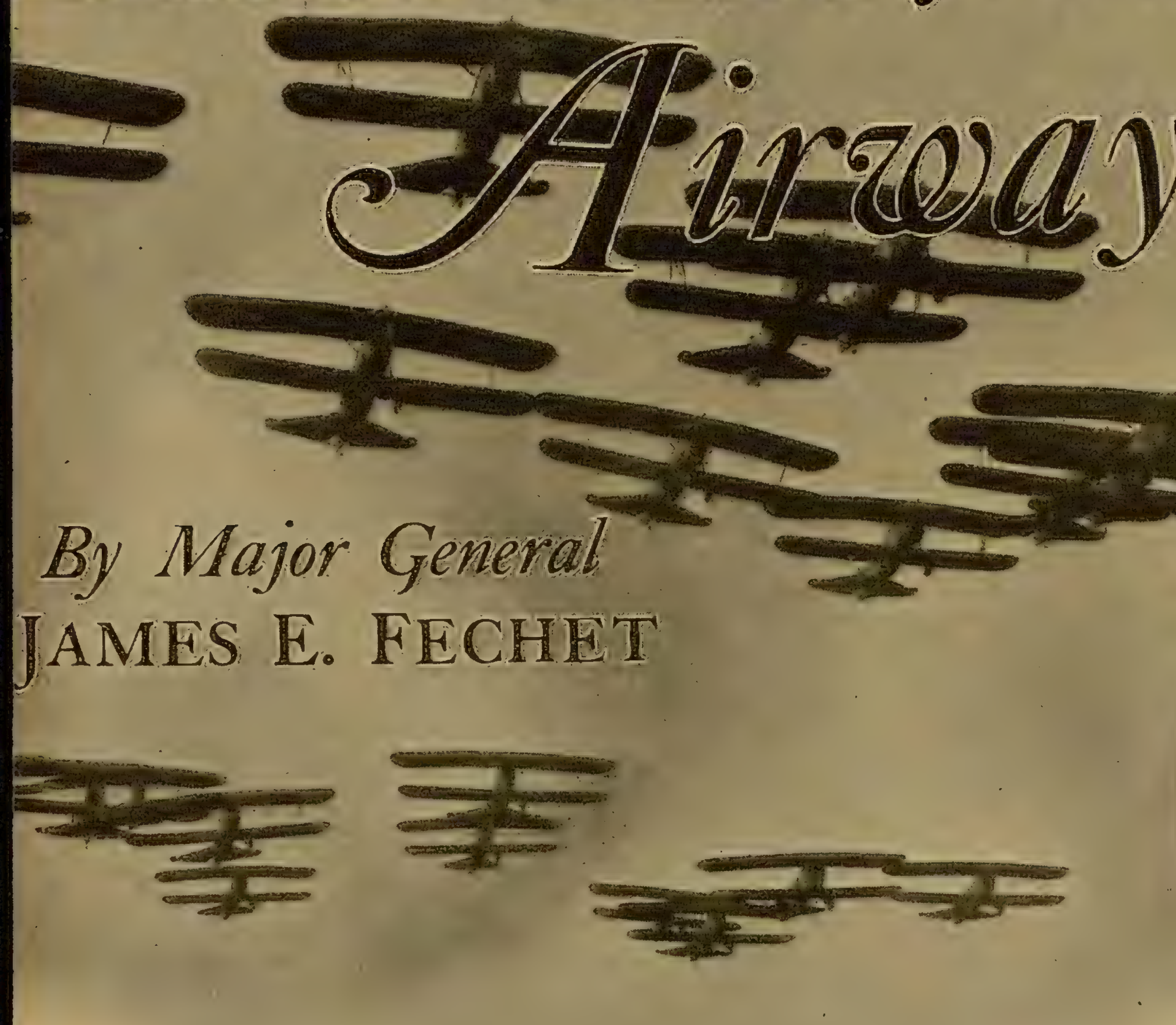
Here are facts and observations on that subject which may interest others troubled by the same inquiry.

There are three great subdivisions of aëronautic activity in the United States: the army, the navy, and civil aviation as controlled by the Aëronautics Branch, Department of Commerce. Formerly there was a fourth, the air mail, controlled by the Post Office Department. But air mail is now carried by civil operators on contract. There are a handful of planes assigned to the Treasury Department, operated largely by the coast guard, but so few are these they do not affect our problem.

IT took the federal government several years to recognize that the Wrights' invention had heralded a new industry. It was twenty-three years after the first flight and there were more than three thousand airplanes flying up and down the country before the federal establishment took any heed of this air baby. There had long been government aid and control of rail traffic; lighthouses, inspectors, regulations, and huge sums had been the government's contribution to water commerce; there had been federal aid for motor travel. Yet nothing whatever was done for air commerce until 1926.

In that good year, spurred by the Mitchell controversy and thanks to the Morrow Board, a farseeing act was passed by Congress. It set up the Aëronautics Branch in the Department of Commerce, authorized to supervise interstate air transit. That act also provided the first federal aid. It authorized inspecting and licensing aircraft, testing and licensing pilots, rating landing fields,

DANGER from the Airways



By Major General JAMES E. FECHET

General Fechet, chief of the Army Air Corps, author of this article.

and lighting airways. It spelled the beginning of the end of the gypsy era; it presaged the finish of dangerous haphazard flying.

It may be well to go back just for a moment and take a glance at what had happened in the army and navy as to airplane crashes. The prewar era was devoted exclusively in both services to experimentation. Neither had any air establishments worthy of the name. No worth-while data on the causes and nature of air fatalities had been recorded. The most charitable thing we can do with the war era in this aspect is to overlook it. In the feverish haste to create great air fleets overnight, starting from nothing, mistakes were made and many lives were lost. But as I look back over that nightmarish period, the remarkable thing to me is that we fared as well as we did. We built 12,000 airplanes and 32,000 engines, trained 16,000 flyers, and built thirty-two training schools in eighteen months. At sunset they threw at us raw lumber, raw land, and rawer youngsters and asked us to turn out airplanes, landing fields, and flyers before sunrise.

WE had some queer ideas then. Well do I recall the first crash I ever saw. An instructor and a student fell in a spin on the flying field. The fire wagon, ambulance, and stage commander arrived almost simultaneously. Hasty examination showed the instructor unconscious, badly injured. The ambulance left with him. The student, only slightly scratched but badly frightened, was rushed to another plane and hurried into the air. Our theory was that he would lose his nerve if allowed to cool off. The wrecked plane, clearly unfit for further use, was dragged to one side and burned. All concluded the best thing to do with that crash was to forget it, and bend all effort on the problem at hand: training the greatest number of flyers in the shortest possible time.

After the war, however, we began to realize that perhaps accidents had a lesson for us. Inspectors were appointed to look carefully over all wrecks, examine all remaining parts of aircraft, piece controls together, take testimony of pilots and witnesses—attempt in every way to draw coherent, reasonable conclusions. Slowly year by year certain ideas began to solidify, certain coincidences seemed to recur.

At this time an attempt was made to compare the statistics of the army with those of the navy covering the same period. Great difficulty was experienced because of different methods employed and wholly different terminology used in recording accident data.

Here another government aëronautic agency stepped in and performed a valuable service. The National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics called a conference of representatives of all interested departments. This conference evolved a common system for tabulating and recording accident data. That was in 1926. So now, five years later, we have enough experience to have worked out what the life-insurance companies would call a table of reasonable expectancies concerning aircraft crashes.

There is one amazing thing about these results, and that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BANISHING DANGER FROM THE AIRWAYS
Continued from page thirteen]

is the great similarity of the findings of each of the three government agencies. Also, the findings year by year are almost the same within each department. The following table is a fair average of what has been found out concerning the leading causes of air disasters:

Percentage of Accidents Caused by

Pilot error	Material failures	Weather	Unknown	All others
60	18	12	5	5

Now we are getting somewhere in answering our original query. It remains only to scrutinize each of these causes separately. Let's take them in reverse order.

First comes that troublesome category, Cause Unknown. Several things conspire to draw this veil of mystery. In the first place, aircraft crashes have a way of burying their own dead, so to speak. The plane is often so wrecked or burned that little can be learned. Then, too, all persons aboard are often lost, their story untold. Owing to the fact that aircraft travel in an otherwise uninhabited medium, there are generally no eyewitnesses to observe the sequence of events.

LAST December 13, Mr. Hurley, the Secretary of War, was flying from Washington to New York. When passing near Edgewood Arsenal at about 1,500 feet altitude, the door on top of the pilot's compartment suddenly blew upward and open. Before pilot and mechanic knew what had happened it blew closed again with such force that it came inside, striking the pilot over the head and knocking him unconscious. He slumped forward on the control wheel; the plane went into a dive, headed straight for the earth and destruction. Fortunately the Secretary was able to reach the pilot's cockpit from the rear compartment, and he and the mechanic held the door and pulled the plane out of the dive right on top of the trees. The pilot became conscious in time to land. Had they crashed, there is not one chance in a thousand that we would have fathomed the cause leading to that disaster.

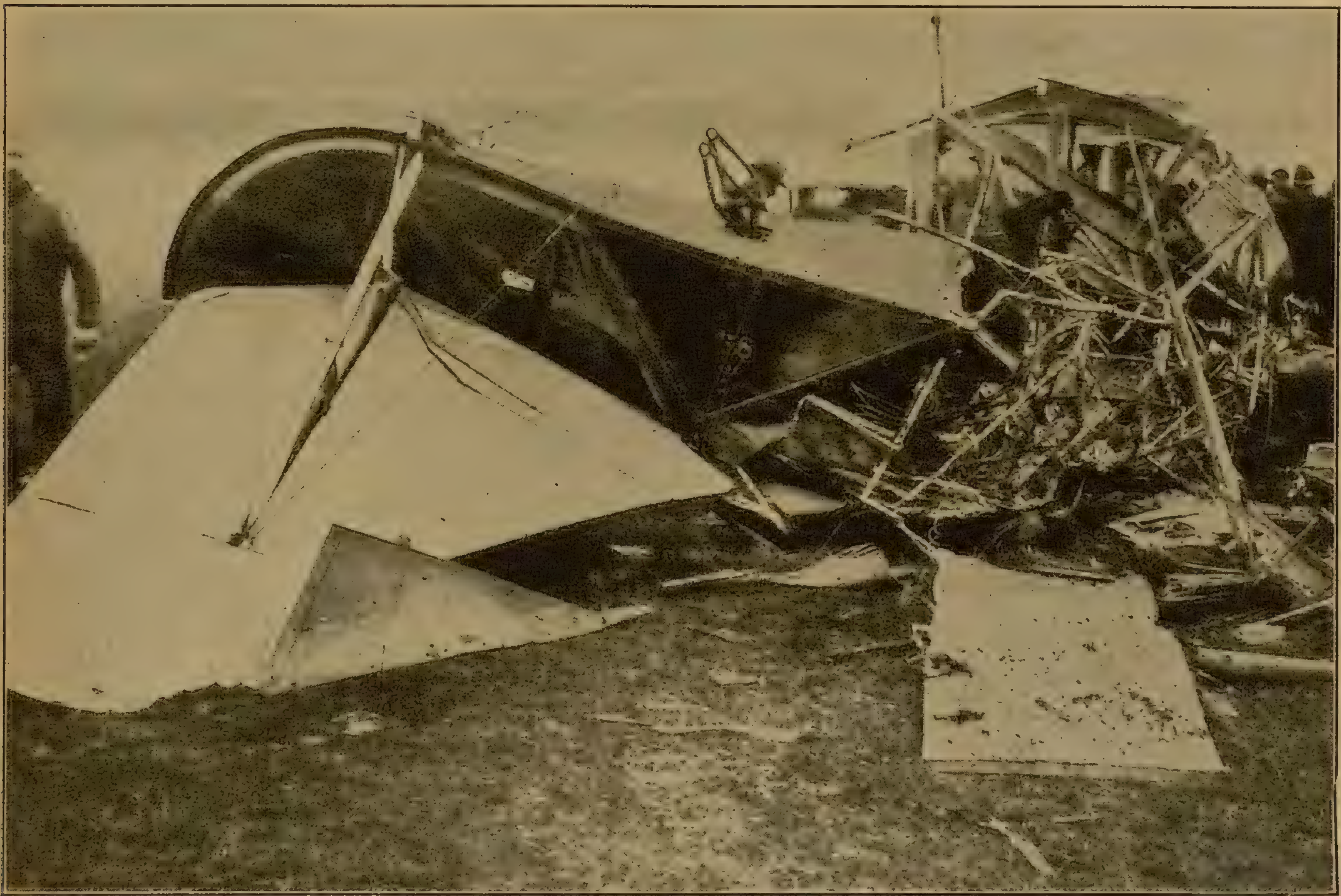
This type of accident—the cause-unknown variety—is further augmented by the fact that there is often little time or opportunity for inspection or reflection. Not long ago one of our pilots found himself on his back in an outside spin. For some reason he could not right his plane. He was near the ground. There was no time to spare. He stepped out; descended by parachute. The plane was so badly smashed it was impossible to tell exactly what had prevented it from responding to normal control.

AS long as there are airplane accidents, a certain percentage of them will be labeled "Cause Undetermined." It is gratifying to note how low that percentage is now, and there is every reason to believe that even this figure will be lowered.

Next come those crashes due to weather. The vagaries of atmosphere, called weather, menace others besides the airman. Men have sailed boats in and out of New York harbor for 400 years. Yet at this writing a great liner has lately gone aground in the Lower Bay.

We have been flying only twenty-eight years. Yet weather is not ten per cent the menace it was ten years ago. Several things have conspired to subdue this bugaboo. The worst feature of weather is that certain phases of it bring poor visibility. Now it so happens that no pilot untrained in instrument flying can control aircraft when he cannot see. He must have a horizon or he cannot keep his plane level; he will eventually fall out of control. But with instruments of recent development to provide an artificial horizon, pilots well trained in their use can keep aircraft afloat and even steer them on their courses. The army is intensively drilling flyers in so-called blind flying. All pilots are showing a keen interest. Soon most of them will be trained in this phase. Then the weather hobgoblin will have vanished.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]



Acme photo

The wreckage of the air liner in which Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's celebrated football coach, and seven others died when it crashed near Bazaar, Kansas.

SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A *revolutionary* discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly—"no fixed formula" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have a habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsoleting prior ideas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent has been the first to meet them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable new discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. **The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.**
2. **The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.**
3. **The new material is *safe*—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.**

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In *taste* and in *looks* it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research . . . 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests . . . we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry . . . new equipment had to be *invented*, then erected . . . the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine super *film-removing power* with super *safety* and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade.

Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

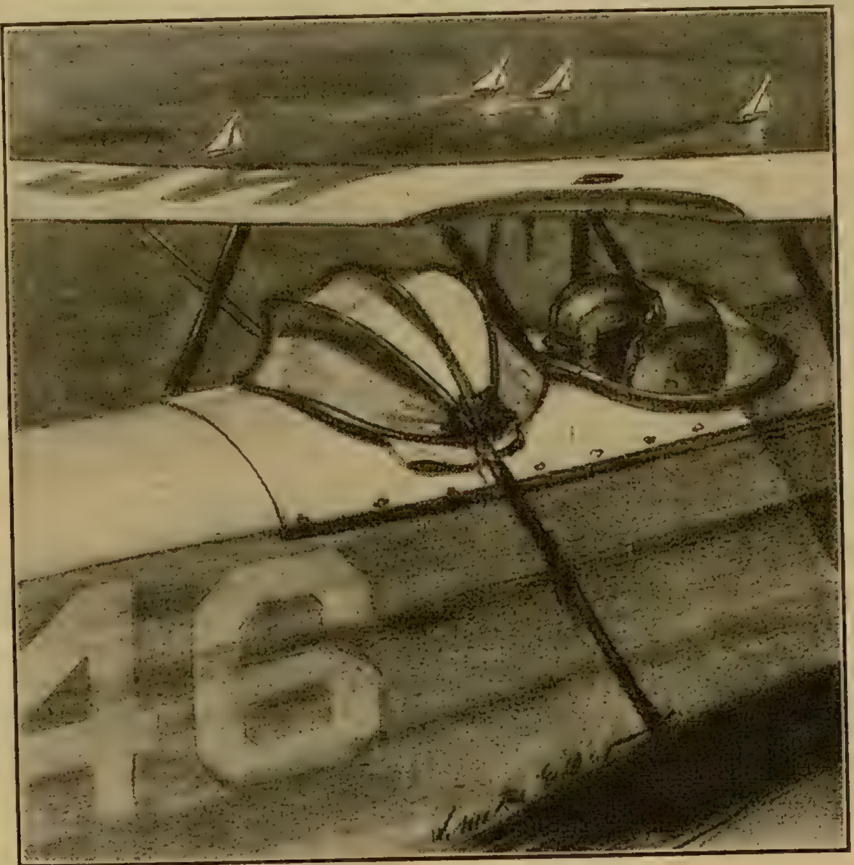
USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

BANISHING DANGER FROM THE AIRWAYS

Continued from page fourteen

You have heard a lot said and seen much written about the danger to planes from lightning and storm. I know of no positive case where lightning struck a plane in flight. Storm areas are now well charted by the Weather Bureau, and, thanks to the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics, much has been done to supply this data to the airman in flight, largely by the use of radio. So we can well expect to see our percentages in the weather column rapidly diminish.

The first problem is to convince all pilots that they are not supernatural, cannot fly blind without instrument aid. A good illustration of this came up recently. An experienced mail pilot was flying by night from New York to Washington, following the lighted airway. After passing Baltimore he flew into a snowstorm; the lights to front and rear on the beacon chain were suddenly blotted out. Still, a flyer of such experience could have turned and backed out of danger, but the wet snow clogged the Pitot tube of his turn-and-bank-indicator gyro. That valuable aid deserted him. He found he could not keep the plane on a course without it. He wisely jumped to safety. As a result of this experience, the inventor of the indicator gyro has been called in to devise a method of freeing this instrument from this imperfection.



Picture by William MacRae Gillies

How blind flying is taught. The student pilot sits in the hooded rear cockpit.

The second problem is to get all planes properly equipped with lately developed instrument aids. The third is to increase our effort to supply up-to-the-minute and continuous weather information to the pilot as he flies. The last problem is to supply landing fields at reasonable intervals to afford safe harbors. When all this is accomplished, the weather will be reduced to a fairly trivial handicap.

Then there is the class of accidents charged to material or structural failure. In all fairness, I must say that the percentage I have quoted probably includes many accidents listed as structural failures which do not rightly belong there. A great many crashes whose causes are listed as structural failure really occurred through pilot ignorance or carelessness. A greater strain was put on some part of the craft than it was designed to stand. Some planes, largely military, built for acrobatics, must have high factors of safety in all parts. But there is no reason under the sun why a transport plane should be built strong enough to fly upside down. Building to high safety factors adds weight, cuts down performance. The essence of air travel is speed. Hence a compromise. Transport aircraft are strong enough for all normal uses. The answer is, use them normally. This resolves itself into management of operation and pilot selection.

IN the experimental field there will always be some structural failures. I recall hearing one of our experienced test pilots once say, "I can tear the wings off of any airplane ever built." True, perhaps—but don't worry about that, because you'll never be called upon to ride with him when he does it.

I do not believe that imperfections in material constitute now much of a hazard to civil air travel, and such hazard of this nature as there is continually will be reduced.

Next comes a survey of the last and greatest cause of air trouble: pilot error. The army, navy, and Department of Commerce all agree that more than fifty per cent of aircraft crashes are directly traceable to pilot error. Let's break down this class a little further. There are pilot errors due to lack of judgment, lack of training, lack of experience, and lack of mental stability.

Again consider them in inverse order. Lack of mental stability generally is found in very young pilots. The fledgling who finds himself aloft is all too often filled with a desire to thrill the multitude. It generally takes several crashes and a thousand hours of flying to sell him the idea he isn't the world's best pilot. Then he sobers up and settles down. Unfortunately, some pilots remain play boys all their short lives. There is one good way to handle this fellow: clip his wings; keep him on the ground. All air lines should have experienced pilots for operations managers, to be constantly on the alert for outcroppings of these symptoms among pilots. All suspects should be promptly isolated, kicked out.

And aside from the naturally unstable pilot, there is another fellow more dangerous still. He is the pilot who uses alcoholics to excess, or does not keep himself physically fit. You know how the railroads handle such cases. Well, the air industry must do the same, except more so.

NEXT comes lack of experience. Here is a real problem. How can a flyer get it without flying? The answer is, he can't. It takes hours in the air, the cumulation of a variety of experiences over a long period, to make an experienced pilot. Air lines must handle this problem, when old pilots are not available, by a system of copilots, air understudies, who learn by the hard school of apprenticeship.

The vice president of an air line came to me one day and said he wanted to get recent graduates of the army flying school for pilots on his air line. He was outraged when I told him he was stupid. Our graduates are skilled to a high degree indeed in the simple art of piloting. What they lack is experience. No better copilots could be found in the whole world than these lads, but added to their training must be experience over the airways before they are safe alone to pilot passenger-laden air busses. Air-line superintendents are coming to a realization of this fact. They now keep accurate pilot logs and for the most part have installed apprenticeship systems. The Aëronautics Branch, Department of Commerce, has done a great work for this cause in the system evolved for licensing pilots.

Lack of training is not such a menace as it once was, due to government supervision of flying schools. Before any private owner or public operator employs a pilot he should look carefully into his training. Right here it may be well to add that real pilots are professionals, not air chauffeurs. They belong to a profession. If you are thinking of owning an airplane, don't hire an air chauffeur. Employ a professional pilot.

Lack of judgment! There's the crux of the matter. It's a hard problem because it's a mental one.

In flying aircraft you haven't much time to make decisions, generally. Emergencies arise where the pilot must survey all related facts in a moment, weigh them in a second, and act instantaneously. And he must be right the first time. Second guessers don't live long in this air game.

Bankers select assistants for honesty. In procuring personnel they have become experienced in picking that type of human being who carries the integrity stamp. Business managers select salesmen with pleasing personalities. Executives in all phases of business have become fairly good rough-and-ready phychologists. Air-line superintendents must develop that gift for use in selecting pilots who possess flying judgment. Sight must not be lost of this fact, however: good judgment can be expected only of well trained, experienced flyers.

You have seen the excitable automobile driver who always, in an emergency, loses his head and does the wrong thing—stalls his car on the railroad track, etc. Also you have seen the slow-thinking, slow-reacting type who thinks up a good play after the game is over. Well, that kind of a pilot is T.N.T., high explosive to the *n*th degree. Learn to know the signs, and when he comes looking for a job, don't hire him.

A friend of mine once complained that his pilot cracked up his plane the first day. I said, "How did you come to select him? Where was he trained? How long has he flown? In fact, how do you know he is a pilot?" My friend said, "Of course he's a pilot. He showed me his picture and he had a pair of wings on." Dumb, you say? My friend is a power in finance. He wouldn't select an assistant in his business without searching inquiry, careful scrutiny. He just had to learn a lesson many others must heed.

In the army we are making flying safer year by year. In the course of the Air Corps maneuvers this year, 600 airplanes flew 4,000,000 miles in war games without a single fatality.

Civil aircraft operating over established air lines are showing ever-increasing effects of this same training, discipline, and organization.

So, now that I've thought it over, I can say to the man in the Pullman the next time I see him: "This afternoon flying on regular air lines is reasonably safe. The day after tomorrow it will be entirely so."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

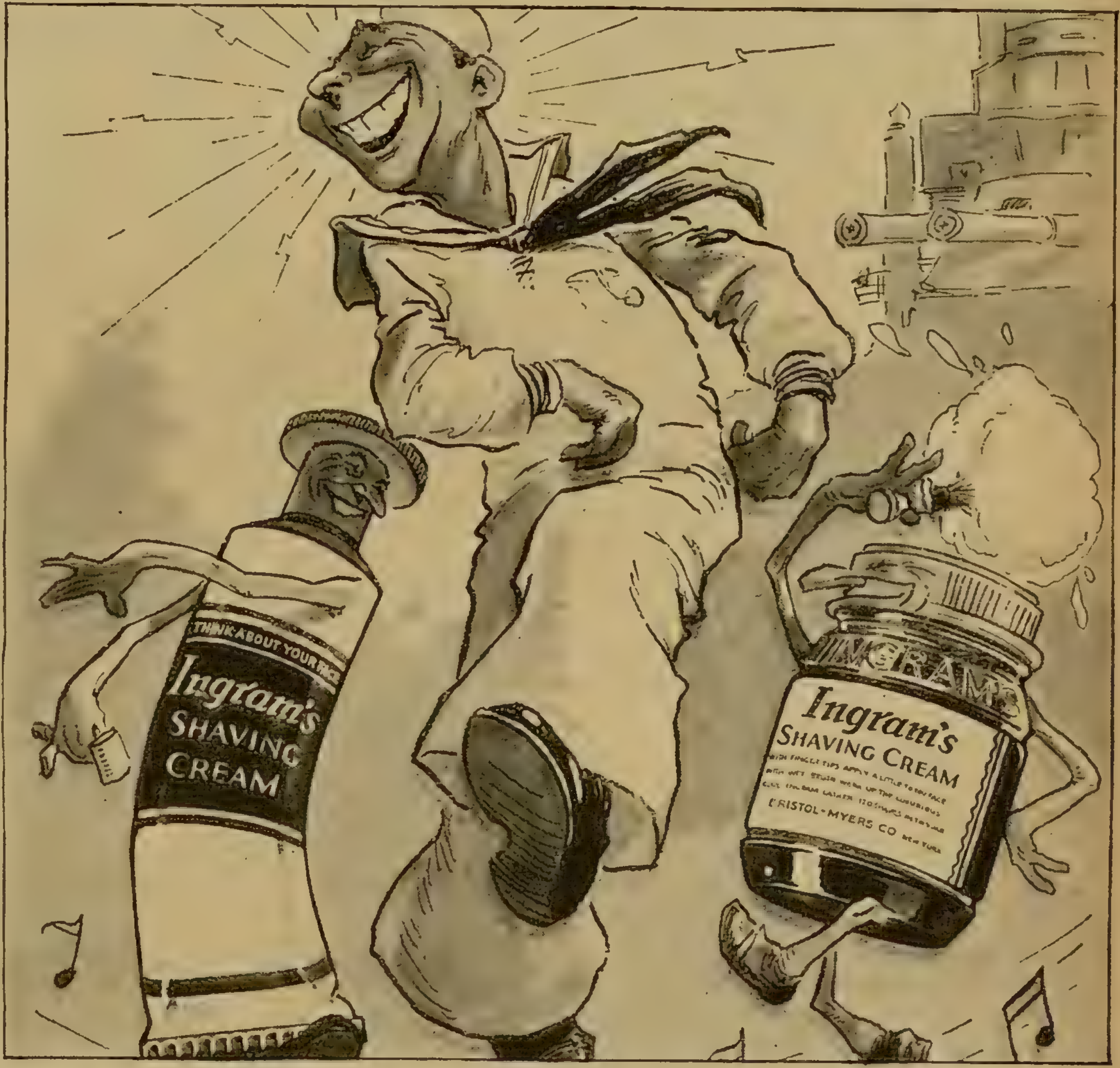
Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who discovered the process for vulcanizing rubber?
2—Who composed the opera Faust?
3—Where is the tomb of Napoleon?
4—Who was Jezebel?
5—To what nation does Gibraltar belong?
6—To what island group does Barbados belong?
7—What is catalepsy?
8—What is a pettifogger?
9—How many pounds in a gross ton?
10—What is the Maelstrom?
11—What countries compose the Iberian Peninsula?
12—What state extends farthest west?
13—What is uxoricide?
14—What is a papal bull?
15—Who painted The Horse Fair?
16—What is a cranny?
17—Where is Duke University?
18—In what country is the volcanic mountain Popocatepetl?
19—What is the correct pronunciation of victual?
20—In the metric system what is the unit of distance nearest the mile?

(Answers will be found on page fifty)

Whiskers Aweigh!

Cool Shaves for All Hands!



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AVAST there! If you'd like to lay a shaving course free of rocks, shoals and perils of the skin, go down to the drug-chandler's and lay in some Ingram's Shaving Cream for your lucky bag!

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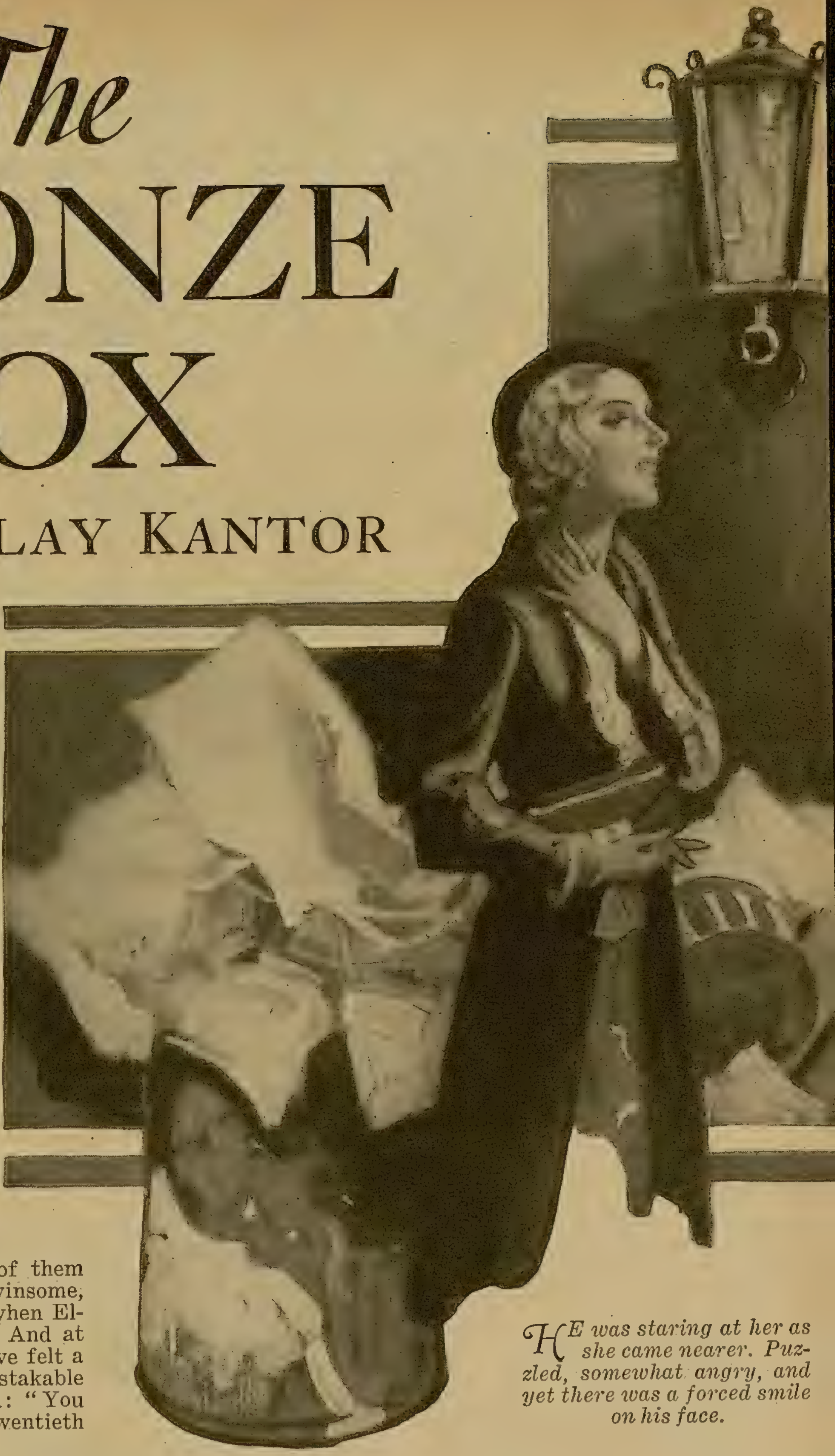
The BRONZE BOX

By MACKINLAY KANTOR



HE was staring at her as she came nearer. Puzzled, somewhat angry, and yet there was a forced smile on his face.

(Reading time: 21 min. 58 sec.)

MISS ELVINA MORRIS led a very ordinary existence. Her great-grandmother, for whom she was named, would have thought it one of the most fantastic existences in the world.

But to Elvina, aged twenty-one years, the workaday world was just one long ho-hum. During half her waking hours she stood within a shining bronze cubicle measuring roughly six by six by eight, and held a gold knob with her left hand and a bronze handle with her right. And if that isn't a fantastic existence, you are referred to the sainted bones of Elvina's great-grandmother.

Elvina (five feet three, brown eyes, 4B, golden blonde) was an elevator operator at the Midcontinental Building.

Also, she was an actress. But folks didn't know that part of it yet.

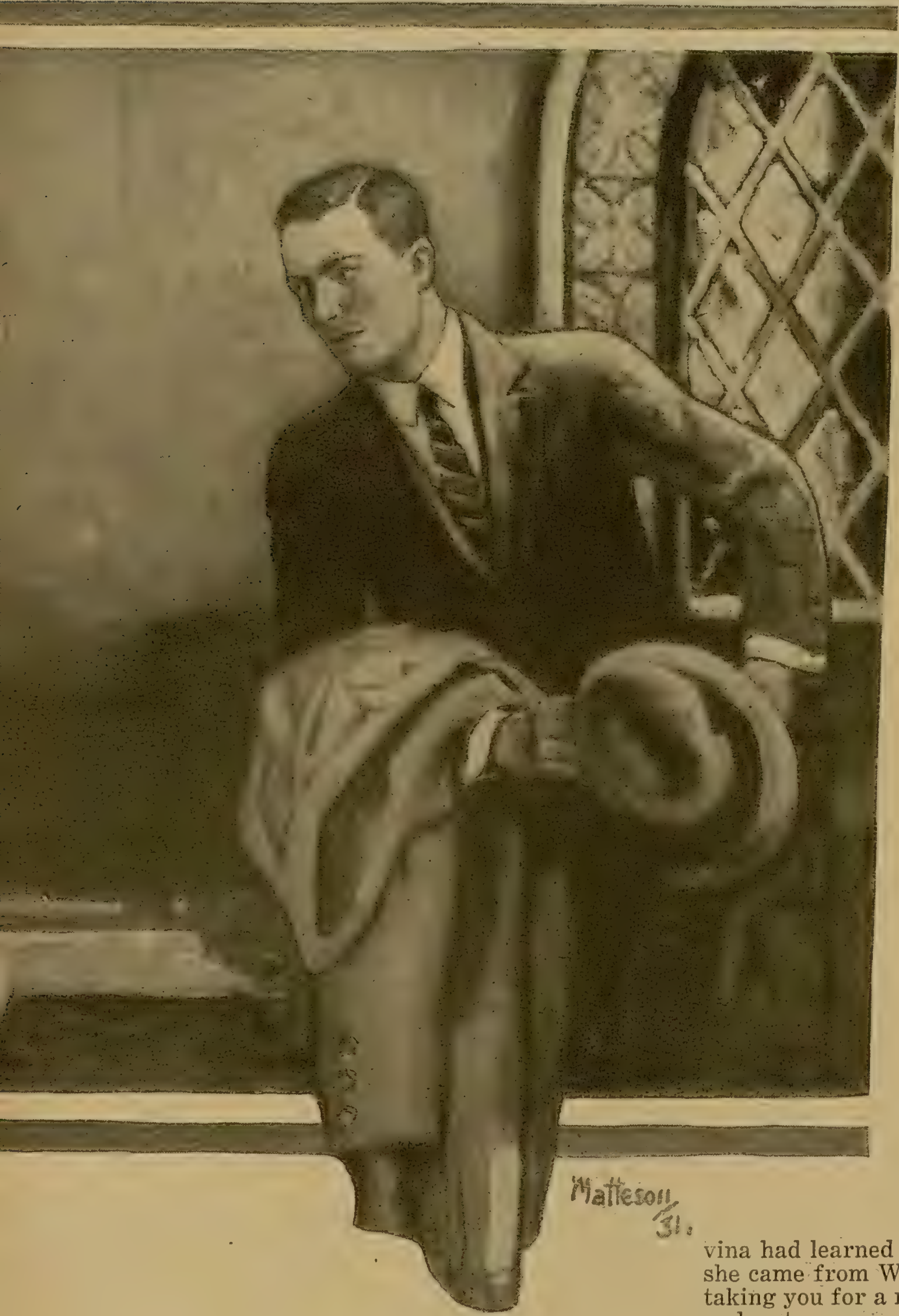
People have very blunted senses of perception. If they had not, many of them would have recognized the bright, winsome, polished tones of Miss Grace George when Elvina said, "Fourrr" or "E-lev-on." And at other times the veriest tyro should have felt a quickening response when the unmistakable voice of Miss Katharine Cornell intoned: "You may change to an express at the twentieth floor."

Amid the noise of rushing air when Elvina sped downward in a passengerless car from the top of her run, she spoke other lines—livid, drawling lines in which every measure of emotion had been skillfully impressed: "But I have forgotten you. When a woman forgets a man like you, she forgets all men." Time out while an auditor from fifteen is carried down to the Windward Mutual Investment Corporation on twelve: "Oh, Hilary. We Marches are a r-r-r-rotten lot!" And so on.

Elvina believed sincerely in the eventual return of the spoken drama. True, she did not eschew movies. When Harley Corwald, who came from her home town of Burlington, Wisconsin, called at her room in Oak Street, he was apt to find Elvina quite ready for the Oriental or the Chicago. Sometimes she even sang gayly in the face of the colored slides which danced their decorative words across the screen. "Now, folks," the organist said through this gigantic but chummy medium, "I've got a little tune—I'd like to hear you sing it soon—Now all of you must hum it as I pla-a-a-ay." It reminded her of a lawn social back home. Everybody singing and laughing, and all there for a good time. But movies couldn't come up to the stage. They were pretty darn' vulgar.

In the varicolored mists of the Oriental Theater, Harley Corwald would hold Elvina's hand. But he never got to kiss her very often, even in the shadows of her Oak Street doorway. He was just Harley Corwald, and he talked too much about his job over at Monkey Ward's, and he seemed to take it for granted that nobody else in Chi- cago would ever notice Elvina, and Elvina herself coul never forget that she had seen Harley mowing his father'

A Story of the One Thing a Woman Can Never Escape


Matteson '31.

Pictures by
BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

lawn while clad in khaki overalls and porous-knit underwear. It was a romance which scarcely budded, one-sidedly, before it died of common maladies. These ailments included Elvina's disinterest, and the fact that Harley met a fat and comfortable brunette, the daughter of his immediate superior at Monkey Ward's.

After that Elvina could scarcely have been called lonely. She did not miss Harley—had made no effort to retain him for her own. Yet she capitalized as well as she could on the fact that she now possessed a certain amount of Past.

She improvised tense, blasting scenes during the moments when her rocketing bronze car was empty. . . . "Yes, I'll go on. There's nothing else for me to do. . . . Sometimes it seems as if there's never been anyone else in the world but people like me—women going on. . . ." The barber went up to shave old Mr. Purblatz of Purblatz, Riley, Petersen and Purblatz, Inc. A woman and a squalling child came down from twelve. . . . "Then you'll remember. And that will hurt you. A lot. But I'll be glad. I tell you, I'll be—" A clerk ate a candy bar all the way to sixteen; two dentists went down to five with their futile, comic discussion of X rays; and three salesmen talked in vicious undertones during their ascent to seventeen. There was a plump female who called Elvina "honey" and wanted to know where she could powder her nose. Mrs. Bizik from the Sequestered Securities went down to the bank, and said that it sure was a peachova day. . . . "On the spot, huh? Sure, you'd haff to do that. A guy like you would! Well, I'll tell you, Cap Paroni, I'm one frail who's not a —— —— bit afraid of you or anybody else in your —— —— mob!" A loud slap as Miss Elvina Morris' white hand swatted the unoffending wall of her metal chariot. It might be explained that at times Miss Morris would fling aside whatever silken mantle she had draped over her slender shoulders—for instance, the mantle of Miss Le Gallienne—and would plunge into the murky but terrific depths where words were Anglo-Saxon and guns were submachine.

HARLEY had never taken her to any real shows. He said he couldn't afford to. But clothes didn't cost much; she wore a uniform at work. And as far as Elvina knew, there wasn't any city ordinance against a girl taking herself to the second balconies.

To be sure, during the days there were plump men and stealthy men and oily men and men who sometimes tried to slide an arm around a golden blonde who looked very inviting in her trim tan-and-green uniform. But Elvina had learned to snarl, "Oh, yeah?" very soon after she came from Wisconsin. And when an elevator girl is taking you for a ride, after all it's the elevator girl's ride and not yours, and the bottom of the shaft is twenty stories below, and I hope your affairs are all in order for the missis' and the kiddies' sake.

So her virtue tested exactly the same for eleven months—99 and 44/100 per cent pure. Which is just as pure as anyone would want. . . .

On a warm brown October day she first saw that real swell-looking guy.

He wore a gray suit and a softer, paler gray shirt, and his necktie was the color of fresh apricots. He would have looked like Lew Ayres if he hadn't looked so much like someone else—Lindbergh, maybe. He wasn't the most beautiful man in the world, but—well, Elvina was certain that she had seen him before. Many times, in fact, in the magazines. She had seen him drinking ginger ale, and she had seen him at the opera, holding a match for some woman's cigarette, and she had seen him playing golf, and behind the desk of Big Business. His was that sort of a face: American, young, eager, restrained yet powerful.

"What floor, please?" The automaton in her spoke.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BRONZE BOX
Continued from page nineteen

She was squealing painfully in her soul: "Nobody must come! No one else. I want to take him up alone. I want—" The starter's gong made its little *clink;* bronze doors shut out the rest of the world.

"Eleven, please."

He hummed abstractedly. He was standing behind her. She wondered if he were looking at her or just at the floor. Numerals slid down, away from them. Perhaps the real swell-looking guy was going to say something. . . . And then, unfortunately, a plain-colored globe went raspberry, and Elvina had to stop the car at eight.

A brisk middle-aged man got on. Elvina knew who he was: Mr. Portland, a big shot in the Ulterior Advertising Agency; he was always traipsing around the building with papers in his hand.

The recognition was instantaneous.

"Good morning, Mr. Portland," said the young man.

"Well, for *goodness' sakes!* Look who's here. If it isn't young Latham! Back with us again, boy, aren't you? I heard them say you'd be back—" They were chuckling and chattering, and Elvina went halfway past thirteen before she remembered to stop at eleven. You get that way sometimes, running a bronze cubicle.

And more especially if you've just heard something which rather knocked your props out. Latham! That meant only one thing around the Midcontinental Building. Old J. P. Latham, president of the Midcontinental Insurance Company, was responsible for the very existence of that elevator, for the very existence of Elvina's job. She had transported him many times—a silent, correct gentleman in suave business attire. And this was "young Latham."

WELL, they both got off at eleven, and they didn't look back, although the real swell-looking guy did murmur "Thanks" as he left the car.

Elvina had been thrilled before. Lots of prominent people had been ferried skyward under the skillful direction of her tapering fingers: General Dawes and Paul Ash and Ruth Hanna McCormick and Henry Justin Smith and she didn't know who all. But, to put it briefly, Elvina had never flopped before. Completely—in just a couple of minutes. . . . Looked something like Lew Ayres, only more like . . . And that gray suit . . . his voice. . . . *Curtain,* said Miss Morris. I'm an elevator girl. And that's that. Young Latham. Toodle-oo. Nevertheless, she mentioned it to Bessie Woolvich when they sat in De Met's with their olive-and-nut sandwiches and pineapple ice.

"Guess who rode with me. Young Latham!"

"Gee, not the young one of the old— I mean, not Mr. Latham's son?"

"He certainly did," said Elvina. She tried not to make her voice sound prayerful.

"Well, canyuhmajinit! I never saw him. But I heard a lot about him."

ELVINA whispered: "He was the swellest-looking guy I ever saw. And clothes! And— Gray suit and yellow tie. Somewhat yellow. . . . He dazzled you. No, he wasn't really—handsome. I can't get over the idea that he looks like the guys in magazine ads."

Bessie spilled some of her ice. "Girlie! Don't tell me *that's* the one. Oh, that big moment! I saw him, too. He rode down with me. But I positively never dreamed it was young Latham."

"I wonder—" dreamed Elvina. Unconsciously she assumed the throaty musings of a great actress. "I wonder if he's half the man he seems to be. . . ."

Miss Woolvich snorted into her frosted milk. "About one-eighth, the way I figure it. Mary Strineheimer told me all about *him.* I always thought he'd be a kind of dried-up little runt, like these half-wit sons of dukes and things in the movies. Honey, he's *only had three wives*—and—" She bent across the table and charged Elvina's ear with many dark whisperings.

"Oh," said Elvina. And again, "Oh!"

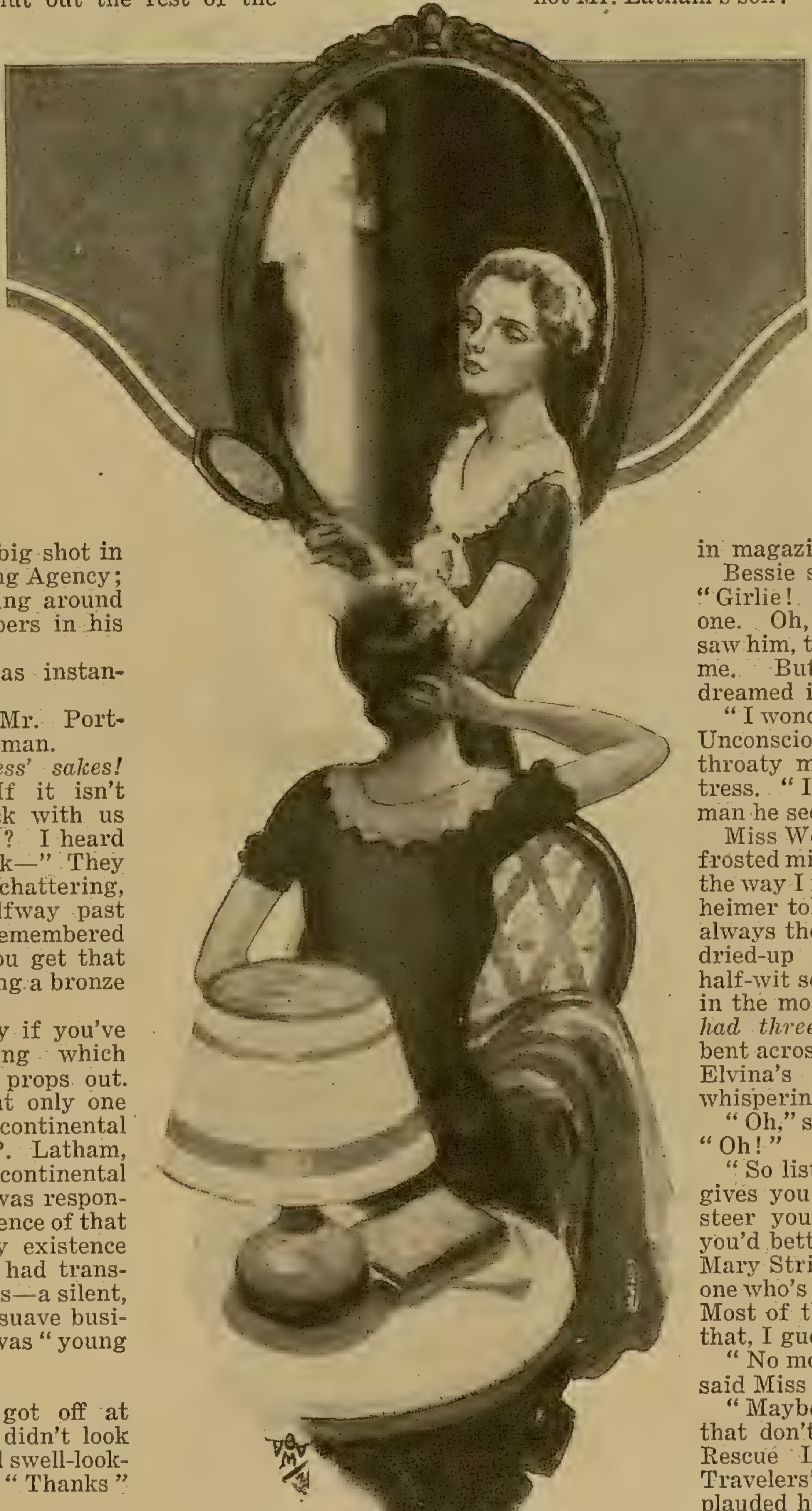
"So listen, honey. If that bird gives you a tumble and tries to steer you up to a lunch table, you'd better give him the works. Mary Strineheimer isn't the only one who's told me stuff about him. Most of these rich guys are like that, I guess."

"No more than the poor ones," said Miss Morris feebly.

"Maybe not. But a man like that don't exactly belong to the Rescue League or maybe the Travelers' Aid!" Bessie applauded herself bibulously in the frosted milk.

That evening, when Elvina was washing out her hose in the lavatory of her room, she gave the junior Mr. Latham a good scrubbing as well.

"So you came back!" she cried, strangling the dam beige mass in her fierce hands. "You came back, just I always knew you would! But if you think I'm going, you're wrong. When I knew you I thought it was love, but"—she laughed poisonously—"I guess I didn't know what love was. . . . Well, you can go! The way you



Elvina was in front of the mirror. "Give the little girl a hand!" crowed Bessie Woolvich.

went before. And this time I hope to God you remember that it was I who sent you! Wherever you go, whatever you do—" She became a trifle maudlin, and the tears drowned her voice, and she had to hang up the stockings to dry.

But it had been there—emblazoned, immutable—in the paper. Society items; she didn't read them often. But now: "The younger set . . . joyfully welcoming back their playmates . . . and Pollock Latham, who has been studying abroad, and—"

Studying, thought Elvina. Oh, like so much— Studying new ways to wreck women's lives, maybe. Well, she'd never give him a quiver. If he even got down on his knees and begged her to go to lunch, she'd just—

Then, morosely, she went to bed. And in the lottery of dreams she drew a tall young man with a gray necktie and an apricot-colored suit, who looked enough like Bull Montana to be his twin brother.

THE next morning she transported the Latham cur from twenty down to eleven. *En route,* he made advances to Elvina.

His face belied his character, but there was little doubt now that he was a roué. No one but a roué would be running around in a tux at 10 A. M.

Elvina had ascended to the limit of her itinerary and was waiting for the signal which would send her scooting down again. And it was another warm October day, and for a moment the twentieth floor was deserted, and the drinking fountain trickled like a forest spring in its alcove at the east end of the corridor. . . . So Elvina left her car for just the barest second and went over to get a drink, and for another naked moment she stood before the tall windows and watched Lake Michigan, soft blue under its veil of coal smoke. Always she felt exalted when she stood up there, alone, on the twentieth floor.

Then the signal bell clicked its silver mechanism. Elvina skipped across the corridor and slid into her car. Maybe she slid sideways—maybe she didn't look into the car behind her. . . . The numerals began to soar away. With the spell of that twentieth-floor panorama still upon her, Miss Morris lifted up her heart and her voice. The medium does not matter—it was wholly inadequate, even though it had been written by James Whitcomb Riley himself. It was a piece which Elvina used to recite in programs, back home. Now she siphoned it out of her soul with all the intense power of Katharine Cornell telling Hilary what a rotten lot the Marches were:

> "Ole October's purt nigh gone,
> And the frosts is comin' on . . ."

"Grand," said a voice behind her. She whirled, and died a sudden death. The Latham cur was in the car with her. Her tense hand brought the elevator to a precipitous halt midway between fourteen and fifteen.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE BRONZE BOX
Continued from page twenty-one

"Curfew shall not ring tonight," said the real swell-looking guy. "Oh, fireman, save my child! 'We are lost!' the captain shouted, as he—"

Miss Morris snarled, "Say—when'd you blow in?" The car shot down.

He smiled. "While you were getting a drink. Honest, I thought you saw me in here. I—"

"I have eyes," said Elvina in crystal accents, "for whatever I wish to see. If you ask me, tuxedos aren't the usual thing at ten o'clock B. C." She was appalled at her own temerity.

"Well," said Latham, "I guess you don't know who I am."

"Oh, don't I? Probably you've been out all night: that's your story and you'll stick to it. Yeah, I know your kind. You're not so new-fall-modish, even if your name is Latham!"

He got off at eleven, and his neck was red. . . . Elvina had a miserable lunch at De Met's. Possibly she shouldn't have told Bessie Woolvich about it; but she did, and then hated herself cordially.

"Baby, you sure got a nerve!" exclaimed Bessie. "I sure do like to see a girl tell a guy who acts that way where to get off at. He sure had a crust, saying maybe you don't know who I am. He—"

"Bessie," said Elvina, "I don't care so much for those new pumps of yours as I thought I did. First I thought they looked real smart, but now it seems as if they bulge too much right above the heel. And if they pinch your feet you'd better take them back and get a refund or something."

Afternoon came, with Mr. Latham, Jr., in a plaid tweed suit, ascending from eleven to twenty once more. Probably that guy had an illicit apartment downtown somewhere—maybe a secret suite in some Loop hotel—and there he kept an enormous wardrobe, changing suits several times each day. . . . Elvina didn't carry him up; Mary Strineheimer had him—the car across from Elvina's. And when he got out at twenty he had evidently forgotten all about the harsh words of that morning. He grinned across, directly into Elvina's eyes, and drew one side of his face up in a knot and jerked the corner of his mouth. Fresh thing!

Elvina was an elevator operator. Also, she was an actress.

"You have told me," Miss Morris informed the blank walls of bronze not long afterward, "a great many things. They were beautiful things, but—well, they weren't true. Yes. Yes. . . . That's what I mean. Untrue. Oh, it's always the same, the same! Hideous untruths. Lies. *Lies!* Wherever you go, whatever you do, I—" This time she managed to achieve the supreme artistic triumph of tears at will. . . . But Dr. Kleigle, the oculist, rode down from nine, and he ventured to suggest that Elvina come in and have him look at her eyes—looked as if she needed glasses, and the examination wouldn't cost her a cent.

AND once more during that day his presence came to haunt her. This time it was after 5 P. M.—almost quitting time. Someone kept flashing the light from eleven, and stubbornly refused to be picked up by the other cars. The raspberry globe kept winking spitefully in Elvina's face. And when she got down that far, and opened the slices of bronze, it was Latham.

Three other people were in the car, so he didn't say anything to her. And more got in, and more. The cubicle was crowded, and Elvina said coolly, "That will be all, please," and the cur managed to get himself crowded as close to her as he could. It was disgusting. . . . "Main floor. *Main floor—main floor.*" And they all got out. All except Latham.

"Main floor," said Elvina, refusing to look at him.

"I want the arcade, please."

There wasn't much down on the arcade except a barber shop and the back doors of some stores, and certainly no one ever needed the services of a barber less than young Latham. But of course Elvina had to close the doors and start down. . . . She might have weakened, even then, if she hadn't caught a glimpse of Bessie Woolvich staring eagerly across at her during the moment before the doors slotted together.

"Listen," said young Latham. "I didn't mean to get smart with you this morning. I was just kidding. Were—were you going over some lines, or something? Are you—working? I mean—in a show? You've got a good voice and—"

Elvina looked him over, up and down and down and up. It wasn't hard to do. He was dressed in a princely tan suit—cost at least a hundred, she thought—and he carried a caramel-colored traveling bag and a jaunty, gleaming stick.

"I SUPPOSE," she said, "that you're going out of town, with that bag and all. Well, you can go ahead."

"No; I'm not going. Not at all. I— The reason I mentioned about that other business was—well, if you like that sort of thing—acting—I know a pretty good chance for you. I mean, if you got in with the right people—folks who could help you—"

Elvina let the doors swish easily apart. "You, for instance?" she drawled.

"Well, not me alone. I— And then, another thing. Maybe if you didn't have anyone to eat dinner with tonight, and— That is, if you ever consider dinner engagements—" His voice was honest and appealing, and he looked like Lindbergh and Lew Ayres and a little like Skippy, too. But there was Bessie Woolvich. Elvina could imagine the cagy grin with which she would greet the news of— And Bessie had told her all about him. Plenty.

Miss Morris gave him his cue. And she was brave. She didn't falter or go up in her lines once. "Listen, big boy," she grated, true to the submachine tradition. "I got a pretty good idea what you want. But the funny thing is—it isn't what I want. And now I guess you've said enough. That's all, for you. Any time you want to go for a ride, I'll take you! But beyond that, I don't want any of the opportunities you can give me. You," she cried, "or anybody else in your—your *mob!*"

Well, he had gone. Stamping off along the echoing arcade. The car ascended, and a somewhat pale Elvina let her sickened smile slide across to Bessie Woolvich and Mary Strineheimer.

"Fixed him," her scarlet lips whispered. . . .

Bessie applauded her, when they were in the girls' room. Elvina was in front of the mirror, trying to make her cheeks appear as if the color were a natural part of them and not merely filmed over a bloodless skin.

"Give the little girl a hand!" crowed Bessie Woolvich. "She sure did put old Whoozis where he belongs. I just wonder if I'd of had the nerve. Gee, he sure is swell-looking, when all is said and done!"

Elvina agreed. "Yes. When all—is said and done. . . ."

"Guys like him never believe in giving a break, though. You hear about all these girls that get in some kind of awful jam, and does a man like that come across and try to pull them out of it? He does not. He—"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Elvina Morris.

Bessie stared, aghast. "Say, what's eating you, anyway?"

Mary Strineheimer came in, singing lustily, her buxom soul disporting itself amid musical bayous.

"Oh, Lawd," sang Mary, "please take away thu rain! Oh, Lawd, oh, Lawd—"

"Let me broadcast," ordered Bessie, still nothing loath to give credit where credit was due. "Elvina sure stepped on young Mr. Latham."

"Latham?" Mary echoed, hunting in her locker for her slip.

Bessie said: "Sure. The old guy's son. You know. Got Rocks. The Prince of Wales."

"Oh." Mary stared wonderingly at Elvina. "Has that prune been on the make with us girls? Well, what do you know about—"

Miss Woolvich said accusingly: "Why, you stood there your own self and saw him. Just a coupla minutes ago. Elvina took him down to the arcade and told him what."

"That guy?" cried Mary. "What you talking about, anyway?"

"Mr. Latham. He—"

"Oh, go soak your head," said Mary Strineheimer. "You mean that tall fellow with the brown suit—had a bag and cane and everything? That's a fellow from the Ulterior Advertising."

Miss Morris saw a number of other Elvinas, all looking big-eyed and wan, swimming in the wide mirror before her.

She managed to whisper: "Mary! You mean that wasn't— He— It wasn't—"

"Latham? So's your ancestor. That fellow used to work here a year or so ago. He just come back this week. He—" But Elvina was in the hall.

SHE ran. No longer in uniform. A girl in a black coat, a girl with yellow hair and brown eyes and half-open lips, plunging toward the stairway. Her steps sounded futile and remote as they danced on the ivory-tinted marble.

That guy! Looked like Skippy and she didn't know who else, and he had tried to be decent, and all the time she thought—

She cried to herself: "If I can find him! Just find him. He'll never speak to me again. I'll never have the nerve to speak to him again. I'll have to find him now. Now! . . . He'll never look at me unless—"

The arcade was deserted. The barber shop: closed, locked tight, no light behind its ground-glass doors. Then there were only the arcade entrances of a few Michigan Avenue shops—gilt letters looming hugely through the gloom, black windows shiny and opaque.

She ran to the blind end of the corridor, and no one—

The door of a men's clothing shop opened, halfway down. "Good-by," someone called. A tall man stepped out into the corridor. Looked like— His suit was none too new, but he looked well in it. His old hat had a flaunting brim.

Elvina cried: "Please! I—I want to—"

He was staring down at her as she came nearer. Puzzled, somewhat angry, and yet there was a forced smile on his face. "Hello! What's the idea? I never thought you'd be trailing me after—"

"—After what I said," whispered Elvina. "No. But—I found out. It's —mistaken identity, I guess. I thought—"

And then she told him.

He said slowly, "Well, for cry—!" And then his hat was off and he had grasped her hand. "Gee, girlie. I—Gosh, that makes me feel good! I didn't know why you seemed to hate me on sight, but— Well, did that girl tell you what my name was?"

THAT girl hadn't told her. No. But it didn't matter. Just so . . .

"Latham. Yes," he said. "But that's the middle name. George Latham Saunders. I used to call it George L. because Latham seemed like a sort of pie-eyed name. But they found it out, up there at the Ulterior, and—you know. Used it for a nickname. For fun. Old Portland and everybody. . . . I write copy, or try to. At least, I'm learning. But in the meantime I do a lot of modeling. I thought maybe you'd recognize me from the pictures in the ads —Cohn's clothing and Heaverstone's bags and Husky cigarettes and— You know. Hayne and Loddle, the commercial photographers. I have a lot of work up at their studio. That's the reason I was wearing that tux today. Why, say, I—"

Elvina murmured, "Well, I guess that explains it. . . . I'll have to be going. I just wanted to tell—"

He had pressed her arm within his own. "If you haven't any other date, I— That business I was talking about: acting. I belong to a sort of dramatic club—the Graeme Players. We're not professional, but some of the gang are really good. And it's fun. We have an old apartment up the street here where Miss Graeme lives. Our director. Directress, maybe I mean. We could go up there for dinner— I guess," he said, looking down at her again, "that it would be more fun if we had dinner at some restaurant together first, and then went up to the club. We're working on What Happened to Jones. Ever see it? A man named Jones goes and— Going to give it at a church. Maybe you'd like—"

. . . . .

"Yes, Latham," said Grace George and Eva Le Gallienne and Katharine Cornell, as they rode in their bronze box the next morning, "I know what it means now. A woman always knows—when you bring it to her like this. . . . Love, darling. That's all. Wherever you go, whatever you do . . ."

THE END

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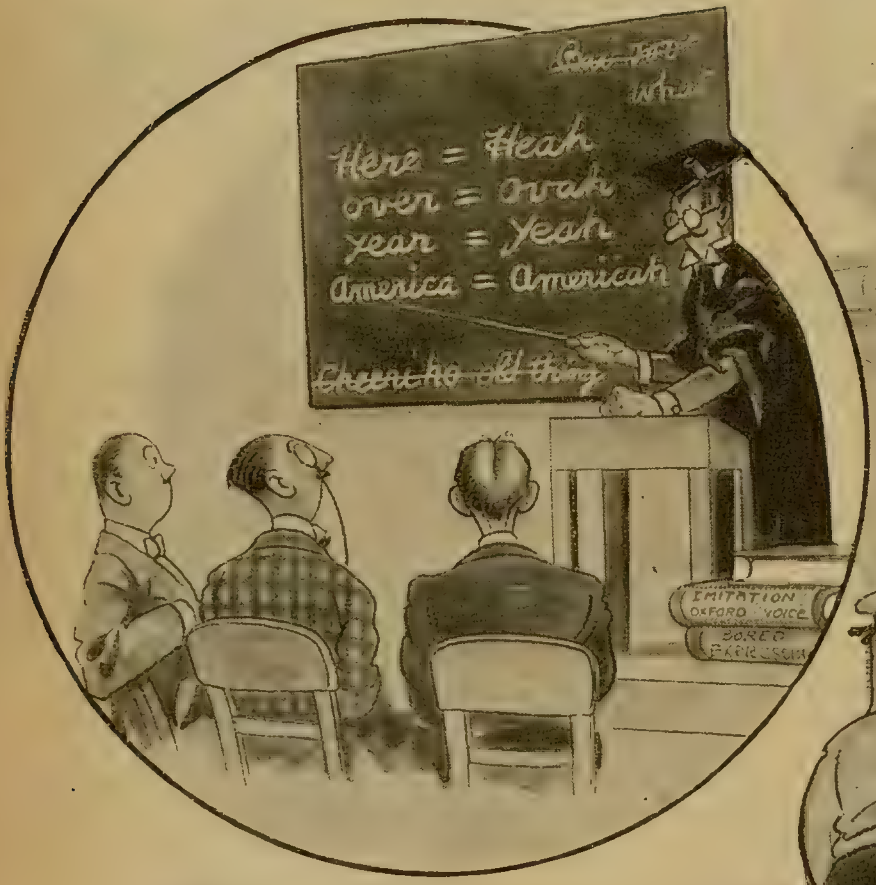
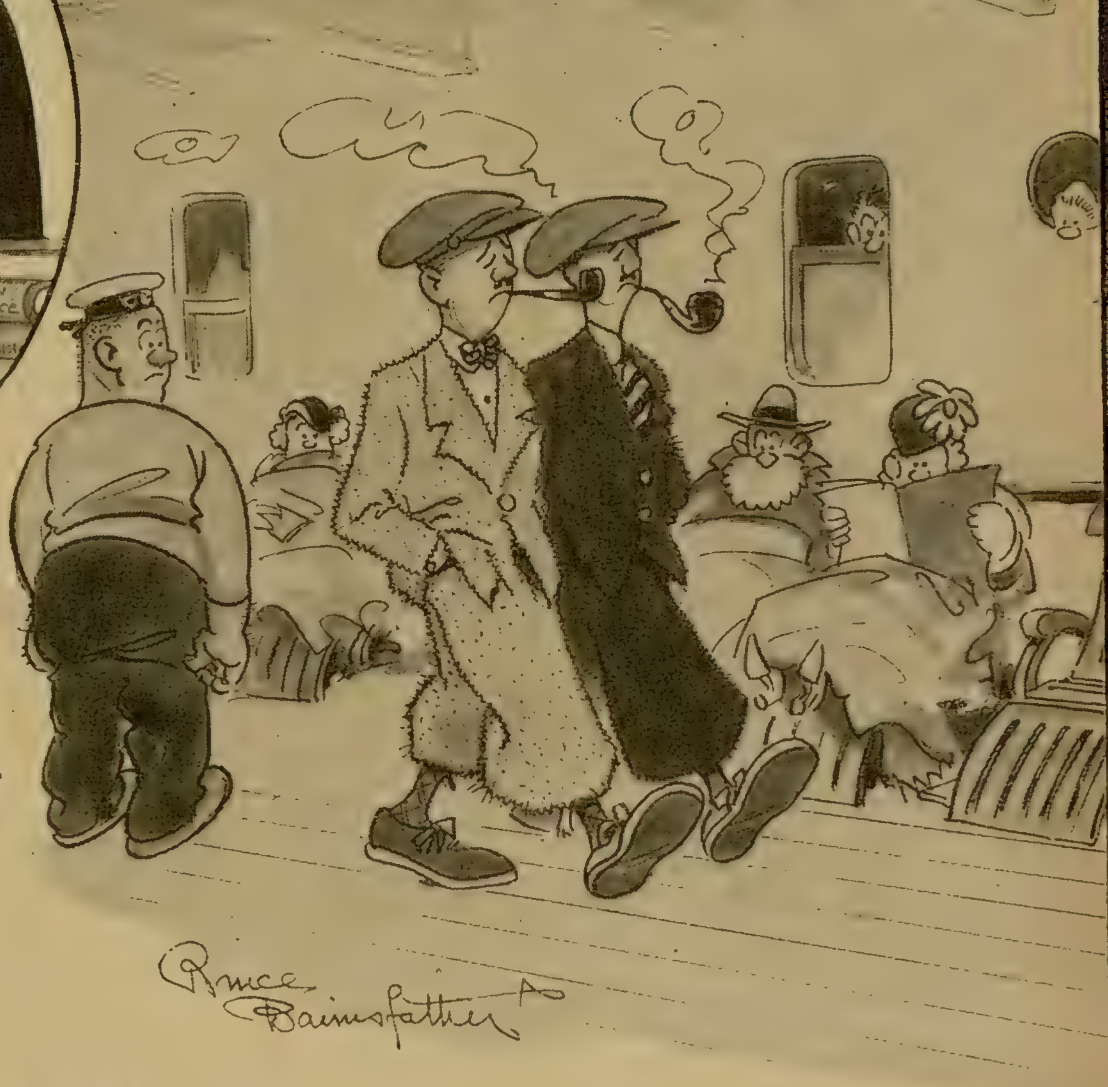
TINGLE

Why These Visiting Give Me



The factory that furnishes that "English" accent should be ruthlessly destroyed.



They are walking for health, because "

By

That Eminent Britisher

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

who served in the British army throughout the war and whose pictures during that period, especially "Old Bill," enjoyed world-wide recognition. Since then he has written stories and books and drawn pictures for numerous magazines, and is the author of three successful plays, the best known being "The Better 'Ole." He now makes his home principally in the United States.

Pictures by the author

(Reading time: 9 minutes 5 seconds.)

BEFORE exuding the following series of thoughts and observations, it is necessary, for subsequent defensive reasons, to make my position perfectly clear.

I am a loyal subject of Great Britain. If a brass band crept up on me now and trumpeted forth God Save the King, I would immediately spring to my feet and probably upset the ink down the paper before me. Erect and bareheaded, with patriotic tears dimming my eyes, I would stand in silent pride, thinking of that Mighty Empire on which the Income Tax never sets.

I have been to one war for my country and, if shown a flag accompanied by suitable inflammatory music, am willing to go to another.

I love England, with its fields, woods, streams, and history, but I am ashamed of a lot of people who live there.

Let me explain:

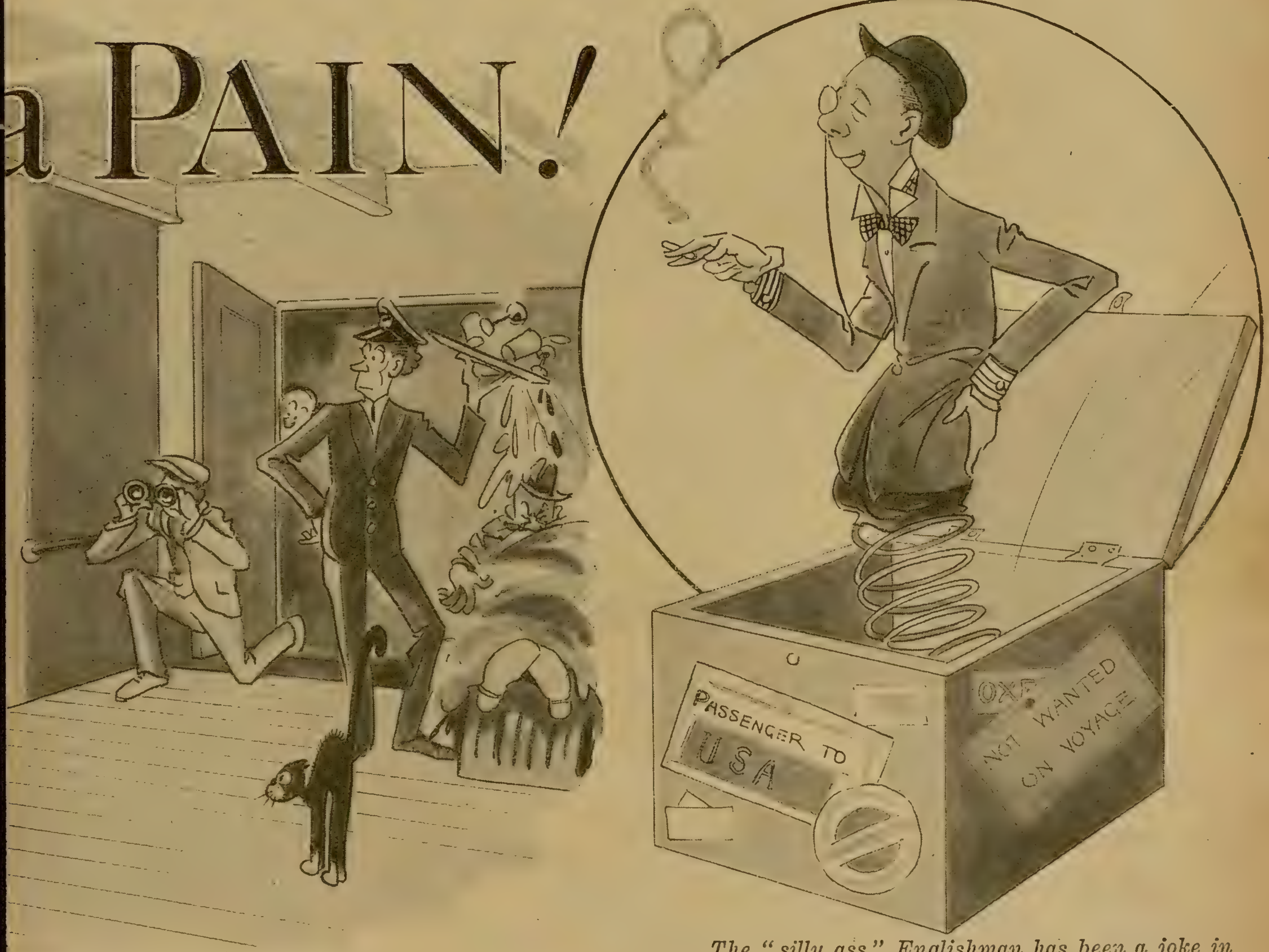
Since the Great War (that's the one we had just before Armistice Day) I have traveled over thirty thousand miles in America, and as much as possible in England without going off the edge into the sea, and during these wanderings have been asked approximately five hundred times how Americans like the English and how the English like Americans.

In about four hundred and ninety-nine cases the question was put with a feeling of lurking prejudice. That the governments of the two countries are getting more and more friendly and closer to each other as time passes, I have no doubt. Here's "Good luck" to them; but as to friendly understanding between the two populations, I fear the breach is wide, and, unless certain things are done, always will be.

This painful situation can entirely be laid at the doors of a certain class who travel, and I unhesitatingly say that Great Britain allows more world-irritating citizens to export themselves per year than any other country.

I have discussed this question with many American friends, who insist that America also has its traveling nuisance man.

BRITISHERS a PAIN!



lishmen always do that at home."

The "silly ass" Englishman has been a joke in plays and musical comedies for years.

This is probably true, but the champion annoyance belongs to England.

There are many, many excellent, real people in England. Sound, wide-minded, cultured people. But they are not often to be seen, and when they are, exhibit no irritating traits. They, unfortunately, suffer from the effects produced by the noisy, humorless product that travels and, like a mosquito, carries its poison up and down the world.

It is unfortunate that parent countries are summed up and judged by the samples allowed to exhibit themselves.

These investigations have led me to seek a cure for transatlantic irritation, and I think I have found it.

Passports, although a complicated nuisance, still do not cover a wide enough field.

Added to the exasperating array of questions which at present have to be answered before a passport is granted, there should be others, dealing with mentality and deportment.

I would like to see the British passport contain the following:

1. On landing in America for the first time, are you going to pass a superior, adverse opinion on the entire United States within the first hour?

2. Are you going to make noisy and would-be humorous comments on everything that looks new to you?

3. Are you going to talk English, or are you going to use what is known as an English Oxford accent in its imitation form?

4. Can you talk English, or have you gone to great pains to acquire an imitation English voice?

5. Are you going to mix modestly with Americans you meet in a spirit of friendly equality, or stand apart proudly, as though suffering from some exalted form of contagious disease?

6. Can you remove that "I'm an Englishman and therefore better than anyone else" look from your face, pan, or dial?

7. Have you realized that the day for an attitude of British insular superiority over the entire world is over?

8. Are you going to begin every sentence with "You Americans probably don't know this, but," etc., etc.?

These are just a few of the questions I would suggest being added to the British passport application form. There would, of course, have to be many others, for the English traveling nuisance varies largely in type. There are, however, two main branches of the species, which act as a general guide to the observer.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

A. The strong, silent kind with a dull red face, yellow toothbrush mustache, gold signet ring, giant pipe, and tweed clothes that smell like a forest fire.

B. The weak, noisy kind, with a cultivated, tired expression, much produced cigarette case, and "Cheerio" and "Hullo, old thing," vocabulary.

A rather uses himself more especially for irritating our colonies. We might have lost Australia, Canada, Africa, and India through his efforts.

B can be found everywhere, and more particularly in America.

One of the best places to observe this fauna is on a ship. The great Atlantic liners nearly always carry a large supply. The observer should take up a good position on the promenade deck and wait.

Anyone who has stalked deer or hunted moose can do this easily. They are not shy, and readily come into the open.

Let us assume you are hunting Class A. Before very long a pair of them will come marching down the deck. You will immediately recognize them by the dull, stern, superior expression, meant to convey "We are Englishmen, different, and, of course, really superior to all the other races of the earth, and certainly to everyone on this ship." They will be walking as though marching with a regiment of Guards, and look about as intellectual as a steam roller with its mate.

They are walking for health, because "We Englishmen always do that at home," "Keeping fit, what!" They will go many times sternly round the deck to show "determination" and a sense of "English honor."

A LITTLE later they will go and dress for "dinnah," and then, looking "awfully nice to know," stalk majestically into the smoking room and sit in what they have constituted the English section of it.

Then comes the dialogue, in would-be aristocratic English tones: "Er! Heah! I say! Waitah! Bring two whiskies and sodahs!"

The other occupants of the smoking room realize that "here are two Englishmen," and England is branded with this shame.

The harm these people have done to Great Britain is incalculable. You hear its effects in world-wide conversation; you see its misery reflected on the stage and in illustrated papers.

The "silly ass" Englishman has been a joke in plays and musical comedies for years.

It is this class that has given rise to the hallucination that an Englishman has no sense of humor. This kind certainly has not. They are laughed at and disliked all over the world, but the poor fools cannot see it.

My recent observations make me fear that the manufacture of these dread types is on the increase. In New York, London, and Paris I have seen those faces, smelled those clothes, smiled at those signet rings, and reeled at those voices. There is no doubt something ought immediately to be done about discovering where the central factory is that furnishes that "English" accent. This place should be traced and ruthlessly destroyed.

Fully trained imitation cultured-English voice users are found all over the world. If you want to hear a good sample of it, go to an English play imported into America and listen to the actors.

If the world at large only knew how painfully different it is from the genuine article, it would minimize the horror considerably.

It should be understood that there are in England many long-pedigreed owners of the real and best English accent. They think, speak, and do things in a certain hereditary way which stands for the best in England. These people, when they cross the Atlantic, are not an irritant. They make no endeavor, whether at home or abroad, to overawe and impress by means of foolish vanity and tone of voice.

It is true that they have a certain accent when speaking. An accent "aged in the wood" of history. It probably was augmented at Oxford or Cambridge or in the environment of an ancient family.

THESE people have a quality; it is the imitators, the mushroom growths of yesterday, both in men and women, that spread devastating misunderstanding of England wherever they go. Even as I write these lines, havoc is being done all over the globe. Way off in India, perhaps, a thousand-year-old temple is being passed by two of our exports in a car. Or, to put it in their language, "Drifting pawst one of those jolly old temples in a motah, what." They may probably stop a venerable priest and say, "I say, old thing, what is that priceless affaih—a temple? Oh, I say, how ripping!"

They will pass, and the priest with all his followers will come to the conclusion that Gandhi is certainly right.

Way out in Cincinnati, perhaps, one of our exports has got into a party, and is saying, "Of course, what you Americans don't know is that cricket is a much oldah and bettah game than baseball"; or this one: "Of course Americah nevah really knew what the war meant; I mean to say, we fellows won the jolly old thing before you Americans got thah."

It is not within my power to appear with a gun at this moment and save the party. I can but point to England's shame, in the hope that the world will understand and be tolerant.

From extensive observations I should say that the nearest American counterpart to this man is he who, on arriving in an English provincial hotel, and realizing that the only ice to be obtained must be borrowed from the fish or somebody's headache, exclaims loudly, "Say, what do yer call this joint anyway—a hotel?"

At his very worst, however, he cannot compare, even distantly, with our English nuisance who trumpets his imitation culture and proud inanity over the earth. I am one who has always hoped there will not be another war. If the British government allows these people to travel much more, there will be.

On behalf of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and all the other pink parts on the map, I warn the rest of the world against this menace.

If ever it were possible, I would like to bring a real Englishman over to the States and exhibit him in the Yankee Stadium in New York City, then afterward send him on the road. This might help to remove the prejudice which is maintained, and rightly, against the race as a whole, and which is entirely due to that arrogant vacuum that travels with a voice like an English radio announcer.

THE END

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The Comic Artist

A Short Short Story

By

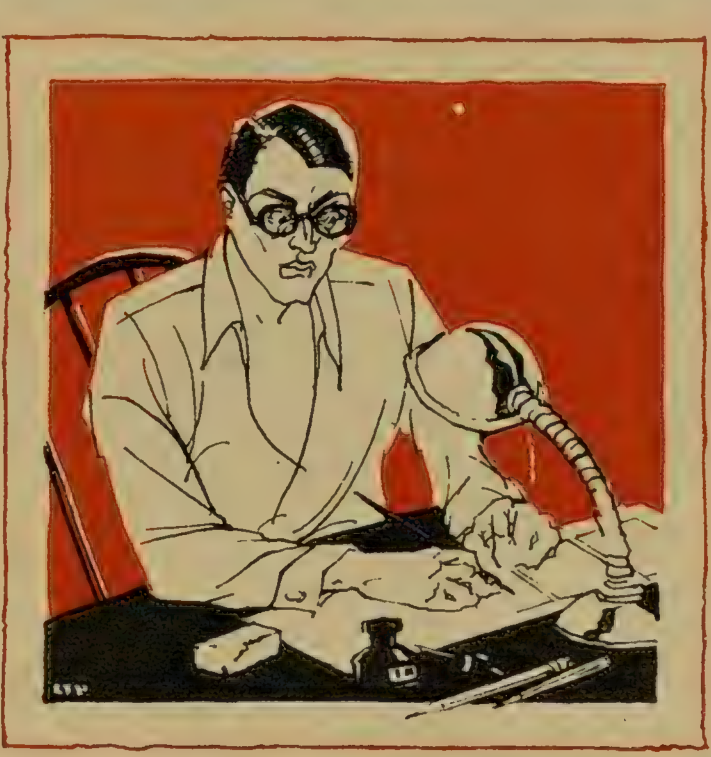
LESLIE FENTON

who spent six years in the movies, appearing in "What Price Glory," "The Public Enemy," and other films. Prior to that he had spent some time on the legitimate stage. Two years ago he turned down a motion-picture contract to go abroad to travel and write fiction.

(Reading time: 5 min. 3 sec.)

REMEMBER that comic strip that ran in the Daily Herald some time back for six days? Everybody was talking about it. Then it mysteriously stopped. The office was flooded with inquiries. . . . It was the only good strip I ever saw, and I've seen a lot. In fact, too many.

Guy Flecker did it. Remember? No one ever heard of him before, and since—well, there are some who know part of the story, but only part.



With one light shining over his board he set to work.

I had left a party down near Washington Square one night, and was walking up to the Herald office, where I had some work to do. I dropped into a restaurant on Thirty-first Street for a cup of coffee—it helps me, somehow. It was that dull hour before the theaters are over and after the dinner crowd have left.

I gulped down the black coffee, pulled out a cigarette, and was leaving, when a little fellow sitting alone over by the wall asked me if he could borrow a match. So I walked over to him. And while I'm pulling them out I see he's been doing some drawings. I can see at a glance he's no punk, so I sit down with him for a while and talk. It's this Guy Flecker. A strange-looking little fellow he is, with very light blue eyes, and young—couldn't have been more than twenty-five or -six. He tells me what a tough time he's had, and that he doesn't know how to sell his cartoons—which look good to me. But all the time he seems happy. You know what I mean? And he has a habit of squinting his eyes tightly, using his whole face to do it, as though they hurt him—then turning the whole thing into a joke and laughing. But the laugh wasn't quite right. I've heard guys laugh like that going to the chair.

Then I tell him I'm with the Herald, and he's off. He's all excited. Wants me to go up to his place and see some of his stuff. So up we go, and he's living in the loft of that building on the corner of Twenty-eighth and Broadway. He is just taking some drawings out of a combined desk and drawing board, when the lights go out. I'm standing in the dark expecting anything for a couple of seconds. Then I ask him what's the matter, but he doesn't answer. In another five seconds it's on again. He's standing there with his eyes closed and his face all twisted up. Then he opens them and laughs. That same laugh.

"You see," he says, "I haven't any money, so I've got my lights rigged up to the tobacco sign outside. . . ."

Now can you beat that?

Well, in the intervals of this light going on and off I see some of his work—and it's marvelous. In his line he's a genius, as anyone who saw what did come out will have to admit. On the drawing board is a pair of thick-lens glasses, but one eye is missing. (Then I know why he screws his face up the way he does.)

He tells me the doctor has warned him to stop working nights—but it's the only time he can do anything. I can understand that. I'm the same way.

Well, the lights are on for thirty seconds and off for ten. . . . And even working under these conditions he's developed this comic strip that—well, you saw it! If you didn't you should have.

I've seen some raw deals in my time, but this one tops the list. I can hardly talk. I think of those two mugs who call themselves artists we've got in the office, and the money they get for turning out a lousy strip that's enough to put the paper out of business in another six months! As you know, I like my job—so I figure I've got to get this Flecker in. Not only to help him, but to keep the Herald going and my job!

I tell him to see Ramsay, our editor, at two o'clock next day, and by that time I'll have talked to him.

He did everything but kiss me!

One look was enough to convince Ramsay.

He not only put Flecker on, but advanced him enough money so's he could move out of that dive to a nice hotel, and have some new glasses made, and things like that.

I BUMP into him again in Columbus Circle four days later, just by accident. He's all happy about his job, and I go in with him while he has a sedative. He's got a headache, which he explains he has most of the time, and his eyes are closed oftener than they are open.

I tell him he ought to try and work in the daytime—that this night work is an awful strain. But he just repeats that it's the only way he can do it, and then he's off to do his strip.

Now, here's the rest of the story as I see it—and don't forget I investigated it at the time.

He went to his hotel, and left word that he didn't want to be disturbed. In his room he pulled down the windows and shades to keep out disturbing noises. And with one bright light shining over his board he set to work. His drawing wasn't half finished when suddenly everything went black.

He counted ten, blinked his eyes, and opened them. Then he must have realized he wasn't in his old room. . . . It was still black.

He must have felt this would happen some day. He moved one hand slowly through the dark in the direction of the light and touched it. It was hot. Yes, he must have expected it, and made up his mind long ago what to do when it happened.

He didn't hesitate.

He felt for the drawer under his board, and took out a gun he had kept just for this purpose.

There might have been a moment when he thought how tough it was, after having worked so hard to reach his mark.

But only a moment—and I'll bet he turned it into that laugh.

Then pulled the trigger. . . .

It couldn't have been long after that that the bell boy knocked at the door to tell him the fuse had been burned out, but the lights would be on in a minute.

THE END

Education in EXILE

The Roumanian Royal Household— I Receive Frightful News—Our Departure for Paris

By MARIE

Grand Duchess of Russia

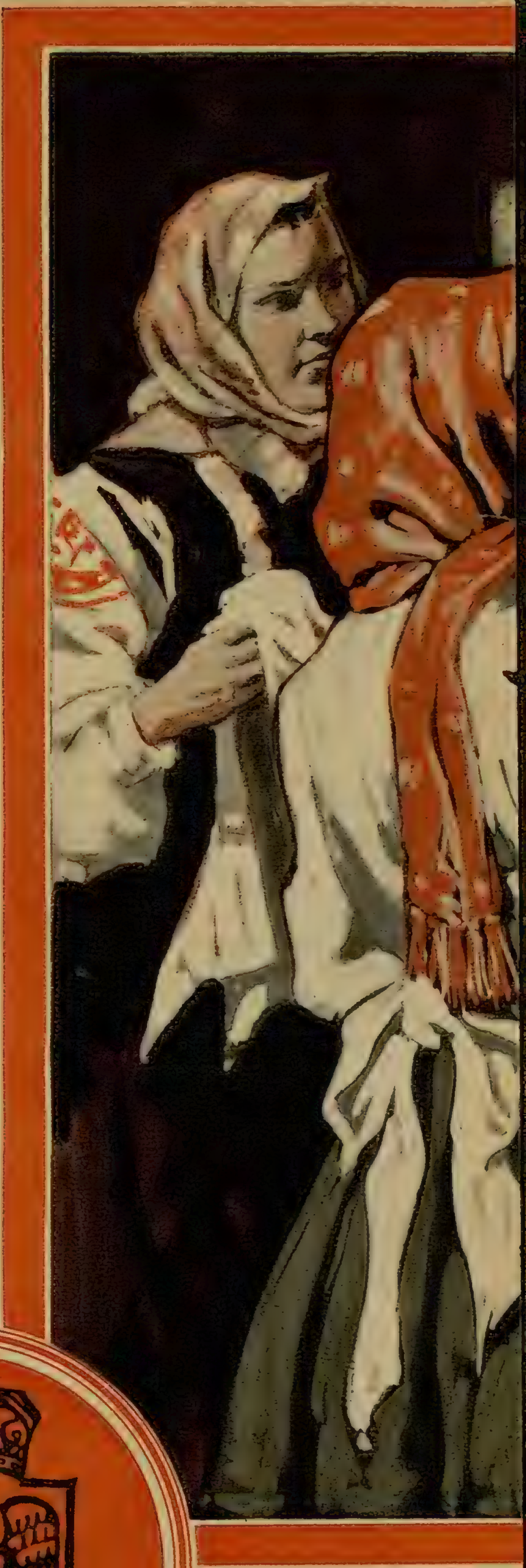
(Reading time: 23 minutes 5 seconds.)

HAVING begun her enthralling life story in her book, The Education of a Princess, Grand Duchess Marie continues it in Education in Exile. At the outbreak of the World War in 1914, she was twenty-four years old, and had returned to Russia after the annulment of her unhappy first marriage to Prince William of Sweden. Her idolized father, Grand Duke Paul, also had returned, recalled from exile by his nephew the Czar. Marie did war service as a Red Cross nurse and at the head of a military hospital. Her brother, Grand Duke Dmitri, was one of the plotters of Rasputin's assassination, and in punishment was sent under guard to the Persian front. In 1917, when the Czar abdicated, Dmitri made his way into Persia.

With the Romanoffs overthrown and their lives in jeopardy, Marie became the wife of Prince Sergei Putiatin. In the summer of 1918 a son was born to them. By that time their situation was desperate, and at the end of July they fled by rail from Petrograd south to Odessa. At the beginning of November they moved on, crossing the frontier into Roumania. They were welcomed to that country by Queen Marie, and accepted the invitation of the king and queen to be their guests at Bucharest. There Marie got in touch with her brother Dmitri, but, being now a British army officer, he could not join her. Meanwhile their father, Grand Duke Paul, had been imprisoned by the Bolsheviks. There had been no further news of him, and she lived in constant apprehension concerning his fate.

Such was the position of the Grand Duchess' affairs at the end of the first installment of Education in Exile, published in last week's Liberty.

Drawings by
B. LATHAM KIDDER



The queen would converse for hours with the people, listening patiently to their tales of woe and suffering.

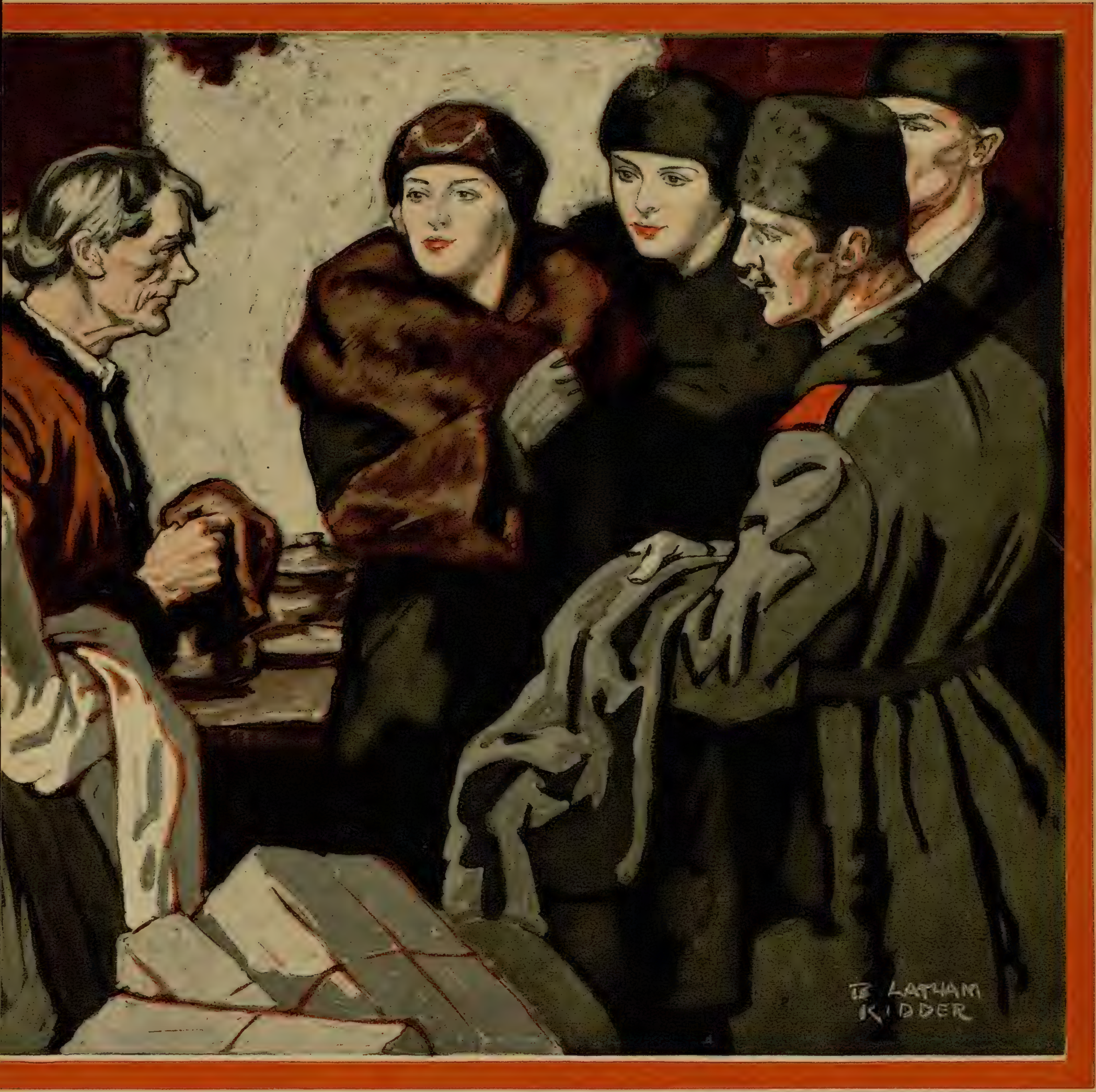
PART TWO

THE Kotrocheny palace was situated a short distance outside of Bucharest; it was a large place built around a rectangular courtyard in the center of which stood the palace church. We were given a whole apartment to ourselves. The rooms were comfortable and delightfully decorated, and once more we felt like respectable human beings. If it had not been for the never ceasing anxiety for my father, life might have been extremely pleasant.

I moved to the palace still with the one extremely weather-beaten suitcase I had brought with me out of Russia; the toilet articles were the same nickel-topped objects I had used during the war. I possessed one or two worn-out dresses that had been made over from my prewar wardrobe and were thus more than four years old; thick cotton underwear, no silk stockings, and a few miscellaneous articles such as handkerchiefs, the initials of which had been cut out with scissors. My husband was equally destitute.

While still at the hotel I sent for a dressmaker, who brought me some models from Paris, among which there was a brown frock made of knitted silk material. This dress, she said, came from a new house called Chanel, Chanel being the rising star of the Paris fashion sky. The clothes exceeded by far what I could spend and therefore I took none of them; nor indeed would I have known how to wear them, as my contacts with the world of styles had been lost years before.

The queen, discovering my poverty in clothing, gave me whatever she could spare; and the dresses, which were too long and too large for me, were fitted to my figure by the queen's own dressmaker. I was also fitted out with shoes, stockings, and lingerie. When I looked at myself in the



mirror, I saw a different person, somebody I had nearly forgotten. Putiatin received a few suits from the king.

Life at Kotrocheny speedily assumed a routine very much the same presumably as in prewar days. The queen was tremendously active and alive to all new requirements; she worked from morning till evening without sparing herself. She enjoyed her responsibilities. I have never seen a person in her position take such delight in it as she did. Nothing was too irksome or tiring for her.

WE spent many hours together and she did everything in her power to divert my thoughts, to help me live through this hard time of suspense and uncertainty. The more I saw of her, the more she attracted me. She was sincere in everything she did and said and there was no pose in her attitude; she was a woman before anything else, an exuberant human being full of life, health, and good spirits. She was sincere in everything, even in her childish vanity, the vanity of a very beautiful woman. She admired herself enormously, and often when speaking about herself she would sound as if it were some other supremely beautiful and fascinating creature she was seeing and describing. She was constantly looking at herself from without. But at the same time she was unspoiled, enthusiastic, and capable of great devotion. She was fearless also, exposing herself constantly to dangers, visiting epidemic-stricken villages and hospitals where lay soldiers ill with typhoid and cholera.

Queen Marie was extremely attached to her children, but seemed at a loss to know what to do with them and how to treat them since they had grown up and developed personalities of their own. At the moment she was very worried over the conduct of her eldest son Carol, for whom she had a special predilection. A few months previously he had married, without the knowledge of his parents, the daughter of a Roumanian general, Zizi Lambrino. He had then let himself be persuaded to leave her officially but continued to see her secretly. The situation was a source of continuous anxiety to his parents.

Life at court was very quiet and the atmosphere of the palace a serious one. The king was engaged on important reforms which seemed necessary in order to avoid such disasters as those in Russia. Roumania being an agrarian

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page twenty-nine

country, its peaceful development depended upon the spirit of the peasantry, the peasantry which had fought in the army and would now return to the soil. It was therefore decided to expropriate the large owners and distribute the land among the rural population. The king himself set the example and was the first to hand over the enormous properties belonging to him and his family.

The queen was planning various organizations for the care of the disabled, and the war widows and orphans. She was also preoccupied by the prevailing illiteracy of the country. For the work she was intending to do she was obliged to seek the advice and support of experienced foreigners, her own people, outside of one or two really devoted helpers, being of no great use to her. Rising early, she gave up all the morning to business occupations. For lunch the entire family and the suite gathered in the big dining room downstairs. There were always some outsiders invited, which made the number of seats at table a large one. After lunch and some time spent in conversation with the guests, the family retired to their rooms. The queen and I would then go off on a long motor drive to visit particularly destitute villages; our car would be followed by another one loaded with food and clothing, which we distributed to the peasants; special attention was paid to the needs of the children. The queen would converse for hours with the people, whose language she spoke with ease, and listen patiently to the long tales of woe and suffering. The life of the peasants was hard; they were very poor and many had lost everything in the war.

At the right: Queen Marie's daughter and namesake, who is now Queen of Yugoslavia.

Acme photo

Acme photo

Underwood & Underwood photo

Queen Marie of Roumania and, at the left, Princess Ileana, as they appeared at the time of Grand Duchess Marie's stay in Bucharest.

THESE expeditions in winter, and because of road conditions, were often quite difficult; sometimes we stuck in the mud and sometimes we were caught in blizzards, but the queen would stop at nothing. We came home long after dark, cold and wet. After changing our clothes we had tea together in the queen's little study paneled with stained pine. We had many quiet talks during those teas. Afterward she would stretch herself on the sofa and read aloud to me out of her own writings.

For dinner we met in a smaller dining room, as nobody but the family was present. Queen Marie hardly ever came down, having her dinner on a tray in her own room. She would generally use that hour for reading. Great parcels of books arrived at regular intervals from England and France, and stacks of them stood on the floor of her bedroom and study waiting to be placed, when read, in the libraries of the different residences. She managed, in spite of all her other interests and occupations, to keep herself up to date in her reading. After dinner we joined her and had coffee in her room. The king would usually go off to work and the rest of us would chat or play games.

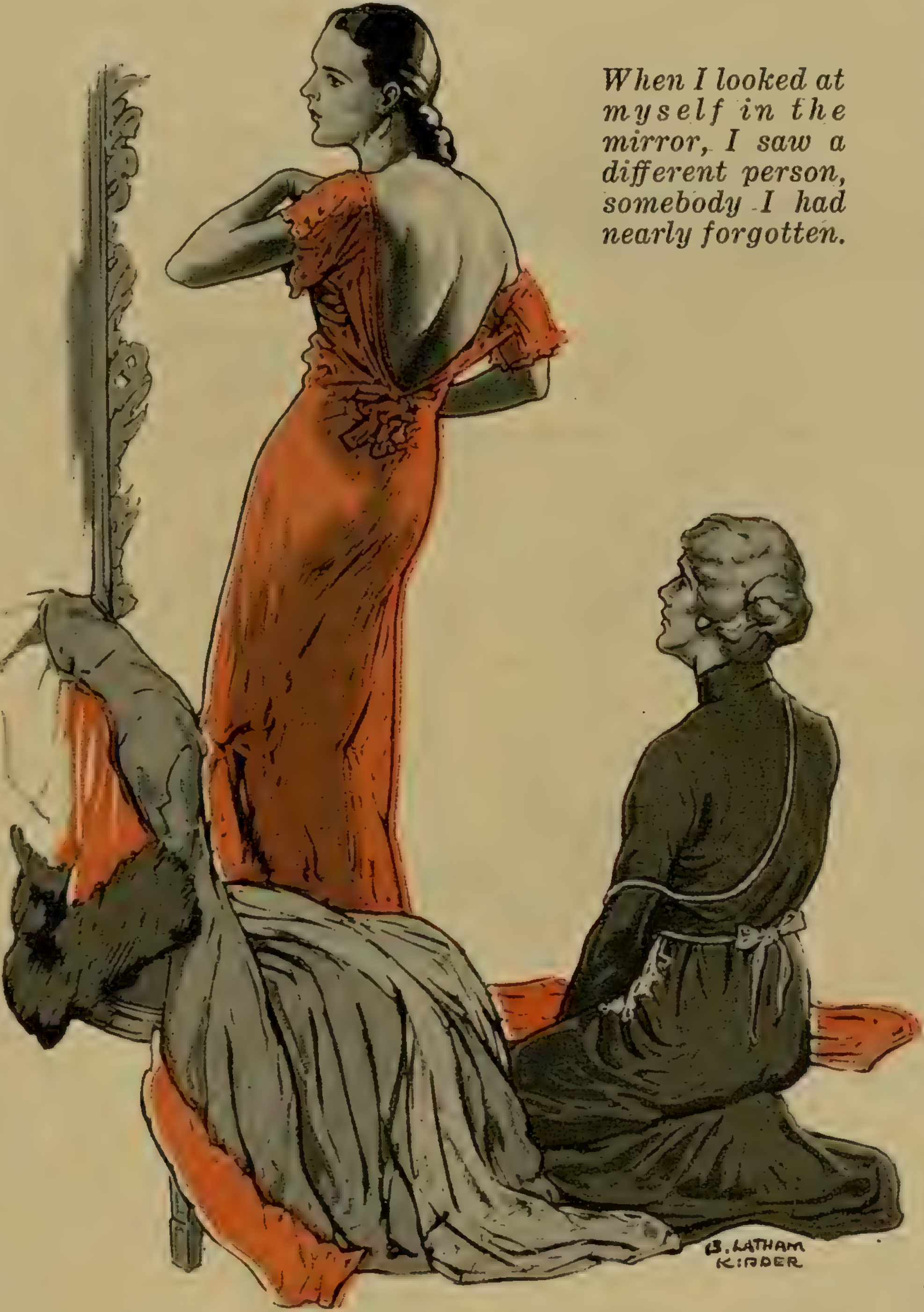
As much as possible I tried to live from day to day without looking into the future. My mind was in a state of utter confusion. The news from Russia was far from reassuring; a régime of terror was sweeping over the country; reports of imprisonments, tortures, and executions were reaching us every day. Many of our friends, men and women alike, had been swallowed by the Bolshevik prisons, never to reappear.

IN the north the situation was particularly terrible. I was continually obsessed by the idea of the danger that threatened my father. Often in the middle of the night I would wake up with a start and in the dark stillness would think I saw a ghastly picture in all its details. I then had to switch on the light, but could not go to sleep again. Soon I was obliged to leave the light on all night.

I tried not to think, I tried to concentrate on what was around me, on trivial, everyday events; but it was of little help to me. Most of all now I longed for the presence of my brother.

One day in February, 1919, sitting as usual beside the king at lunch, I noticed that he seemed worried; but he said nothing and I was too well disciplined to ask what was the matter. After lunch he took leave of the guests and asked my husband to follow him to his study. Not knowing what was going on, I felt rather uneasy. When my husband returned I plied him with questions, and in the end he was forced to admit that the king had wanted to show him an agency telegram from France telling of a rumor circulated in Paris that the three cousins of my father who were incarcerated with him had succumbed in prison. The end of the report was either unintelligible or missing, and it was impossible to make out what had in reality happened to them and what could have been the circumstances of their death. Most information when it reached Roumania was distorted; sensational reports were often contradicted as soon as they were out.

Nevertheless I was terribly alarmed; yet just then, when misfortune was so close and so probable, I would not admit its possibility. . . .



When I looked at myself in the mirror, I saw a different person, somebody I had nearly forgotten.

All that day and the next one I spent in mental anguish. No further news confirming or contradicting the communication had yet arrived.

On the evening of the second day we had an early dinner, after which the queen and her daughters were going to some gala performance at the theater. My husband and I were not accompanying them, as we neither felt in the mood for amusement nor had suitable clothes for the occasion. When dinner was over, the girls went to their rooms to put the finishing touches to their attire and then gathered in their mother's boudoir, where we had remained. All together we went out on to the spacious second-floor landing where the ladies and gentlemen in waiting had already assembled. Queen Marie and the princesses slipped on their evening wraps, kissed me good night, and, the queen at the head of the party, stepped into the lift. At that moment the butler hurried out to the landing and handed the queen a note upon a salver.

"From the British Legation, your Majesty," he said.

"Oh, yes," said the queen indifferently, and tearing open the envelope took out its contents. All stopped talking, not wanting to interfere with her reading. But giving one glance at the paper, she exclaimed, "Why, this is a telegram for you, Marie, from Dmitri!" and proceeded to read it aloud: "'Papa and three uncles—'" She suddenly stopped short. She did not lift her eyes from the paper. What was the matter? Her color changed ever so slightly, her expression became strained. A dead silence fell, nobody moved. Helplessly I looked at her, looked at the faces around me. And then I understood.

MY knees were trembling violently. I let myself drop on to the cushion of a carved wooden chest that stood along the wall. I felt dizzy, only dizzy; there was not one thought in my head. The queen hurried to my side and threw her arms around me; I can remember the warm softness of her sable collar as I rested my head upon her shoulder, but I can remember nothing else.

"I think we had better leave her to you," the queen's voice said to Putiatin; I heard it through a veil as one hears the voice of the surgeon after an operation when still under the influence of the anæsthetic. Then she and the others departed, the door of the lift clicking behind them, and the landing suddenly became very empty.

Presently my husband led me downstairs. My limbs were so heavy that I could hardly drag myself along. The rest of the night I spent in an armchair without moving. I don't think I even cried. My mind was a blank. Next morning Queen Marie and her little daughter Ileana came to see me. Silently they sat beside me. I still could not speak. Then, by and by, the tension loosened and I could cry. I cried torrents and it helped me, otherwise I think I would have lost my mind.

A solemn requiem for my father was celebrated in the palace church, at which the royal family, court, and officials were present. After the ceremony the queen knelt at the grave of her little son Mircea who died during the war, just before they had to abandon Bucharest. Kneeling beside her, I wondered if we were ever to discover how and where my father had been buried. To this day it remains a mystery which probably will never be solved.

ILEANA, then a child of about ten, was a great help to me during those days. Children usually shun both physical and moral suffering, but she was an exception. Entirely of her own accord she would come to my room and spend an hour or more with me trying to divert my thoughts; she showed me her picture books, her toys, and talked to me about the things that interested her. And while she was there I tried to pull myself together.

When the first few days had passed I began to get over the physical effects of the shock. The prostration, the emptiness I had experienced at the beginning gradually disappeared, leaving me with a dull and heavy pain in my heart, but otherwise almost normal again. I decided that as long as this was not my own house I had no right to indulge in personal grief, so I joined the others at lunch and forced myself to resume the life I had led before the catastrophe. A week or two later the foreign press, particularly the French newspapers, began to come in, carrying articles on the Petrograd tragedy, some of which were full of detailed description. These descriptions were the products of journalistic imaginations, and proved later to have been completely false; but then they seemed plausible enough. They were kept away from me and but for Prince Carol they would have mercifully remained unknown to me. One day while we were sitting at lunch in the dining room he came down late, holding in his hand a whole bunch of clippings. These he casually deposited beside my plate, and by the headlines I guessed with a pang of horror what might be their contents.

A short time after the first misfortune came the news of another, no less terrible. In the preceding June, on the very day when we were celebrating the christening of our baby, all unknown to us the Grand Duchess Elizabeth (Aunt Ella), Volodia Paley (my stepbrother), and their companions in exile had died a terrible death at Alapayevsk. These companions included an uncle, three young cousins—all of them brothers—and two servants. They were all thrown down a disused mine shaft, most of them still alive. After the executioners had thrown them down, they shot and threw stones at them; some were killed, others lived on for several days and died in the pit,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-one

partly of their wounds, partly from starvation. My father, as I found out later, never knew of the horrible death of his twenty-one-year-old stepson, and if in the midst of all these misfortunes there could be a consolation, this fact was certainly one.

My aunt Ella, Grand Duchess Elizabeth, was the widow of my father's elder brother, Grand Duke Serge, who during the revolutionary outburst of 1905 was killed in Moscow by a terrorist bomb. After my father's second marriage in 1902, my brother and I lived with my uncle and aunt in Moscow; we were in their house at the time of Grand Duke Serge's murder. A few years after his death and immediately following my first marriage in 1908, Aunt Ella, who never got over her husband's tragic death, instituted a new religious order and herself retired into the convent she had founded.

Underwood & Underwood photo

A portrait of the author, Grand Duchess Marie, at the age of twenty.

Although it may sound like a paradox, her retirement into a convent brought her the contacts she had lacked during her entire previous life and probably most needed for her development. Previously a somewhat hard and narrow-minded woman, she became, under the influence of her new surroundings and responsibilities, a deeply understanding and sympathetic human being; she acquired a soul. At Moscow she was known and loved for the life of sacrifice and good works she led. All through the first part of the revolution nobody had annoyed her, chiefly because of her popularity with the simple people. Even when the Bolsheviks came to power, at first nothing happened to her; she continued to live the same life as before and never left her convent. Aunt Ella's work, the work of the sisters, the church services, all went on as usual. The peaceful atmosphere of my aunt's convent, her own serenity and spirit of conciliation, impressed those who heard of them; her popularity grew; the number of people who desired to see her and speak to her about their sorrows and misfortunes, or sought her advice, was augmenting steadily. The doors of her convent were open to everyone. She knew perfectly what she was risking. This situation could not last.

ONE day in the early summer of 1917 a Bolshevik detachment of soldiers presented themselves at the Martha and Mary Convent; they said that by the order of the Moscow Soviet they had come to take my aunt away; where she would be sent was none of her business. They produced the document of arrest duly stamped with the Soviet seals. My aunt was warned of their arrival. Fearlessly she confronted the dangerous-looking armed men. She was told to get ready to follow them.

By that time all the inhabitants of the terror-stricken convent had assembled; my aunt was the only one to remain absolutely calm. She told the Bolsheviks that before going she desired to have some prayers said in the convent church, and her tone sounded as if she never doubted that her wish would be granted. It was. My aunt, at the head of her flock of wailing sisters, went toward the church followed by the Bolsheviks. When they got to the church step my aunt turned to the men, inviting them to come in. Avoiding each other's eyes, they shuffled into the church and sheepishly pulled off their caps. When the prayers were said, my aunt gave her last orders to the sister who was to take her place at the head of the convent, quietly said good-by to all, and was driven away. Two other sisters were allowed to accompany her. The car the three women rode in was surrounded by armed Bolshevik soldiers.

They were sent to Alapayevsk in Siberia, where they joined the group of relations with which later they were murdered. One sister perished with my aunt; the other was sent back to Moscow. The last days preceding the execution were terrible, but my stepbrother Volodia and Aunt Ella, each in his own way, helped to cheer and support their companions. My aunt had never approved of my father's second marriage and had no interest in the children born of that union; and now, strangely enough, she found herself confined to the same place of imprisonment with one of them. Volodia was an altogether unusual character, and my aunt and he before dying the same death formed a friendship about which he had the time to write home the most enthusiastic account. All this naturally was heard of much later.

I WAS already so shaken by grief that I could not react separately to this new tragedy. The two seemed to have merged. I thought that the cup of sorrow had been drained. Although nominally, at least, peace had been reëstablished in the world, for us peace was but an empty-sounding word; normal conditions seemingly prevailing around us affected us only physically; mentally we still were in the midst of horrors. All our accepted ideas had been upset. Everything that we had left in Russia had been wiped out completely, had disappeared from the face of the earth as if it never had existed. But we still belonged to that old world, the world which had vanished; our ties with it could not yet be broken.

On the surface we might act as everybody else around us did, but inwardly we were totally different; we were confused, bewildered, and utterly lost.

Now more than ever I longed for Dmitri. I wanted to be at his side, be with him. I decided that as soon as my parents-in-law with our little son were out of Russia and safely installed in Bucharest I would go to see Dmitri. I would use this occasion to get in touch with my elder son and also to get my jewels from Sweden, where I had sent them before escaping from Petrograd. We had enough money to take us as far as London. None of us Russians then really believed that our exile would last; at the utmost it could be a matter of only a few months until the Bolsheviks should fall, and then, of course, we would all return to Russia; but in the meantime we had to live.

When I was again in possession of my jewels I could sell a few small pieces and that would carry us over the time we had to wait.

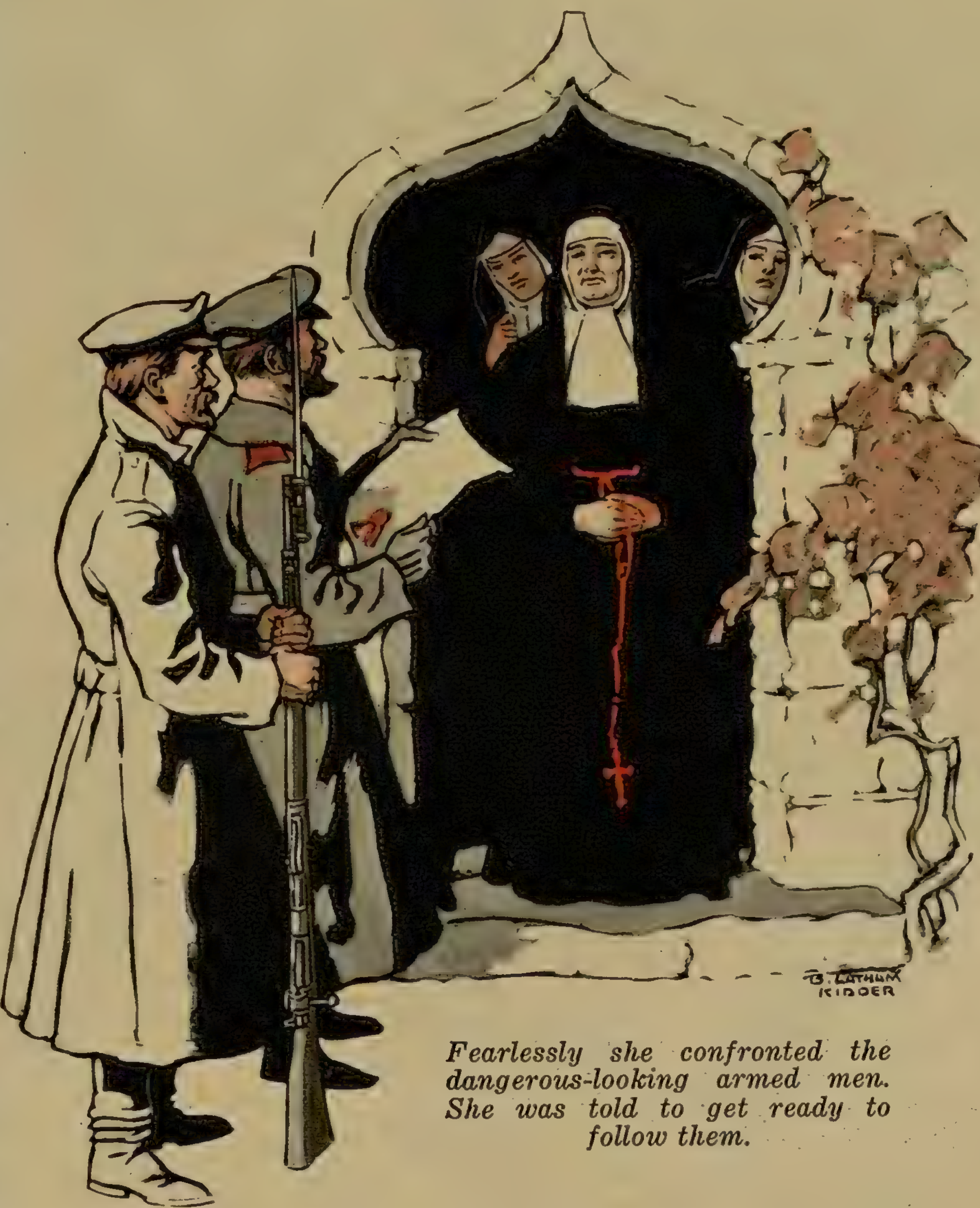
We were now in touch with my parents-in-law; they were at Odessa awaiting the favorable moment to cross the frontier; their arrival would be a question of days. In the meantime I applied for a French visa, but had to wait a long time before I finally received it.

When I first arrived in Roumania I never realized how unpopular we, the Romanoffs, had become. It was compromising even to be related to us and especially to befriend us.

The attitude of the Roumanian king and queen was the only exception.

Roumania's destinies depended a great deal upon the big powers: America, England, France. These had greeted the Russian revolution with enthusiasm, the two latter in the hope that the new democratic government would be in a better position to continue the struggle against Germany; and all three together were expecting the establishment of a régime which would have nothing to do with the Romanoff dynasty.

Democracy had fought the battles and won the victory. Europe was adapting herself to the new formulæ and Roumania was adapting herself to Europe. At the beginning of April the queen was going to Paris, a visit that involved the fulfillment of many aspirations. By that time we hoped to be ready to go also, and spontaneously she offered to take us with her; but this time the Roumanian government protested emphatically. The Queen of Roumania could not arrive in Paris accompanied by a Russian grand duchess. She had to give in. I remember how tactfully she told me about it, but it was a hard blow nevertheless.



Fearlessly she confronted the dangerous-looking armed men. She was told to get ready to follow them.

This was the first direct humiliation I experienced in my new situation. In the future they were to be frequent. It had been easier to bear without resentment the catastrophes which had befallen us in our own country, as in the first place I realized how much we had to blame ourselves for what had happened to us, and in the second, we had been swept away as by a hurricane. You could not feel any resentment against a force of nature. But, abroad, it seemed strange to meet with so little understanding, especially on the part of those who being close to politics knew the exact situation, knew Russia's chaotic state at the moment. We in ourselves could not present any political danger; we were totally disorganized; the head of the family as well as his closest heirs had been destroyed. We demanded nothing from anybody and expected but very little.

FROM an historical point of view the ostracism we were subjected to was natural enough. We had outlived our epoch and were doomed. There was no place in the world for a replica of the Byzantine Empire whose ideals were unsuited to modern times; the principle we represented was to disappear. But this point of view could not yet be accepted by a descendant of a dynasty so recently powerful, brought up in those very principles. It took me a long time before I could treat with indifference the blows aimed at my pride. I suffered when subjected to humiliations—trifling humiliations indeed compared to what had already been overcome and also to what had been inflicted in another, broader sense.

We had been torn out of our brilliant setting; we had been driven off the stage still dressed in our fantastic costumes. We had to take them off now, make ourselves others—everyday clothes, and, above all, learn how to wear them. The old pride proper in former days was at present ridiculous and out of place. A new pride had to be acquired, but chiefly a new point of view toward life, for without it a readjustment to the new conditions could not be possible. I came to a clear and impersonal understanding of this truth much later and was slow in developing and living up to my new theories; but there can be no doubt that I began to grope in their direction as soon as I left Russia, even though at the beginning I often missed the convenient support of the old pedestal of which I was now deprived.

THE queen left Roumania without us. Her absence made the Kotrocheny palace seem very silent and empty; all the bustling activity had ceased. A few days after her departure, my husband's parents with our little boy arrived at Bucharest. The poor old people were exhausted by their various experiences and journeys, but the baby was in perfect condition.

The reunion, however, in spite of all the joy it was giving me, could not lessen my yearning to see Dmitri. Until our future life was definitely shaped out it was decided that my parents-in-law would remain in Roumania, and we again intrusted to them the little boy, knowing how much they had grown attached to him, and how well they took care of him. The queen, whose absence was to last only a few weeks, had promised to look after them.

Many delays and difficulties still stood between me and the moment of my meeting with Dmitri. We were obliged to wait not only for our passports but also for the reëstablishment of a normal passenger service between Roumania and western Europe. Also, in reply to an inquiry sent to Paris about the possibility of obtaining an English visa, I was told that probably it would not be granted me.

Yet, in spite of such an unfavorable report, I decided to go.

We did not leave until April. It seemed unreal to be traveling comfortably, without the feeling of being chased, hunted down; without the anxiety of expecting somebody to break into the railway carriage at any minute.

And I still went through very unpleasant moments when at night we were awakened by passport officials who verified our visas at the various frontiers. I had become much less bold since I had been in safety.

In next week's installment, the Grand Duchess Marie will tell of her arrival in Paris, and of her experiences as an outcast Romanoff in the gay capital that had formerly made her so welcome.

. . . Take Winning

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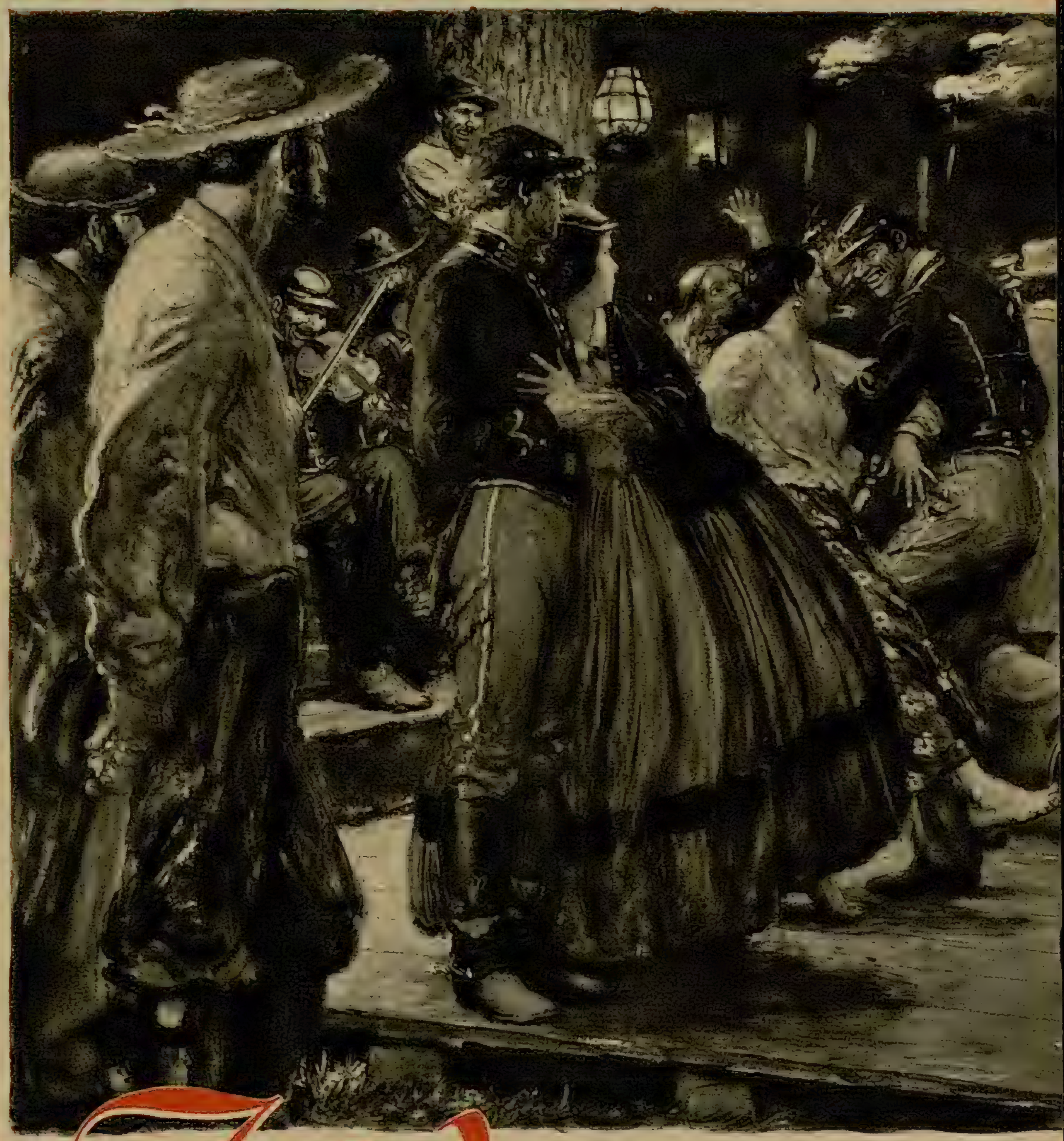


Pictures by
NORMAN
PRICE

Decorations
by
R. A. CAMERON

Whistlin

By ROBERT

(Reading time: 31 min. 25 sec.)

THIS is a story of love and violence during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox. Young Juan and younger Iris O'Brien, nicknamed the Whistling Cat, became United States Military Telegraph operators. Though Texans, their loyalty was not questioned. Being stationed near Juan, Iris came to dine with him. Then he discovered that he had not been warned of the discarding of certain department keys. "My warning," he challenged Iris, "should have come through you!"

PART THREE—THE SWEEP OF WAR

"I MUST have relayed the warning," said she, folding up and replacing my department key.

I looked at her, puzzled; then I took my files from the table drawer.

She played with Doggie Doggett while I slowly examined the files. I couldn't discover any copy or any record of any such telegram from Solitude Plantation.

"Well, for goodness' sake," said she, "I hope you are not going to start an official investigation if I really did neglect to relay that silly old dispatch!"

I said: "You couldn't have relayed it or I'd have some record of it. Can you recollect the date?"

"No, I can't. It was in April—or sometime last month."

I went over my files again. No record.

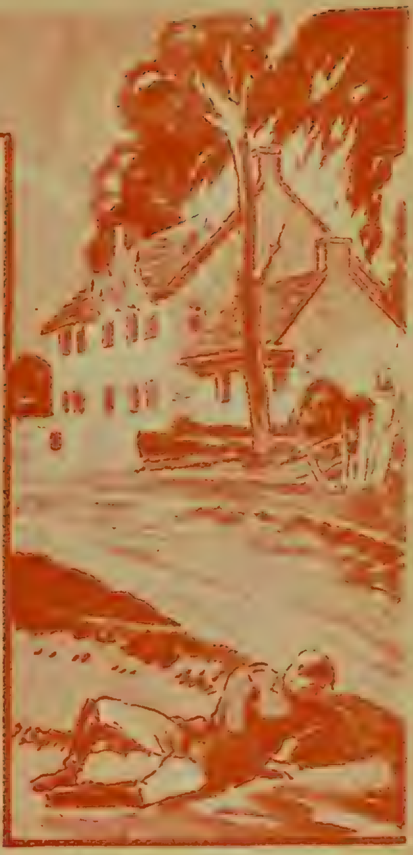
"You're not going to stir them up about it, are you?" she asked. "If you do they'll discharge me. Or worse."

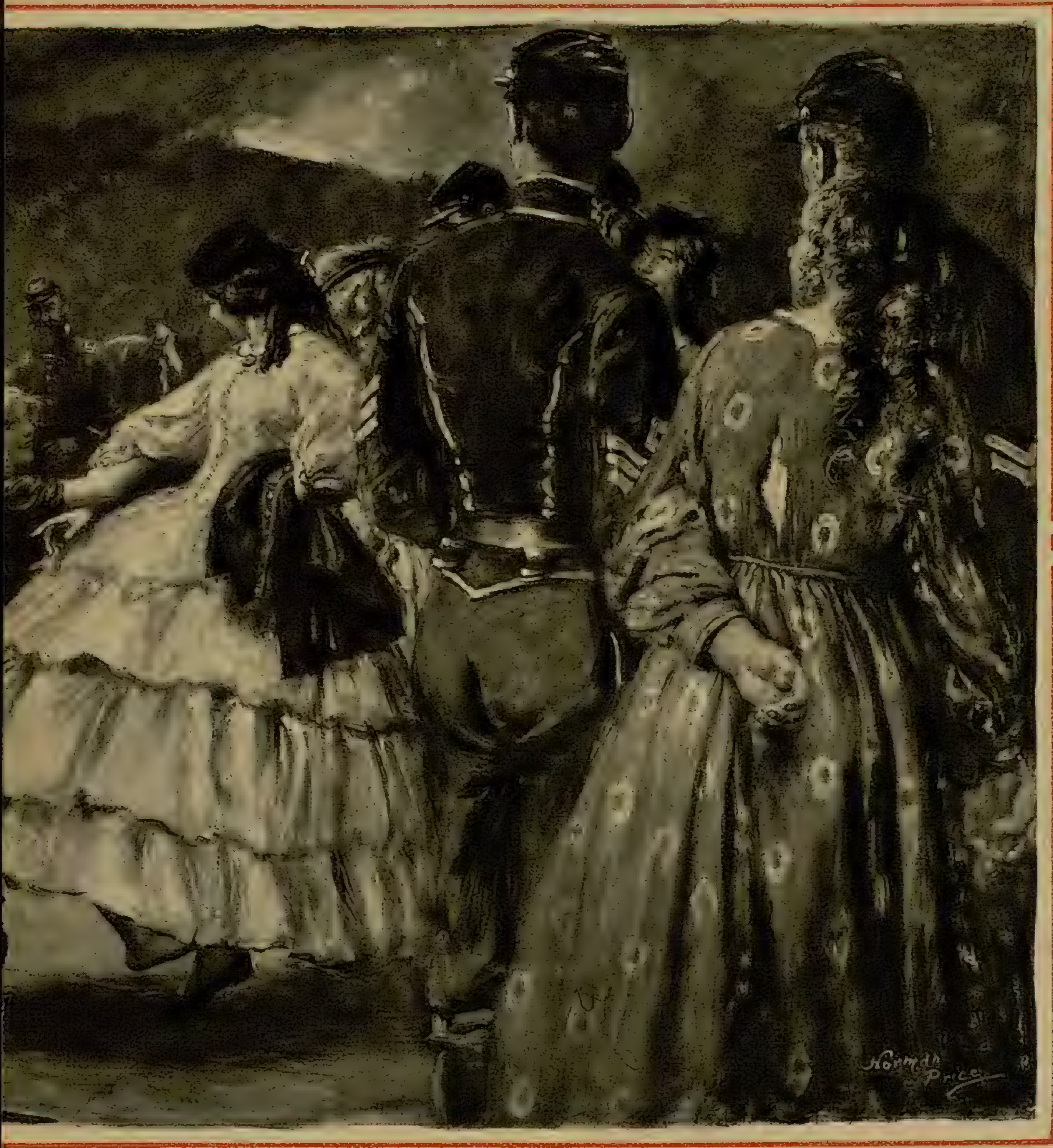
"No. No use getting you into trouble. But for heaven's sake, Iris, don't make any more such blunders. There's leakage enough now. You got the circular?"

She nodded.

"Well, then, you don't want to arouse official suspicion, do you? Remember that innocent operators have no re-course to a military court. . . . And I'm wondering now how soon they'll check up on you at St. Louis."

"Oh, stop your fussing," she said carelessly. "That





"LOOKS like a fire," he remarked, staring. "There's no railroad up that way, and no Johnnies that I know of."

Cat

HAMBERS

Suspected—The Shock of a Kiss—Tapped Wires—The Pursuit—and Iris Dances into Danger

warning must have been relayed to all the other operators by way of Knoxville. Only you and the operator between Panther Springs and Talbot's suffered by my negligence."

Nevertheless, I continued to preach at her. "I can't understand why they ever made *you* an operator!"

"Speed, dear youth! And nimble wits."

"Hunh! And you a Texas girl and once employed by the South Western."

"How was it *you*—a Texas boy—became a Federal erator instead of joining Hood or Ben McCulloch?"

"Because I was loyal, always. Also, I went to West Point. Then I enlisted and was detailed to the M. T. C. But as for *you*—"

"Isn't my father a cavalry captain in the Union service?" she demanded disdainfully.

"I am wondering," said I, "when *you* quit being secesh, and when you stopped singing The Bonnie Blue Flag?"

She flushed; then the old reckless light brightened her winning eyes.

"It's a pretty song," said she. "I'll sing it now at the top of my voice if you don't stop nagging me!"

"Yes; and if you do, the sentry out there will sing something extremely unpleasant for us both."

"Well, then, stop plaguing me." Then she dropped to the floor on both knees and took Doggie Doggett into her arms.

"Oh, Doggie Doggett, Doggie Doggett!" she murmured. "What would you do if they should hang your mistress as a rebel spy! Would you miss me, Doggie Doggett?"

She looked really charming. The red hair, framing her face and coiled up in two thick braids behind her neck, seemed to glimmer like a huge bank of coppery silk in the sunshine.

How white her throat seemed! There was much of the innocence of childhood still left in her, judging by the roundness of cheek and chin and smooth slender limbs and fingers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page thirty-seven]

She glanced up at me, and I knew that she knew I was admiring her.

"Juan," said she in that melting voice she knew how to employ—for she was a born actress!—"do you realize you have grown into a very good-looking boy?"

There is nothing more disagreeable to a man's ears—whether spoken in jest or earnest—than to be told a thing like that.

"You get up," said I, "and come to dinner. I smell chicken frying, and hear it, too."

She got up on her knees, her veiled gaze on me. She extended her hand to be helped up. There always was a vague fresh fragrance about this girl which made me chary of contact—even of touching her dress—but I had to now. She was aware of my hesitation. I knew she was, and I disentangled her lingering fingers from mine with a jerk. "Come on," said I gruffly.

Fraxinella opened the door. Hot and beguiling odors gushed forth. Fraxinella beamed upon us.

"Kin'ly condescend, suh, to ax yuh young lady to set an' refresh yuhse'fs."

We went in gayly, trailed by Doggie Doggett. After a few minutes I sent for Connie Spurlock to join us. But the child turned shy and wouldn't come until I went out to the back porch and dragged her in. I noticed she was freshly washed and combed.

"Come and sit by me," said Iris, making room along the hickory bench. "Where do you live, Connie?"

"Reckon we-uns bide on the mounting, ma'am."

"That is a pretty place to live, isn't it?"

Bashful silence and steady consumption of fried chicken.

"Don't you want to talk to me, Connie?"

"Puts me-all in a tucker to talk to strangers," she explained shyly.

"Do you like Sergeant Maddox?"

Connie gave me a coquettish side glance and wriggled.

"Well, then, won't you try to like me too?" Iris gave her a little hug. "We're not strangers *now*—are we?"

After a further and busy silence: "I got a lot o' new deedies to home," announced the child. "Yuh want I should give yuh one?"

"She means that she has some little game chickens," I explained.

Iris told her very seriously that she would love to own a baby gamecock. Then she asked Connie what she should send her from Bristol in return.

It seemed that the child didn't want anything.

"I'll send you a pink calico dress," said Iris.

THAT loosened Connie's tongue. She passionately admired the white dress and blue shawl and little chip hat with blue ribbons that Iris wore.

"I'll buy you a pork-pie hat like mine, too," said Iris. Then she kissed the freckled cheek. "*Now* do you like me a little, Connie?"

The child admitted that she liked her "favor."

"She means," said I, "that she admires your face and figure."

"Are there any children to play with up on the mountain?" inquired Iris, dimpling.

"No'm. Jes' beasties and sech."

"And what do you do at night, Connie?"

"Dunno."

"Don't the owls frighten you?"

"Huh! When I hear ole squeech owel holler I jes' put the shovel in the fire twell he hev gone."

"That averts all ghostly danger," I explained gravely.

Connie loved to linger over her "real" coffee, admiring the pink posies on the "chaney cup an' sarcer."

My telegraph was summoning me. I rose and left the two together, and was sending on a railroad message to Strawberry Plains where the railroad bridge crosses the Holston, when Doggie Doggett appeared, followed by Iris and Connie, their arms interlacing each other's waists.

The child sat down on the floor to play with Mr. Doggett.

Iris stood beside me, listening to my telegraph, one slim hand scarcely touching my shoulder.

To my annoyance the light contact so confused my "writing" that the suspicious operator at Strawberry Plains sent me a quick test question.

"My goodness!" said Iris. "What's the matter with you, Juan?"

"You joggled me," said I, exasperated. "Go and sit down!"

She seated herself. Then she looked up at me out of those clever eyes. And I knew she was aware of my momentary emotion.

ABOUT 3 P. M. Connie went off to look for her brother Gilfred, as I needed a messenger to go to May's, across the river, with screw insulators and fine wire.

A few minutes later Dan Harrison came downstairs. I introduced him to Iris.

They often had talked together by wire and they were amused to meet in person.

"Really, Mr. Harrison," she admitted, "you are quite nice."

"So are you," said he politely, "and you don't resemble your description of yourself."

They laughed a great deal over that.

Harrison then went in to get something to eat. When I returned, Iris was about to leave, and he offered very courteously to take the key if I wished to accompany Miss O'Brien to the railroad station.

We thanked him. Doggie Doggett gave him one paw. I asked him to find No. 9 on the S. P. & R. and hold it opposite Golden Brook Bridge.

So we took leave of Harrison and walked out and down to the river. Iris and Doggie Doggett entered the boat; I poled them over.

For a while we sat under a chestnut tree, rather silently, gazing across at the hazy hills. The train was nearly due. I had been listening for it. Finally we heard it very far away to the southward, rumbling along the river.

Iris, who had been sitting huddled up with her arms on her knees and her fingers framing her face, rose slowly to her feet. "Well, good-by, Juan."

"Good-by," said I.

Her disconcerting gray eyes, full of devils, were on me:

"In Whistling Cat you used to kiss me good-by."

"When you bullied me into doing it—"

"Are you going to do it now?"

"If you like," said I coolly.

"Well, then—"

The increasing rumble of the train filled our ears.

"Well, then—" she repeated, mercilessly watching me.

So, to show her she couldn't intimidate me any longer, I put my arms around her and kissed her on the mouth; and it was as though I had come in contact with a voltaic battery in my office—and I let go of her in a hurry.

"Good-by again," she said. The freight cars thundered by us, and every rusty brake screeched.

Gradually the cars slowed down and came clattering to a standstill. At the end of the train soldiers leaned from a red caboose, beckoning us; and we walked down the flimsy track, Doggie Doggett padding along at her heels.

"Juan," she said, "do you want to be my best beau?"

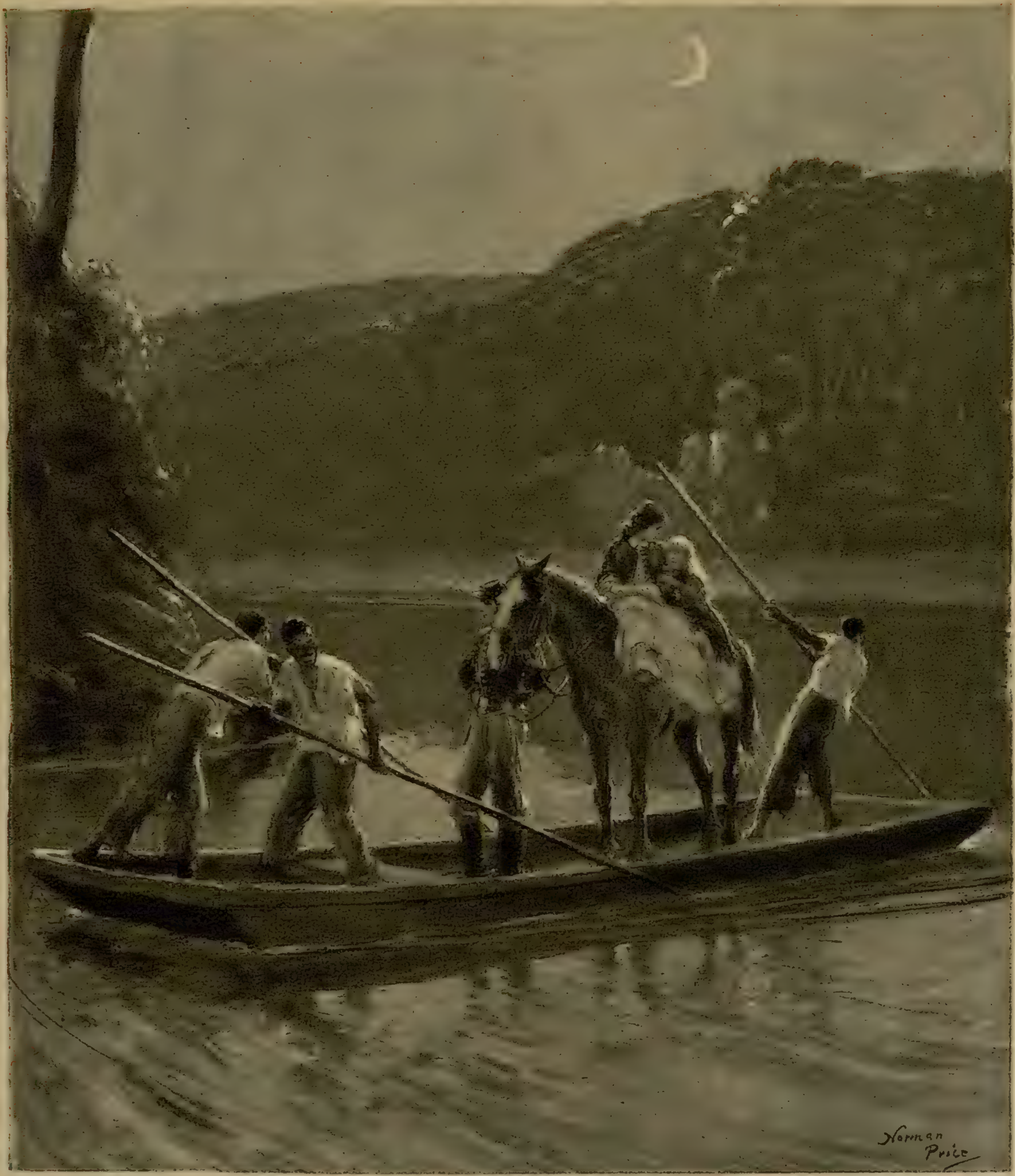
"No," said I, "I don't."

"I want you to be."

"Oh, shut up," said I, exasperated. "Do you think we're children again down at Whistling Cat, playing house? And you training me the way you train Doggie Doggett—to do whatever you tell me to?"

"I made you kiss me, anyway!"

"I'll never do it again!"



THE three black and silent ferrymen poled us across in the fragrant dusk

"Then *I* will!"

We had come to the caboose. As I swung her up to the platform, Doggie Doggett sprang aboard after her.

Suddenly, and under the very eyes and noses of that row of grinning soldiers, she bent swiftly and kissed me full on the mouth. "Think it over," she whispered. Then with cold dignity she walked into the doorway of the caboose.

Doggie Doggett marched behind her, waving but not wagging his spiky tail.

II

THERE was a man in a round hat and hickory shirt hanging about outside my office. Two or three times the sentry had to warn him away, telling him to keep beyond hearing distance of the telegraph instrument.

A day or so later I had business with Captain Hamilton at the blockhouse, and I noticed this same man loitering about the little fort.

To my inquiry Captain Hamilton replied that he was a United States detective, but didn't know why he was hanging around Golden Brook Bridge.

A day or so afterward I heard Iris O'Brien's headlong writing signaling my station. We exchanged polite greetings and news.

"Have you thought it over?" she inquired presently.

"Thought what over?"

"About being my beau."

"I don't want to talk nonsense with you."

"When are you coming to Solitude?"

I replied evasively, having no intention of going—not even certain that I wanted to go.

"Are you afraid I'll steal a lock of your hair, Juan? I'm no Delilah. Please arrange with Harrison to come up Thursday night. There will be a dance at Kingsport—or rather at Rotherwood. Won't you please come?"

I hesitated and was lost.

"*Please*, Juan!"

"All right."

It was arranged that I should come to Solitude to supper and then take her across the river to Rotherwood.

"By the way," she continued at her usual lightning

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page thirty-nine

speed, "there's a man hanging around here—a short, square, mean-faced man in a round hat and hickory shirt. He behaved as though he were trying to listen in. He's outside now, sitting on a stump and whittling a willow whistle."

"He's been roaming around here, too. He's a United States detective—one of Major Allen's men."

"What does he want with *me?*"

"Oh, they are always nosing about. Probably it has something to do with the suspected leakage along the line."

"I hope he doesn't suspect you or me."

"Let him! What of it?"

"It's not pleasant to be suspected," she replied.

"Oh, we're all of us watched and checked up. You know it. That's partly what the Secret Service is for."

"I don't see what a detective could find out, even if we were disloyal, Juan."

"You bet he'd nail us. By the way, what do you hear about the spring campaign? I understand that all our armies are beginning to move."

"That is what I hear," she replied. "The cavalry are fighting already. . . . I suppose you'll be taking the field soon."

"I hope so. Well, I'll run up Thursday. Good-by. . . ."

LATE on Wednesday afternoon, when Dan Harrison had taken over the key, I rigged up a hook and line and went down to the bridge to try to catch a mountain trout or two for supper. While I sat on the stone parapet, intent on my angling, somebody came up beside me. It was the man in the hickory shirt.

"Any luck?" he inquired, squinting down at the water.

"No. How's business?"

He turned and looked at me. "What business?"

"Yours."

And, as he remained silent: "*Your* business, you know. The detective business."

"You think I'm a detective?"

"I know damn' well you are. What are you dogging me for?"

"Well," he drawled, "you try to obey orders, don't you, sergeant? So do I."

"So you're ordered to watch *me?*"

"Talk sense," he said wearily. "You oughta have sense if you're an operator. You oughta guess I'm detailed to watch this line."

"Go on and watch it, then."

"Don't worry. And don't get it into your head I'm after *you!*"

"Who *are* you after, then?"

"Well, I'll tell you who I'm after jest now. You got your pocket instrument?"

"Not with me."

To my surprise, he fished out a coil of fine wire and a Caton instrument weighing less than two pounds.

"Come on across the river," said he.

"I don't take orders from you," said I.

"I ain't asking you to. I just want expert opinion. Come on; don't be a bullhead."

"Are you an operator?"

"I'm no expert. Somethin's wrong over the river, and I want you should tell me what it is."

"What's your name, anyway?" I demanded.

He fished out his papers for my inspection. They were satisfactory. His name was Conway.

So I left my baited hook adrift, went down to the river with him, and he poled across.

Beside the railroad track, secured to trees by screw insulators, a telegraph wire followed the rails toward Cumberland Gap.

"Tap it," said he.

"Tap our own line?"

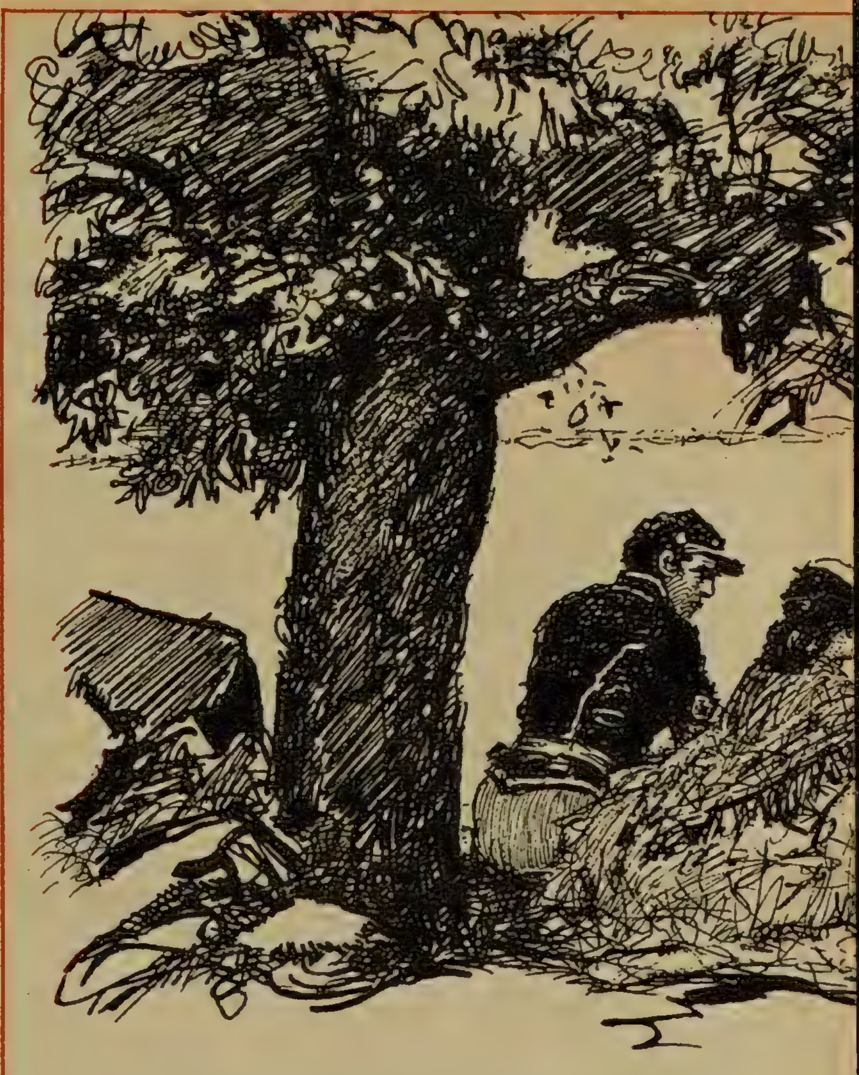
"Yeah. Right here. I got a crowbar in deep. See it? It's down to water-bearing gravel. Who is the operator at the Gap?" he asked.

"Denham."

"Do you know his writing?"

"What do you want me to do?" I demanded.

"Well," said he, "I believe there's a rebel operator tapping the line between here and the Gap. Or maybe he's at the end of the line in the M. T. office. I want you to call Denham."



For a while we sat under a chestnut tree, gazing across at the hazy hills.

Startled, I looked up at the wire overhead, which was attached to a chestnut tree. There was no trouble about climbing it; the branches were ladderlike.

He handed me the wire, unreeling as I climbed. When I descended he had grounded the wire and attached it; and I took the pocket instrument.

STRAWBERRY Plains was talking to Louisville concerning the movement of trains between Tullahoma and Chattanooga. After that, silence. So I called Cumberland Gap with the usual formulæ and test message. Back rattled the acknowledgment according to code.

"Anything new up your way, Denham?" I inquired.

"Not a thing. I hear there's cavalry expected in the Holston Valley down your way. Do you know whose command and how many sabers?"

I looked around at the detective. "That's not Bill Denham's writing," I said.

"I told you something's wrong," he nodded.

Clatter-clatter-clatter over the wire: "Did you get that, Maddox?"

"Sure! I don't know anything about any cavalry. What do you want to know for?"

"Well, there's a pack train on the way through. Thought there might be a cavalry escort waiting for it in your valley."

"Well, there's pretty sure to be," said I; "the Johnnies can bet on that. Say, Bill, do you remember what you promised to send me?"

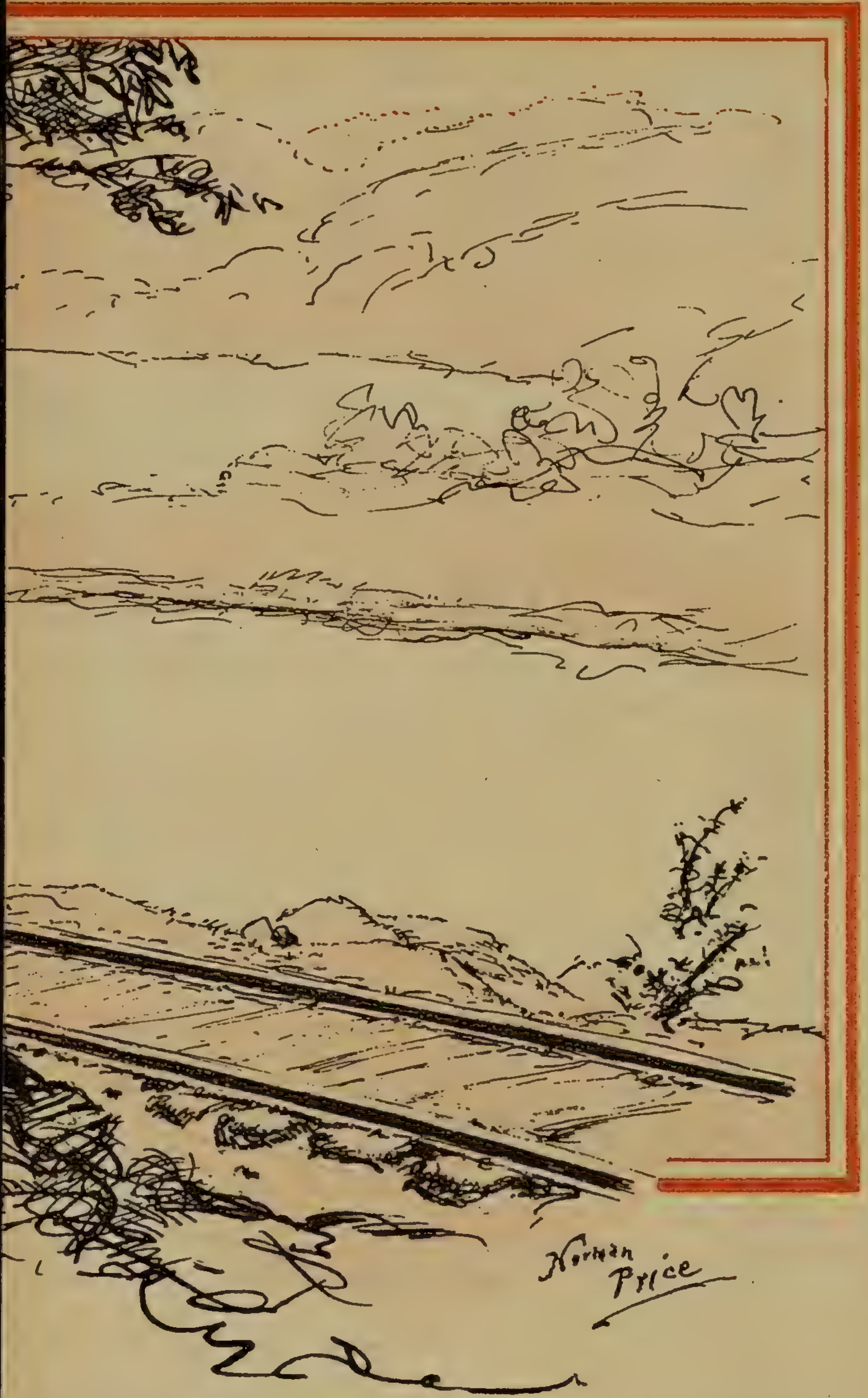
"Gosh, no. What was it?"

"Wasn't it a hound pup?"

"Oh, *that!* Yes, I remember. I've been looking around, but haven't found anything worth sending."

I looked at the detective. "Bill Denham never promised me a hound pup. There's a rebel operator at the key. And I'm afraid he's becoming suspicious."

Then, "All right, Bill," I clicked out; "take your time about the pup—"



Back he came with startling speed: "The game's up, I see! You're a fox, Maddox!"

"I *thought* you were a Johnny Reb," I retorted. "You're Ellsworth, aren't you?"

"What a tricky damn' Yank you are! I'll give you a drink when we catch you."

"Listen, Ellsworth; what have you done with Bill Denham?"

"We didn't hurt him. Somebody traded coat and boots with him. That's the worst."

"Will you treat him kindly, Ellsworth?"

"Certainly. You too, when we catch you. Well, the jig's up, then. See you later, Maddox. Yours lovingly, George Ellsworth."

He was off. So were the detective and I—across the river as soon as we could make it, and filling Harrison's astonished and angry ears with the outrageous news.

THEN Dan Harrison unlimbered and went into action, starting the cavalry at Strawberry Plains northward and every available company of infantry toward Cumberland Gap. Then he sounded the warning to every operator in the Holston, French Broad, and Clinch River Valleys, stirring up a storm of startled inquiries.

Everybody knew that Ellsworth was headquarters operator for John Morgan; therefore it was safe to assume that Morgan's rebel cavalry were raiding again and might be expected where they were least to be expected.

Harrison called the operator at Rutledge; but he was either dead or a prisoner, and if there was a rebel operator at the key he did not answer.

Half an hour later Harrison said to me: "That's virtually a rebel line, as far as I can find out. The line's cut east of Rutledge. I've sent a repair gang. Why don't you ride over and tap the wire, if it's safe to do so?"

So I strapped on my pistol, took my Caton outfit, saddled up, and started. I asked Conway, the Pinkerton man, to come along; but he had no horse and declined.

So I rode off, forded the river, crossed the railway, and took the mountain road to Rutledge. A mile out I overtook the repair gang and a small infantry escort. They told me I'd better keep away from Rutledge.

On the Newmarket road, just before it reaches Rutledge, there is a rough branch road which turns south, then west, circling the little hamlet and continuing on toward Cumberland Gap.

I took this, keeping to the woods. I took a look at the few houses of Rutledge from the edge of the woods, but saw no sign of rebel soldiers. Yet no doubt there were a handful there to guard the rebel operator.

I dismounted now, and led my horse until I thought I might dare to approach the telegraph line and railroad.

Both were intact. The Johnnies had been too clever to tear up the track. On the contrary, they were letting the trains through, very cunningly, and Ellsworth had been deceiving the railway people by taking and forwarding all routine dispatches and keeping his soldiers out of sight. It was evident that all he wanted was information.

A devil of a situation, I thought to myself, looking up and down the silent railroad track and preparing to tap the wire overhead.

But when I was ready, and had cut in my instrument, I found no circuit. I waited twenty minutes, then tried it again. No current.

SO I tried my ground wire; and immediately the rebel operator at Cumberland Gap said: "Sign!"

Of course I couldn't do that without revealing myself, as I didn't know the Confederate office calls. So I waited another twenty minutes, hoping the line would become O. K. It did not.

So again I attached my ground wire, and instantly Ellsworth said: "What a fox you are, Maddox! We know you're there! You'll be a prisoner in ten minutes, old fellow! But don't worry; I'll treat you kindly. I may have forgotten the hound pup, but I won't forget the drink!"

It didn't take me long to reel up and get aboard my horse. Down the mountain road I galloped; and just as I caught sight of Rutledge I saw some gray-jackets climbing into their saddles. Then I used my spurs.

They were the first Confederate soldiers I ever had seen up North. They hadn't caught sight of me, but Ellsworth must have told them I was coming, for they started for the Newmarket road as fast as they could go. I had reached it already; and there was no catching me now, for of course they dared not follow very far south of Rutledge.

At Powder Springs I rode up to the telegraph office and called out through the open window for the operator to stop all trains this side of Rutledge, as both track and wire beyond were in rebel possession.

Well, it was exciting to a youth who never before had ever seen a hostile human creature in arms. Those gray horsemen gave me a delicious thrill. So did the impudent conversation with Ellsworth. If only I could have reached him now and congratulated him on my escape!

Of course I couldn't. By this time Rutledge and probably the Gap were being evacuated by these saucy raiders.

Near the river a battalion of Kentucky cavalry passed me at full gallop on their way to Rutledge. Dan Harrison certainly was waking up the valley.

But the several detachments, horse and foot, neither caught Ellsworth nor even exchanged a shot with the gray riders who derided them.

Somehow, with this spring of 1864 and the advent of this new man Grant, we operators had an odd feeling in our bones that professional war was at last about to begin. Because now all the armies of the United States, stretching from East to West in one interminable line of battle, had been faced southward and set in motion by this stocky, round-shouldered, silent man from the West, with his chilly eyes fixed upon the Confederate army.

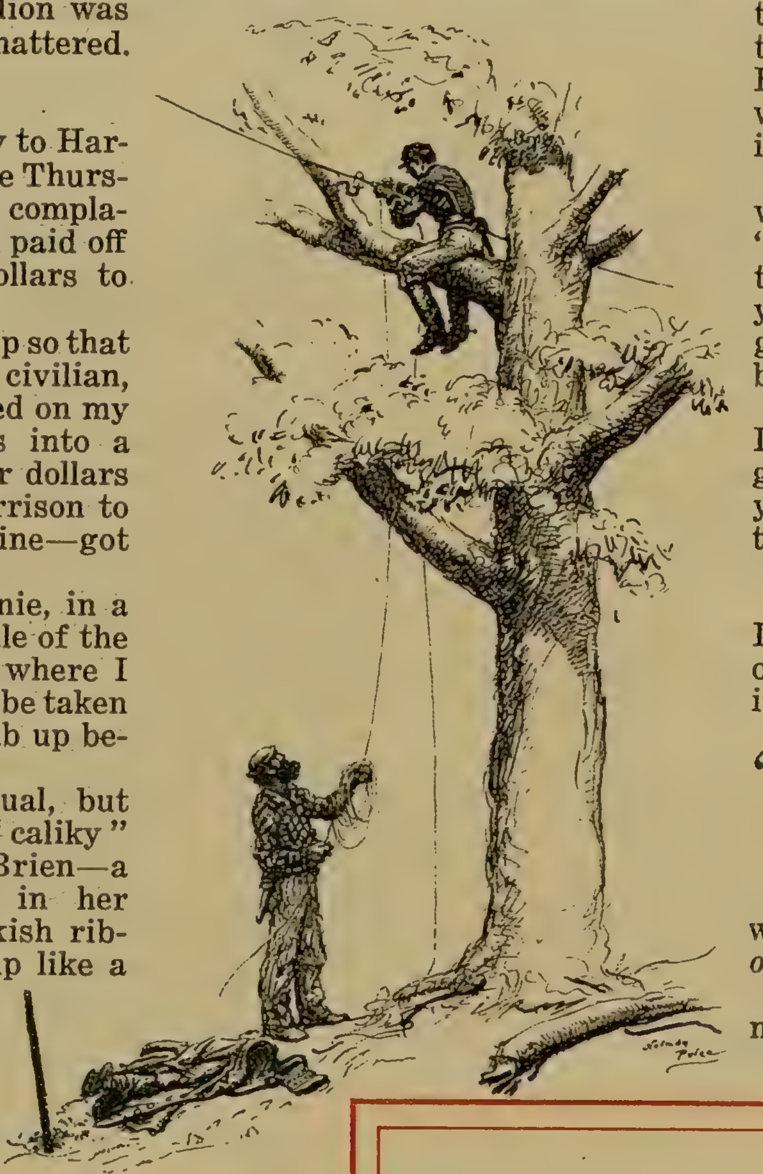
And for the first time we humble folks realized that Union leadership, unvexed by Washington, had finally discovered the hitherto unrecognized but supreme objective

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-one

of this war, which never had been Richmond and always had been the matchless army of General Robert E. Lee.

For, as Lee and his army fell, so would crash the Confederacy. The lair of the lion was nothing. It was the lion that mattered.



The wire was attached to a chestnut tree. There was no trouble about climbing it.

III

WHEN I left the telegraph key to Harrison and went up to Solitude Thursday afternoon, I was in a very complacent frame of mind. I had been paid off and I had sent all but ten dollars to Mother at Whistling Cat.

I unhooked my saber, hung it up so that Harrison, who was merely a civilian, could secretly admire it, strapped on my revolver, crammed my rations into a haversack, jingled my ten silver dollars in my pants, and, adjuring Harrison to do his duty—and incidentally mine—got aboard my patient old horse.

Down at the ford I saw Connie, in a pink dress, sitting on the gunwale of the ferry skiff. When she learned where I was going, she begged so hard to be taken too that I said, “All right; climb up behind, then.”

The child, barefooted as usual, but brilliantly clean, wore the new “caliky” dress sent over by Iris O'Brien—a gay one-garment affair—and in her yellow hair she had tied a pinkish ribbon, the ends of which stuck up like a pair of large pink ears.

So off we went across the ford, and just in time for the decrepit train which Harrison stopped for us, and aboard which I steered my horse, myself, and Connie.

It was extremely rough going, every jolt mixing up Connie, me, and my horse in the swaying, bumping box car; and no sooner were we disentangled than the car leaped another ditch or rock or log, and left us clutched in a breathless, struggling mess.

Near Rotherwood the roadbed became a little better, so I slid open the door of the car and Connie and I gazed out upon an agreeable landscape.

When the train slowed to a standstill, some Negroes fetched a gangway. I led forth my horse and Connie, and we solemnly marched in procession to the river edge, where three Negro ferrymen with their poles and paddles awaited us in their wherry—the ford being impracticable at present, and I not caring to swim my nag across with Connie and myself perched atop.

However, once landed, I lifted the child to her seat astride the crupper, and got into my saddle again; and off we trotted into that strange, beautiful, and rather sad region called Solitude, and finally to a small house, and a sentry dawdling before it, and a small breastwork on the hill above, where our flag hung. The sentry—a suspicious, slouchy soldier from a Missouri regiment—was inclined to be stupider than he looked until Iris came to an open window and said: “All right, Bill!” And presently appeared to greet us as we slid off the common horse.

“And *Connie!*” she exclaimed, taking the child into her arms. “Are *you* coming to dance with me at Rotherwood Elm?”

“'Low I am, ma'am, if you-all ask me.”

“Will you kiss me if I do?”

The child shyly wound her arms around the girl's neck and put up her thin face.

“A nice kiss,” said Iris—“the way you kiss Sergeant Maddox!”

To our amusement, Connie blushed scarlet and hid her eyes against Iris.

“'Low I ain't never,” she protested in a muffled voice.

Near the open window I could hear the click of the telegraph and read it by ear—something about some trouble west of Bristol. I paid it no attention, but walked into the doorway with Iris to inspect her quarters.

Mrs. Camp was at the key, and we shook hands, having of course “met” over the wire. She was a thin, tired, shabby woman, still young but subdued by trouble. The guerrillas had murdered her husband the year before.

After I had attended to my horse I came back to discover Iris feeding gingerbread to Connie, seated on the young grass down by the bend of the river. There I joined them.

“How still it is here!” I said.

“Everybody notices it,” remarked Iris. “I didn't know what to make of the strange hush at first. I like it now.”

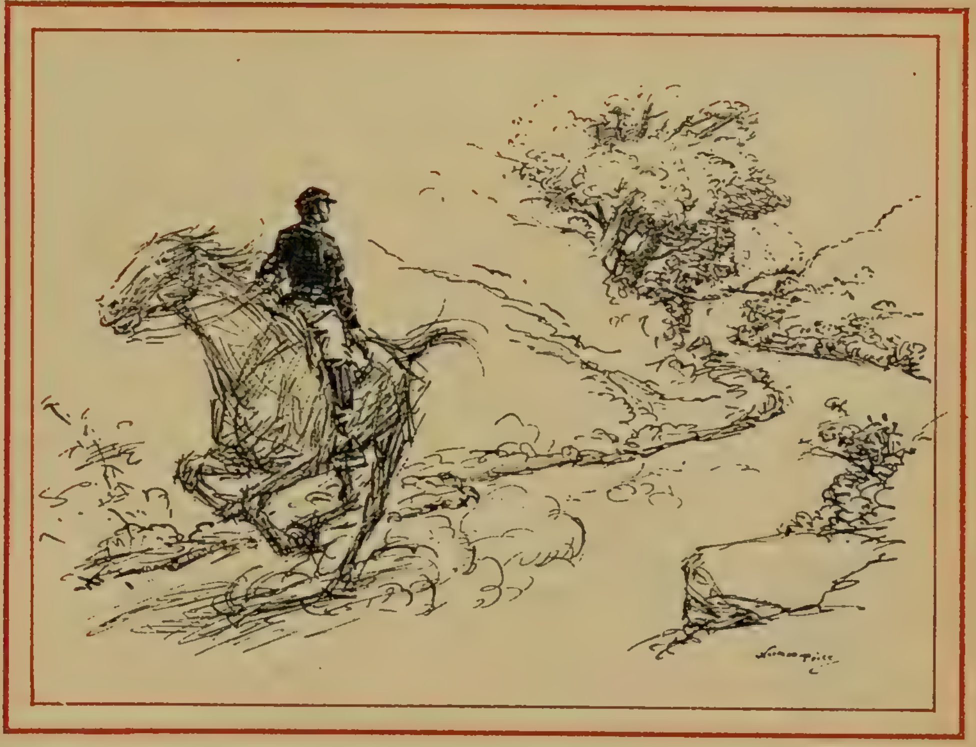
“I NEVER supposed you'd like such a place as this.”

“Meaning I'm naturally noisy?”

“Oh, no—”

“Yes, you do mean it. It was you who nicknamed me *the* Whistling Cat *of* Whistling Cat!”

“Who told you *I* started that name?”



There was no catching me now, for they dared not follow.

“I know you did!”

“What,” inquired Connie, “air this hyar whistlin' cat?”

Iris straightened up and shot a warlike look at me.

“Sergeant Maddox says that I am one.” She scowled at me. “I don't care, you big booby.” And, to Connie: “There is a kind of wildcat in Texas and in Mexico which is known as a whistling cat. It runs in the jungle and is easily tamed when trapped. And the curious thing about it, Connie, is the noise it makes when pleased or excited—a startling whistle, loud, clear, birdlike in its piercing sweetness.

“The little town in Texas where Sergeant Maddox and I live is called Whistling Cat. I suppose it was named from this animal.”

Iris took Connie's face between her hands, kissed it, turned it toward me.

"That very uncivil young man over there—when he and I were boy and girl—gave *me* the horrid nickname of the Whistling Cat! I've always been too proud to let him know I knew that he started it, and that people behind my back spoke of me as the O'Brien Girl and as the Whistling Cat."

She quietly pulled a hideous face at me and protruded the tip of her tongue. "I don't care," said she, "what people call me—or you either, Juan Maddox!"

"You know, Iris," said I, "if you talk that way Connie will think we are not friends."

Iris gave the bewildered child a hug. "Don't think that," she said, "because he really is my beau."

"Oh," breathed Connie, with a quick gulp of relief. "I reckon yuh surely duh love him, ma'am."

"I surely do," said Iris, looking at me, her eyes full of deviltry.

Connie beamed at us in seraphic excitement.

"I reckon," she said, "jes' soon as yuh git shet o' this hyar war yuh-all aim to git hitched!"

"Do you really think he'll marry me, Connie?" asked Iris.

The child looked so startled that the girl caught her in her arms and laughingly reassured her.

"Of course he'll marry me," she said. "He's always been in love with me. He doesn't know it, but he has. Boys are strange beasties, Connie. Men are stranger. Any girl can marry any one of them if she wants to. Or takes the trouble to. *They* don't know it. They may even hate the girl at first. . . Strange beasties, Connie, strange beasties! Like the squeech owels and the bunnies up there where you 'bide on the mounting."

THE child thought this was very funny and she laughed, turning her yellow head to look at me.

But, noticing a slight frown following my uncertain smile: "She-all air jes' a-pesterin' yuh!" she assured me. "She jes' a-lovin' yuh like I love my deedies!"

Iris laughed, put her aside, and rose.

"Supper time," she said. "I must feed my beau, Connie. And you too."

She took the child by one hand, slipped the other into mine, and we walked slowly across the meadow in the still saffron light of sundown.

At the house I took Mrs. Camp's key while she and Iris cooked supper—just bacon, ash cake, and corn mush, and blackstrap with milk, and a bowlful of wild strawberries.

There was a ghost of a crescent moon in the sky when we went out—Connie dancing along between us.

I put Iris on my horse, where she sat side-saddle, with Connie astride behind her. In this fashion I led the kind old nag down the bushy lane, across the river meadow, to the ferry, where presently the three black and silent ferrymen poled us across in the fragrant dusk.

As soon as we landed we could hear fiddles scraping down in the hollow,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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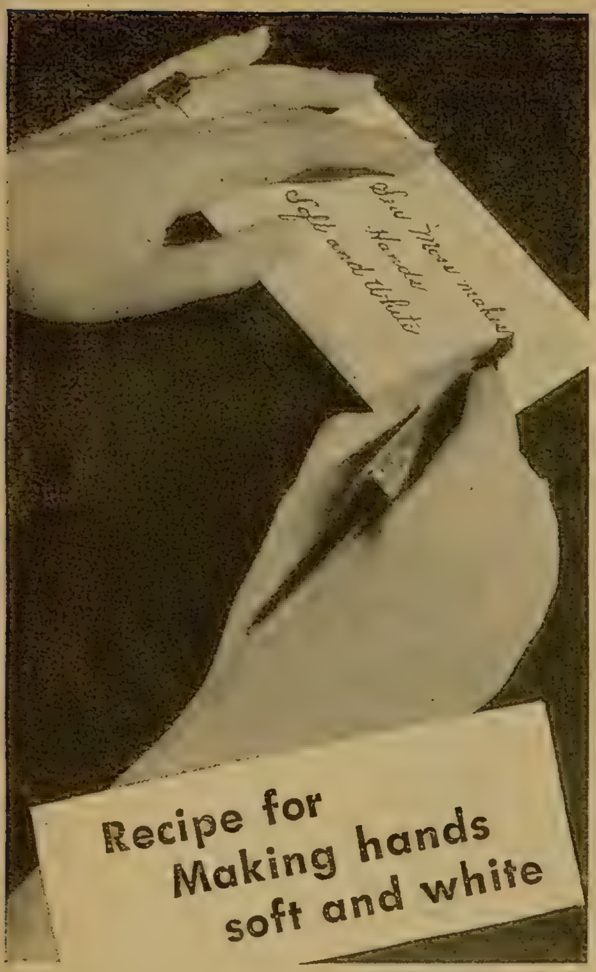

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[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-three]

where, near a burned and patched-up bridge, a gigantic elm tree stood by the river bank. Here torches of lightwood and a few lanterns gleamed around a rough flooring on the grass, where already dancing had begun.

To a hitching rail beside other nags I tied mine.

As we approached the dance we could see soldiers and mountaineers footing it with village girls from Kingsport and mountain maidens, bare of foot, from the adjacent hills. I paid our fee and took Iris out for a *deux-temps*. And the first person I saw was the United States detective, Conway.

"Hello, Conway," said I. "What are you doing here?"

He touched his shabby round hat to Iris. "Oh, nothing much," he replied, glancing at Connie. Then he dropped his hands into both coat pockets and looked at the dancers. We moved on.

"Who is your gimlet-eyed friend?" inquired the girl carelessly.

"A government detective named Conway."

There was no waltzing; only reels and a kind of jigging *deux-temps;* but we all went at it heartily.

IRIS took out Connie for a Virginia reel, and the barefoot child was as light and graceful as a fairy. Then I danced a *deux-temps* with her, glancing down from time to time at her flushed and blissful face.

Many mountain folk knew her, and everywhere I heard: "Howdy, Connie! How's Gilfred?" To all of which she gasped out, "Tol'ble pert, I reckon!" and danced on.

My spurred cavalry boots had not been designed for terpsichorean revels, and I was inclined to seat myself to breathe, occasionally, while Iris and Connie danced on tirelessly together. On one of these occasions, seated and fanning my heated face with my forage cap, I noticed a vague pinkish radiance in the sky. It seemed to come from somewhere beyond Kingsport.

I called to a soldier—a corporal of infantry—who was becoming amorously inclined toward some giggling village wench:

"What's that light in the sky over there?"

Still clutching his husky girl by her six-pound hand, he dragged her with him to where I now stood.

"Looks like a fire," he remarked, staring. "There's no railroad up that way, and no Johnnies that I know of."

"IT'S somewhere on the Bristol highway, isn't it?"

"Yep."

Presently, as the faint radiance became a glow, he asked his girl whether there was any village in that direction.

"Red Tavern."

Several mountaineers had now noticed the ruddy light and were grouping here and there in discussion and observation. Fiddles scraped, dancers shuffled. Then, very far away, I heard a gunshot.

"Look at Rotherwood Blockhouse!" whispered the girl.

We turned our heads. Up there a soldier was swinging a blazing torch. And across the river, all along the heights, other torches were swinging.

"It's a rebel raid," said I. "You'd better help get these people out of here!"

As I spoke, two rifle shots rang out distinctly from Kingsport, and in the darkness a woman screamed.

Was it a rebel raid, or that still more dreaded thing, an attack by guerrillas, whom women feared worse than death? In next week's installment of the story you'll watch Juan and Iris try to escape.

NEXT WEEK—

To Hell with the Admirals

says

Major General
Smedley D. Butler

in an extraordinary article
telling why he retired
at fifty

Also stories and articles by
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Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

In Search of New Scenery?

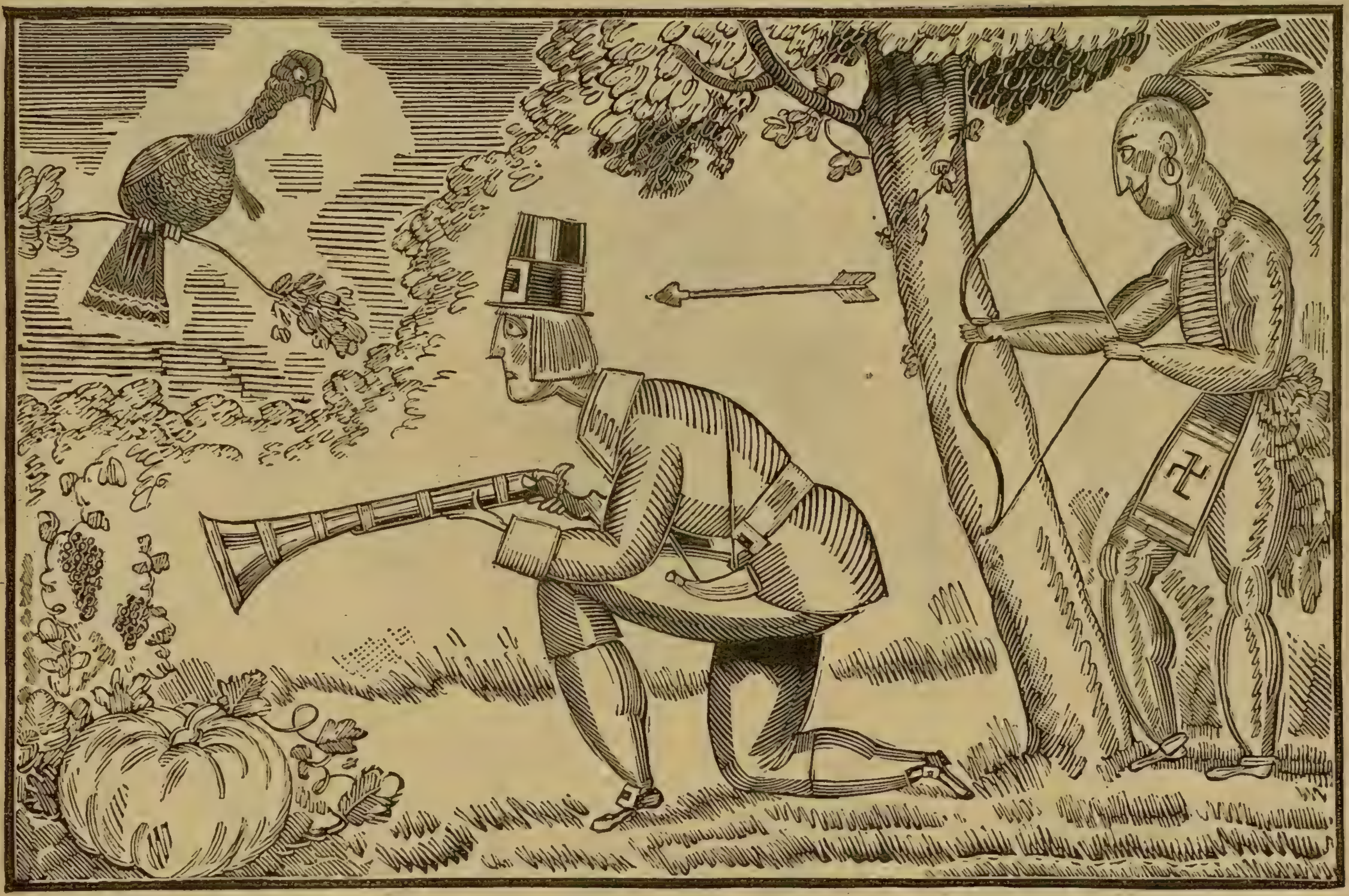
Leon, three, on a long trip with his parents amused himself by looking out of the Pullman window. While passing through a wooded section of the country Leon turned suddenly to his mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mama, look quick! All the trees are going back home."—Hilma Attwooll, 555½ Broadway, Venice, Calif.

Just an Oddity

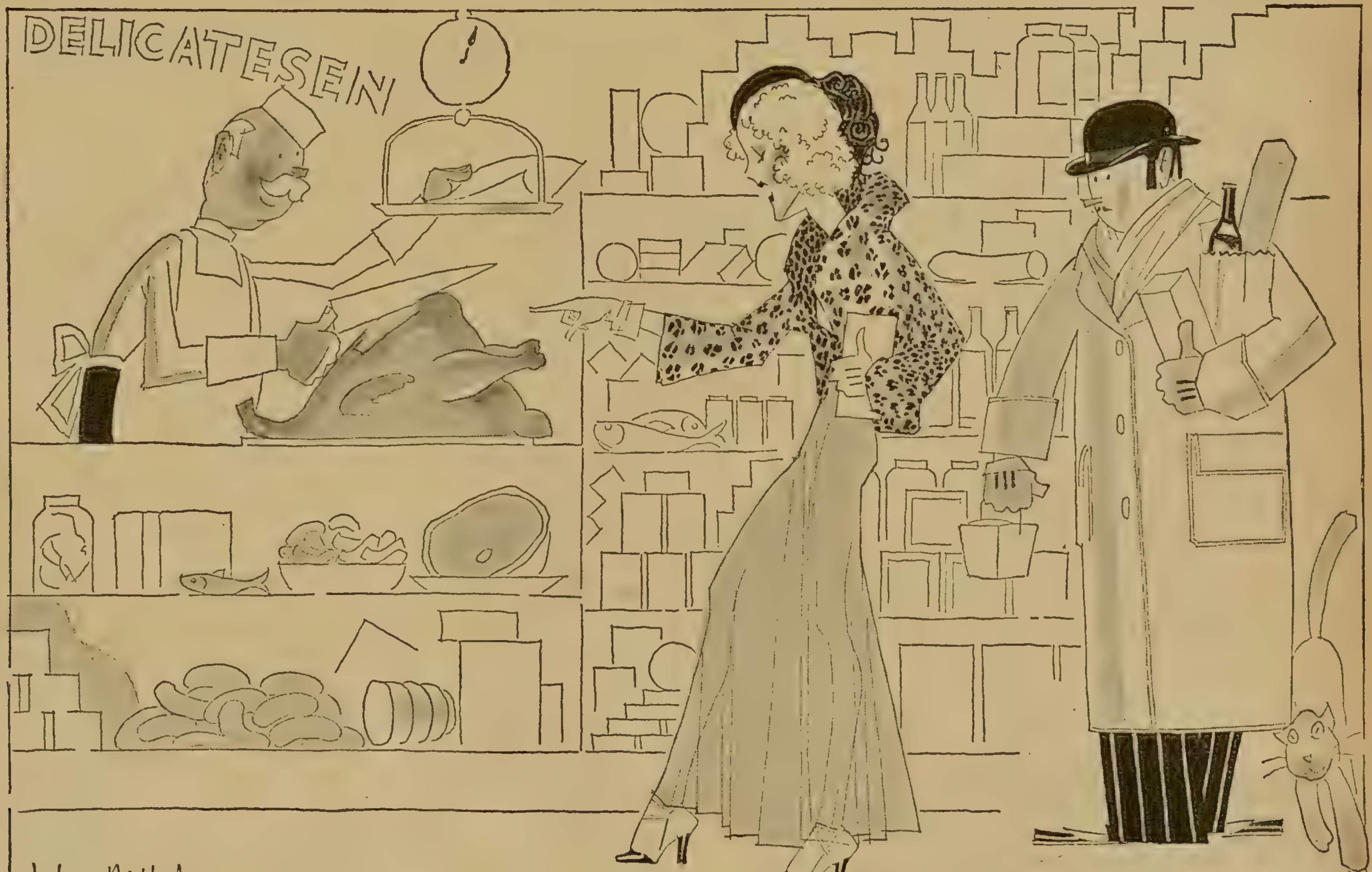
Barbara Jean was telling a neighbor that she was going to a party at a house where there were twins (girls) and a little boy. The neighbor asked, "Who are the twins, Barbara Jean?"

"Well," said Barbara Jean, "the girls match, but the boy doesn't."—J. Beveridge, 2521 Noble Ave., Alameda, Calif.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Stalking the Thanksgiving Turkey . . . . . In Pilgrim Times



Today the Thanksgiving Turkey From the Corner Delicatessen

Left: Phillips Lord and Effie Palmer as Seth and Ma Parker in Way Back Home.

Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in a play of old Russia, The Yellow Ticket.

Marguerite Churchill
Ambassador B

From RADIO

Jonesport Featured in a Down-East Story; El
a Will Rogers Com

By FREDERIC

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

SETH PARKER has been to Hollywood—and the result of his visit, a film called Way Back Home, is *en route* to your local theaters.

That Mr. Parker, Ma Parker, Lizzie, Cephas, and the Captain were in Hollywood has not been apparent over the air.

Unlike Amos 'n' Andy, Mr. Parker felt somehow that it was better to keep Hollywood and Jonesport apart on the ether.

Seth, of course, is Phillips Lord, twenty-nine, a New Englander, an ex-school-teacher and a shrewd student of human nature.

That he has been able to make the taboo subject of religion popular over the radio is a testimonial of his abilities.

He does not fall down on the screen, in make-up and before the searching eyes of the cameras.

Unlike Amos 'n' Andy, Mr. Parker loses nothing in this newer medium. He still can defeat all comers with a hymn.

And, believe it or not, in the big scene he knocks out the villain with the family Bible.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ WAY BACK HOME

CAST

Seth Parker	Phillips Lord
Ma Parker	Effie Palmer
Lizzie	Mrs. Phillips Lord
Cephas	Bennett Kilpack
The Captain	Raymond Hunter
David Clark	Frank Albertson
Mary Lucy	Bette Davis
Wobblin	Oscar Apfel
Rufe Turner	Stanley Fields
Runaway Rosie	Dorothy Peterson
Robbie	Frankie Darro

Directed by William Seiter.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

Jane Murfin wrote this story to fit Seth Parker and the other Jonesport folks. Seth is the sage of the little Maine town and he brings together the son of the locally scorned woman with a past and the daughter of a harsh, brutal farmer.

There is a Sunday night "githering" such as you and I have been touched and moved by so often over the radio.

The story is just the old Way Down East daughter-never-cross-my-threshold-again stuff with modern trimmings. Still, I give Way Back Home three stars for the genuine moving quality of Mr. Lord's work. He invests the film with the same qualities of human tolerance and kindness that bring him over 3,000 radio letters a week.

And these items are something the world can use a large order of.

★ ★ ★ THE YELLOW TICKET

CAST

Marya Kalish	Elissa Landi
Baron André	Lionel Barrymore
Julian Rolph	Laurence Olivier
Nicolai	Walter Byron
Grandfather	Arnold Korff

Directed by Raoul Walsh.
Produced by Fox.

This Michael Morton drama of Russia and its secret police served Florence Reed back in 1914. Here is the Czar's Russia with the good old bugaboo of Siberia and the salt mines.

The Jews are restricted to their pale by order of the police. The beautiful Jewess Marya Kalish, in order to see her dying father in a St. Petersburg prison, gets possession of a yellow ticket. This is the official badge of a girl of the streets. Poor Marya is hounded by the police.

The Yellow Ticket is a feverish, emotional, exciting picture of the dead-and-gone Russia that used to be a great help to dramatists. Much as I admire Elissa Landi, I cannot see her in this rôle. She never is anything but a distraught, well bred

en and Will Rogers is play of that title.

Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart in one of the tearful scenes of Compromised.

Right: Charles Farrell and Madge Evans, who head the cast in Heartbreak.

PICTURES

ndi and Lionel Barrymore in a Russian Film; d Some Melodrama

AMES SMITH

English girl. Lionel Barrymore acts and acts as the lecherous old baron. When he stops smacking his lips at the sight of Marya, the film curls up.

★ ★ AMBASSADOR BILL

CAST

Bill Harper	Will Rogers
Ilka	Greta Nissen
The Queen	Marguerite Churchill
King Paul	Tad Alexander
Lothar	Ray Milland
Prince de Polikoff	Gustav von Seyffertitz
The General	Arnold Korff

Directed by Sam Taylor.
Produced by Fox.

The honest, witty, plain-speaking American has been a popular dramatic figure since the days of Our American Cousin, that held the boards at Ford's in Washington that tragic night in 1865. Here he is Bill Harper, ambassador to Silvania.

In no time Bill teaches the boy king how to play baseball, reunites his royal mother with her husband, and defeats the local palace grafters.

Will Rogers has an easily sure-fire rôle as Ambassador Harper, and Marguerite Churchill is a charming figure as the young queen mother.

★ ★ COMPROMISED

CAST

Ann	Rose Hobart
Sidney Brock	Ben Lyon
Mr. Brock	Claude Gillingwater
Mrs. Squires	Emma Dunn
Connie	Juliette Compton
Tony	Bert Roach
Louise Brock	Florence Britton
Sandy	Delmar Watson
Mrs. Munsey	Louise Mackintosh

Directed by John Adolfi.
Produced by First National.

When they asked her what she thought of Stravinsky, *she didn't know*. Thus you see that, although Ann had helped her husband, scion of a rich family, find himself, there was no place for her in Back Bay Boston. So she left her little boy and her husband and went back to the little cottage where the three of them had been so happy.

This film covers a lot of emotional ground and owes most of its interest to the compelling work of Rose Hobart as Ann.

★ ★ HEARTBREAK

CAST

John Merrick	Charles Farrell
Countess Vilma Walden	Madge Evans
Count Carl Walden	Hardie Albright
Captain Wolke	Paul Cavanaugh
Jerry Somers	John Arledge
Count Walden	Claude King

Directed by Alfred Werker.
Produced by Fox.

The opening title reads "Vienna, 1914," and the sound apparatus bursts into a waltz. An American legation attaché is in love with a young and pretty Austrian countess. War comes. It is love vs. duty. The lad becomes an aviator and, out of all the enemy's pilots, has the ill luck to shoot down his sweetheart's brother.

Even with the promising Madge Evans as the countess, this slender sentimental romance lacks vitality.

Do you know that—

Greta Garbo's Susan Lenox has moved into the big-money films of the year?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—The Lullaby, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy.

Should a Woman

Some Reasons for Believing She is Not as Smart as She Thinks She Is

By

MAUDE PARKER

(Reading time: 8 minutes 25 seconds.)

IF any proof of the innate superiority of the American male over the female were needed, it could be found, not in the Victorian ideal of the helpless, protected woman, but rather in the present-day masculine propaganda which lauds the woman who is " a good sport."

For of the two types, the modern gallant, courageous woman is the one who, quite unwittingly, plays into men's hands. It is she who, believing she is expressing her own fundamental desire for independence, is really doing little but pulling his chestnuts out of the fire.

What a beautiful comedy these canny men have staged! It would be a pity to expose the strings they have attached to the supposedly free-moving feminine puppets, were it not for the conviction that one's exposure will not be regarded seriously. But so brilliantly have men built up, for their own purposes, these creations which seem to correspond with the ultimate ambitions and benefits of our sex, that no amount of insight into their manipulations will effectively lessen their power. They have made the puppets glamorous and romantic. It is too much to hope that women as a class will pause to inquire, " Glamorous and romantic for whom? "

Pondered seriously, this question would stop the show.

There has been no more illuminating answer to this unfortunate query than Mr. Arlen's The Green Hat. Now, no matter how much you may protest, dear reader, that this was a second-rate novel, if you are honest with yourself you must admit that you found it entertaining. Moreover, vast numbers of both men and women conceived an admiration for its heroine. Iris March—what a girl! " She never let men down "; " She had the code of a gentleman." Her culminating gesture of gallantry was to insure the happiness of the man she loved by crashing to her death.

What a girl, indeed!

It is not difficult to see why men found her superb.

Just why women should regard this rôle with envy is a question that would baffle anyone unwilling to admit the power of men to foist upon us their own conceptions of what we really want to be.

Iris March was the epitome of " a good sport." This phrase, which the modern woman regards as the highest of compliments, is actually the epitaph of all her power.

To say her feminine power would be redundant. She has never had and never will have any other. Nor have men any other than masculine power. But they are wise enough to realize that this is sufficient; they are even wiser in realizing some time ago that if women continued to exert their power as women, male superiority might be threatened. So they began to praise the other sex in terms of their own. They have made the term " lady " almost as obsolete and vulgar as " refined." The " code of a gentleman " they apply not to themselves, but to that portion of the human race that has no reason at all to wish to be gentlemen!

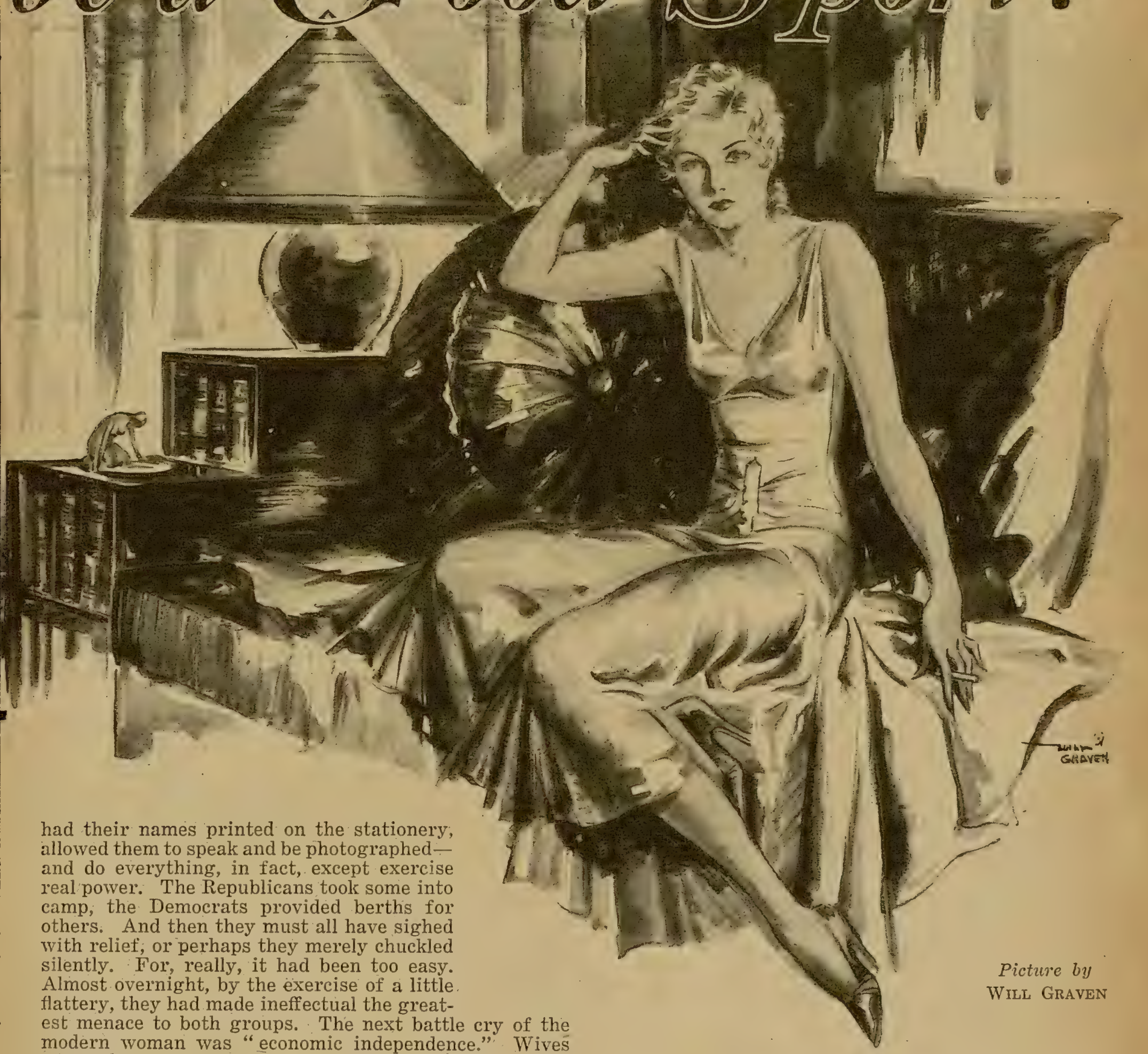
Go back to the days when woman suffrage was agitating our country. With great magnanimity, most clever men declared themselves in favor of it. Many groups of feminine workers had men advisers who helped them in their campaign. It was, eventually, a body of men who made the amendment a law of the United States. And no sooner had this been accomplished than men began to use the enfranchisement of women for their own interest.

If the women throughout the country had at once welded themselves into a really independent body of voters, they could have forced the immediate passage of any sort of legislation they wished. Child labor, mothers' pensions, uniform marriage and divorce laws would have been adjusted as they dictated. All they had to do was to remain apart from the old political machinery and force one party or the other to agree to their demands.

But the men were too adroit to allow this. They quickly gave women places on the important existing committees,

IT would be interesting if every woman who feels complimented when she is called " a good egg " by some man would ask herself whether her action which elicited this praise was of more benefit to herself or to him.

be a Good Sport?



Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

had their names printed on the stationery, allowed them to speak and be photographed—and do everything, in fact, except exercise real power. The Republicans took some into camp, the Democrats provided berths for others. And then they must all have sighed with relief, or perhaps they merely chuckled silently. For, really, it had been too easy. Almost overnight, by the exercise of a little flattery, they had made ineffectual the greatest menace to both groups. The next battle cry of the modern woman was "economic independence." Wives whose husbands had large incomes clamored to open shops or start tea rooms or become interior decorators. And in almost every case the financing of these projects was left to men.

IT would be amusing to collect accurate statistics about all the businesses started by women of the idle class during the past twelve years or so, and to learn just how many times they have changed hands or dissolved utterly, or been taken over by women who worked because they needed the money. The intelligent male encouraged his wife to try her hand at business; he knew that if he opposed her, she would believe she was oppressed and bullied and in a short time would develop sex antagonism. By helping her, he would remove a cause of friction, and although her quest for "economic independence" in many cases cost him more actual money than the string of pearls he had usually already given her, he felt it well worth the experiment.

In the exceptional cases where a woman developed a flair for business and made a success of the venture, her husband was rewarded by finding her a more logical, reasonable person, and, in the long run, a more companionable one. At the end of her busy days her desires for entertainment or relaxation coincided far more nearly with his own, and there was less discrepancy between their tastes and experiences. Not to speak of the additional revenue with which she swelled the family accounts.

The average woman who went into business merely as a fad, failed. This was not the word she used, however. It was simply that her nerves had given out, and her physician—male—had insisted that she spend the winter recuperating. Having done so, she was interested in some new subject—Oriental mysticism, rhythmic dancing, or the psychiatric theories of Freud or Jung.

So that was all right. American husbands possess patience which would be phenomenal if it did not contribute so largely to their own welfare. Rarely do they even try

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Enjoy Thrilling Satisfaction of a Figure Free From FAT

Woman Loses 43 pounds in 3 months

Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast, and go a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa., writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

An 85c bottle of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists thruout the whole wide world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

COLDS

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours* . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a *"counter-irritant"* because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

to combat the myth developed by the European lecturer regarding the intellectual superiority of our women to our men. The mere fact that they do not bother to refute this puerile fallacy is in itself sufficient proof of their supreme confidence. Were they not convinced of their inherent strength they would clamor about it as loudly as women go about proclaiming their mental equality. They would point out that the foreign visitor is inevitably prejudiced by the preponderance of women in his audiences.

Without their wide-eyed attentiveness, his transatlantic tour would be a financial failure. Naturally, with his eye on the francs or pounds sterling by which he gauges the success of his trip, the lecturer will declare that the lack of masculine interest in his pronouncements is caused by the American husband's "sordid pursuit of the dollar."

If our men were so insecure that they felt it necessary to defend themselves against the charge of being less cultivated than their wives, they would also point out that in this country the most discriminating collectors of paintings, of first editions, and of Americana are men, not women. So are most financial supporters of opera and of symphony orchestras, for example, to say nothing of endowments for young musicians, artists, and authors.

Yet far from refuting the platitude regarding the superiority of their women, they seem to encourage it, just as they foster the corollary—the notion of the perfect woman as one who is gallant and courageous. For by this policy they are able to enjoy the fruits of their own superiority. Not that this philosophy is the result of a conscious Machiavellian plot on their part; it proceeds rather from a fundamental sureness that they are masters of the world and intend to remain so.

IF men went about proclaiming this belief they would arouse such bitter opposition from our sex that eventually we might do much to shake its now solid foundations. So they are clever enough to applaud the few women in business who, measured by the yardstick of men workers, fall far short but, as members of an inferior class, deserve applause. There is no real competition here.

Men might well have harbored a fear of the dominance, or at least the quality, of women in the postwar period, had women decided to use their wealth and leisure to develop, *as women*, and not try the pathetic experiment of imitating men. But whatever vague uneasiness disturbed the masculine desire for lordship was promptly set at rest by women themselves, who rushed into the masculine realms of politics and commerce, where they were beaten before they started. And in the other departments of life they succumbed to the hocus-pocus of the desirability of trying to live up to masculine standards.

THE presentation, by men, of the good sport as the feminine ideal, was the inspiration of genius. Under its spell a woman no longer asked to be protected by man; instead, when necessary, she protected him.

For example, a husband who wanted a divorce in order to marry someone else found he could save a great deal of trouble and recrimination and, incidentally, alimony, if his wife were of the new school.

A friendly slap on the shoulder and the proclamation that she was a fine, understanding girl were often all that was necessary. The old-fashioned type who had hysterics and insisted upon a huge cash settlement and talked about having given her husband the best years of her life was pretty hard to manage.

No, gallantry in women has proved the modern man's substitute for the ancient Chinese practice of foot binding which the Chinese foisted upon their women as highly desirable; only, the American shackling is far more insidious.

The Orientals kept their women from running away from them. The men of our world try to keep us from protesting when they run away, either figuratively or literally, from us.

It would be interesting if every woman who feels complimented when she is called "a good egg" by some man, would ask herself whether her action which elicited this praise was of more benefit to herself or to him. And, having learned the answer, would make her final gesture of imitating the other sex by pondering over it in silence.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—Charles Goodyear.
2—Charles François Gounod.
3—In the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris.
4—The wife of Ahab, King of Israel.
5—Great Britain.
6—Lesser Antilles.
7—A sudden suspension of consciousness and volition attended with muscular rigidity.
8—An inferior lawyer.
9—2,240.
10—A whirlpool in the Arctic Ocean off the Norwegian coast.
11—Spain and Portugal.
12—Washington.
13—The murder of a wife by her husband.
14—A letter or edict issued by the Pope.
15—Rosa Bonheur.
16—A crevice or chink, as in a wall.
17—In Durham, North Carolina.
18—Mexico.
19—Vit'l.
20—Kilometer.

LIBERTY WILL PAY $5,000 CASH PRIZES *for Home Life Snapshots!*

Lots of grandmas are with their families on Thanksgiving Day. Here's your chance to snap a human interest picture that may win a prize.

$400 EACH WEEK
for 10 Weekly Contests

$1,000 EXTRA *for Best Snapshot During Entire* 10 Weeks

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

With most folks . . . baby is the real center of home life. Somebody's baby snapshot may win one of the 511 cash prizes during the next ten weeks.

LIGHTS! Ready! Camera! C'mon folks. Snap the shutter, send in your print, and win a handsome cash award. It's a snap. Easy money. Shoot your camera at a Liberty prize today. Win some of the $400 cash that Liberty will pay each week for ten weeks to non-professional photographers for home life pictures.

Win the $1,000 cash Grand Prize that will be awarded for the best print entered during the ten weekly contests.

Fifty-one chances to win a cash award each week. 511 chances to win during the ten contests. This will develop easy money for someone. It will fix somebody's pocketbook nicely. Why not yours?

Think of the picture that best typifies your home life. Is it the family at the Thanksgiving dinner table? Baby taking her first step? Playing bridge with the folks next door? Everybody reading the Sunday papers? It's the *thought* that counts. Human interest, not professional technique. The littlest box camera has as good a chance as the fanciest folding one. We want pictures which best typify the home life of our readers.

Perhaps you've been intending to take a certain picture in or around your home but have neglected to get out the camera. It may be worth $100 or even $1,100 to you, so take it now. Possibly these words will inspire you with a new idea for a picture that you think will be prize-worthy. Snap it and send it in! And don't miss a single week of this series. Keep in mind the big $1,000 Grand Prize for the best print entered during the ten weeks.

The rules are brief and simple. Read them now. Then turn your finder towards the prize money. Cash in on this $5,000 opportunity. Now! Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, 1931.

It's not so easy to catch the pup quiet . . . but someone who does may win $5, $10, $100, or even $1,100 before these contests are over.

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closes at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5th, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6th, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

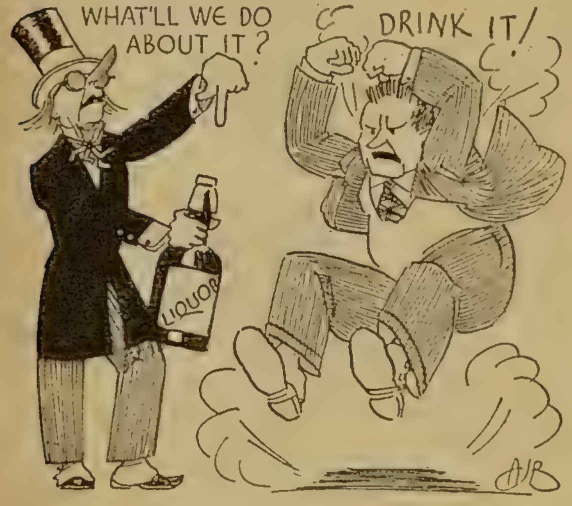
9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

Vox

Prohibition and Crime

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—How unusual a writer Jay Franklin is! If he knows a thing is so, he isn't afraid to come right out and *say* it's so. Not one in a hundred authors will do that.

The thing that pleased me most about his article, "Did Prohibition Increase Crime? Yes!" was his solution of the question: What to do with liquor? His answer was so beautifully simple, sensible, and forthright. It was: Drink it!


WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT IT?
DRINK IT!
LIQUOR

Could anything be neater than that?

Mr. Franklin surely did put into words a lot of the things that we wets have been thinking but haven't had the skill to express.

Well, the next time some prohibitionist holds up a bottle of booze in front of me, and asks me what we're going to do about it, I'll have an answer all ready for him.—*George.*

TULSA, OKLA.—Have read Mrs. Boole's article on prohibition and just finished Mr. Franklin's and Mr. Broun's answers. I note with satisfaction that it takes two men to answer one lone woman.

I have always heard that womenfolks were the "catty" species of the human race, but since reading those replies to Mrs. Boole I've an altogether different opinion of cats.

There are cats and cats—and then some tomcats!—*Grace Parks.*

MONROE CITY, MO.—Mrs. Boole's article, "Did Prohibition Increase Crime? No!" showed she had the good of the country at heart. The articles by Jay Franklin and Heywood Broun, in reply, were prompted by a desire for personal pleasure.—*M. H.*

AUBURN, ME.—Hurrah for Jay Franklin! He surely writes whereof he knows.

Mind you, I am a teetotaler. But always, up to Volstead days, had beers, wines, or liquors in my home; and never saw a real drunk till after so-called prohibition came in.

I work opposite our county jail. At present we have ninety-two inmates—eighty per cent of them there because of the Volstead Act.

I am disgusted with prohibition that does not work out.

People in general are neither morons nor idiots; and it is no use to dictate to them either in matters of appetite or dress.—*M. W. Bedell.*

We're Awfully Afraid You're a Sloth

CHICAGO, ILL.—Saaay! If Bob Benchley is really funny in his little articles, then I'm a two-toed sloth with rubbers on, trying to cross Niagara Falls on a tight rope.—*Lester M.*

So You Read Between the Lines

CHICAGO, ILL.—I like everything in your magazine except the stories, the cover, and the articles! Keep up the good work.—*B. G. M.*

Advice to Editors

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Give us some articles on the causes and origin of the world slump.

The causes from which it so ineluctably proceeds are so clear and definite that no great difficulty should be encountered in presenting the case in an understandable form. The American people is an intelligent people, and if the matter were properly presented, it would be understood by all but backward children, inmates of insane asylums, and members of Congress. Unfortunately, however, some sort of gentleman's agreement seems to dictate the befogging of the issue.

Thomas McOwen

The capitalistic system is, as every intelligent person must admit, temporarily on the rocks and in deep disgrace. However, when we consider the imperfections of human nature, no other economic system remotely approaching it in effectiveness appears on the horizon. Furthermore, we are indebted for our recurrent economic woes, not to any fault necessarily inherent in the capitalistic system, but rather to mischievous legislation, enacted by our Congressmen in their assumption of supernal prescience. The only corrective for official ignorance, blundering, and corruption is an enlightened public opinion.

I believe that if editors would abandon the theory that the average reader is a low-grade moron, and print common-sense articles and editorials on economic subjects, they would find the results most gratifying. I believe that we are now ready to respond to the exhortation of Demosthenes: "In the name of the gods, I beg you to think."—*Thomas McOwen.*

The Razzberry

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I think this has gone just about far enough. What? Well, it is time you were finding out what. That part of Liberty set aside for the tearing apart of the movies. That is what I have reference to.

For goodness' sakes, can't you arrange to give some of these good pictures a break once in a while? As it is, you just absolutely insist on giving them the pure old razzberries.

It is very seldom you give them the credit due them.

If I don't notice an improvement in this respect, I will, without a doubt or hesitation, cancel my subscription to your now unfair publication, and do all possible to have it boycotted, both in the U. S. A. and parts of Hungary.—*Marcus T. Reiners.*

This Should Do It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Want to know the recipe for making Liberty a humdinging, A 1, superdamgorgeous mag? Lean close, Mr. Editor, and I'll whisper the recipe in your ear.

All set? Well, here it is: Put something humdinging, A 1, and superdamgorgeous into it.—*Tommy.*

You Must Like Books

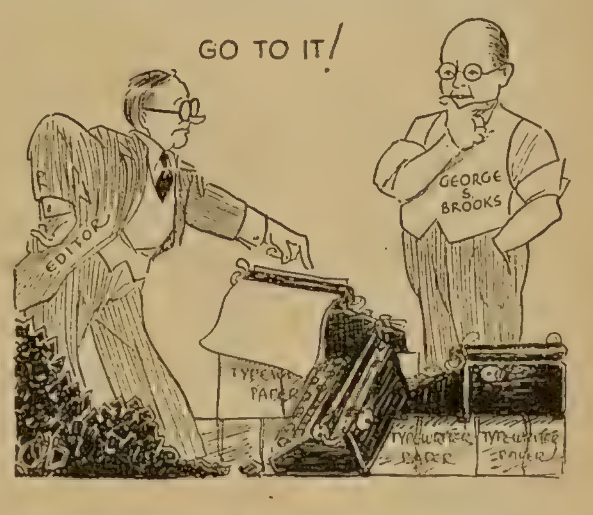
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I have read every issue of Liberty to date.

No story you have ever published gave me the kick that I got when I read George S. Brooks' "Four Months of His Life."

Make no mistake about that young man's ability.

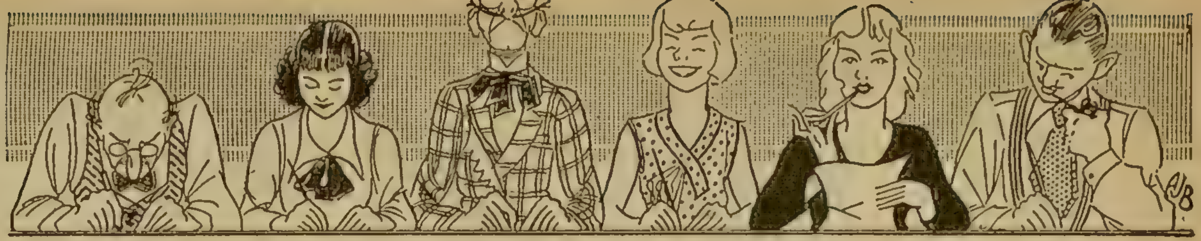
He has It in the literary sense and if you don't grab his short stuff while the grabbing is good, you will have to run his stuff in series, and I don't like serials.

Send him a lifetime supply of paper and typewriter supplies and see that he has coal to keep the house warm and tell him to go to it and stick with it until I die of old age.



I have been hollering for my "alky," but if he will keep pepping me up each week I will gladly forswear the "alky."—*R. S. B.*

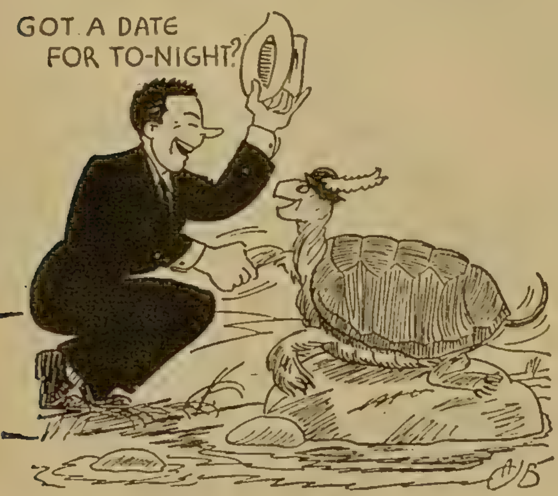
Pop



Turning Turtle

ST. PAUL, MINN. — Well, I'll be darned! Paul Annixter has up and gone and done it again—written a smashing good story and, at the same time, made still another beastie seem human. This time, in "When the Turtle Sings," he took us deep down under the sea.

In his former stories he made bats human, and lions human, and cougars human, and bears human—to mention just a few. But I never thought he could give us turtles, and make us like 'em! Why, he's made me understand 'em almost as well as I understand my Aunt Polly, and a lot better than I understand my mother-in-law.


GOT A DATE FOR TO-NIGHT?

The next time I meet a turtle—especially if it's a lady turtle—I'm going right up to her and say, "How do you do? Paul's told me a lot of nice things about you."—*Man Who Wants to Pet a Turtle.*

You Don't Look Forty

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am a Smith College graduate, have been private secretary to President Hoover for two years, and have written a book, "How to Cultivate Royalty."

I have been a romance columnist for newspapers, composed seventy-one and a half song hits for musical comedies, painted "The Dance of the Seven Veilings," posed for famous illustrators, taught English at Oxford University for three years, and, recently, wearing only a sheet, I was presented to Gandhi. I am over forty, and I like goldfish.

Delia Carita Pisarra

Now then! Is my short short story eligible for publication in Liberty?—*Delia Carita Pisarra.*

Ben Hecht Smothers an Ambition

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—With "The Mystery of the Fabulous Laundryman," another crime was committed. (At the word "crime," Mr. Hecht will no doubt emit some of those snorts he attributes to his erstwhile editors.) A long-cherished ambition of mine to write gasped and passed out after reading it.

It is one of the best and most satisfying stories I ever read. Will look forward eagerly to more by the same author.—*A Reader.*

Dope on the Dole

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—All this talk—and some of it has been in Liberty—about a dole robbing men of their self-respect is a lot of twaddle and shows a lack of knowledge concerning human nature.

Why, all our wages *en masse* simply constitute a dole of money from one class to another. No man would be content to remain upon a narrow dole if he could get work at living wages or at better wages than the dole.

T. M. Kern

No dole could ever bankrupt a nation because every dollar in the dole creates just so much industry and commercial activity.

The moment a destitute man gets money he gets busy spending it. He consumes food. He buys clothes. He seeks entertainment and he plays. All his activities create industry and support commerce, even if he does not find productive work.

Every citizen in a nation should be guaranteed a basic support—a sum sufficient to purchase food, clothing, and shelter, regardless of whether he works or not.

Such a basic flow of money would insure, at all times, a medium volume of industry and commercial activity.—*T. M. Kern.*

Excuse Me—

RIDLEY PARK, PA.—In my article, "Our Chances in the Next Olympics," in Liberty for October 24, I stated that "in 1928 only one American (Ray Barbuti) won first place in any running event"—which is correct. I followed this with the statement that "the only other first place we won in all the events was when Edward B. Hamm of the Georgia School of Technology won the running broad jump"—which was incorrect.

In the writing of the article I had overlooked the fact that, in the field events, Sabin Carr won the pole vault, Bud Houser the discus throw, Bob King the high jump, and John Kuck the shot put.

This was the result of an oversight in the rush of writing—and I wish to apologize and make this correction.

We also won the 400- and 1600-meter relays—but these were not victories by individual American athletes.—*Lawson Robertson.*

Why, Sally!

BOSTON, MASS.—I don't like you, Liberty. Just when I'm trying to avoid thinking about gangsters, booze, murders, etc., you go and ram them down my throat. I want an escape when I read. I do *not* want a symposium on our national troubles.

Darn you, anyway!—*Sally.*

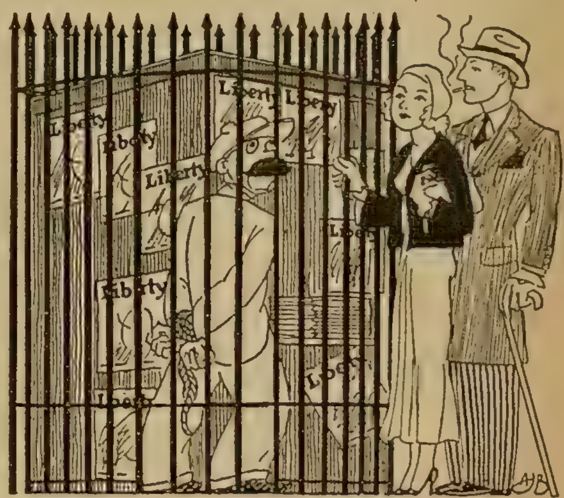
One for Mr. Cohan

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Hats off to George M. Cohan! His articles in Liberty are great. I can't get enough of seeing him on the stage, or of reading his brilliant stuff. Encore!—*M. Lewis.*

What Do You Mean a Bad Habit?

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Buying Liberty, to my mind, is only a bad habit! For years I have tried to break it—no success. So when the Canadian government put a tariff on magazines imported from the U. S. A., I felt certain that Liberty would never appear in Canada again.

I blessed our prime minister for helping to break this bad habit of mine. But, passing a news stand after this tariff had gone into effect, I was dumfounded. There was Liberty at the usual price staring me boldly in the face as usual, and, as usual, away went my nickel.

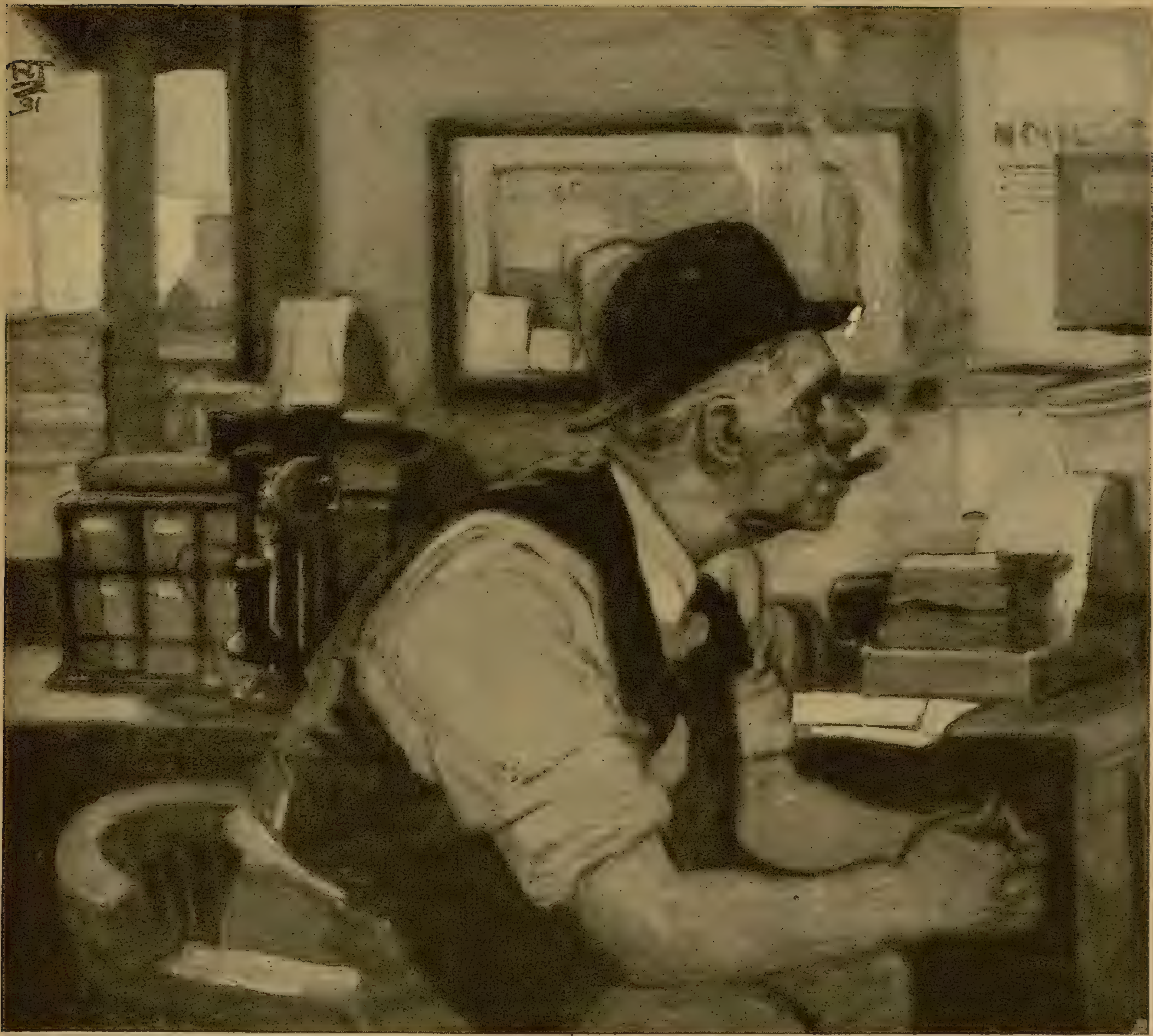


I have read about remedies for curing bad habits, such as drinking, using dope, and biting finger nails.

Why not a remedy against buying and reading Liberty?

There is surely one smart person amongst your millions of readers who can make up such a remedy, advertise it in Liberty at a dollar a bottle, and become a millionaire in no time.

On second thought, I doubt if any drug would be strong enough to break this habit. You'd have to do something more drastic, such as building a cage around each news stand. And even then you'd have to tie each news dealer's hands behind his back, so he couldn't pass out Libertys between the bars.—*A Friend.*



Dad dragged his chair near the window. Then, filling his corncob, he asked: "What 'm I up for this time?"

THICKER

By EUGENE JONES

(Reading time: 24 minutes 5 seconds.)

AFTER Ed Boles, beloved superintendent of the Mountain Division of the T. C. & W., had signed the order promoting Victor Pearsoll to the day operating trick at Kingston, he called in Vic's father, old Dad Pearsoll himself. Dad belonged to that infinitesimally small class of men whose judgment may be trusted even unto their own sons.

Boles, seated at his shabby desk overlooking the yards, with his hat on the back of his head and a torpedolike cigar driven into the corner of his mouth, nodded toward a chair. He and Dad had worked shoulder to shoulder on this railroad for thirty years, one handling a division, the other an engine. Dad dragged his chair near the window as if he were more comfortable with one eye on movi. rolling stock. Then, filling his worn corncob, he asked:

"What 'm I up for this time?"

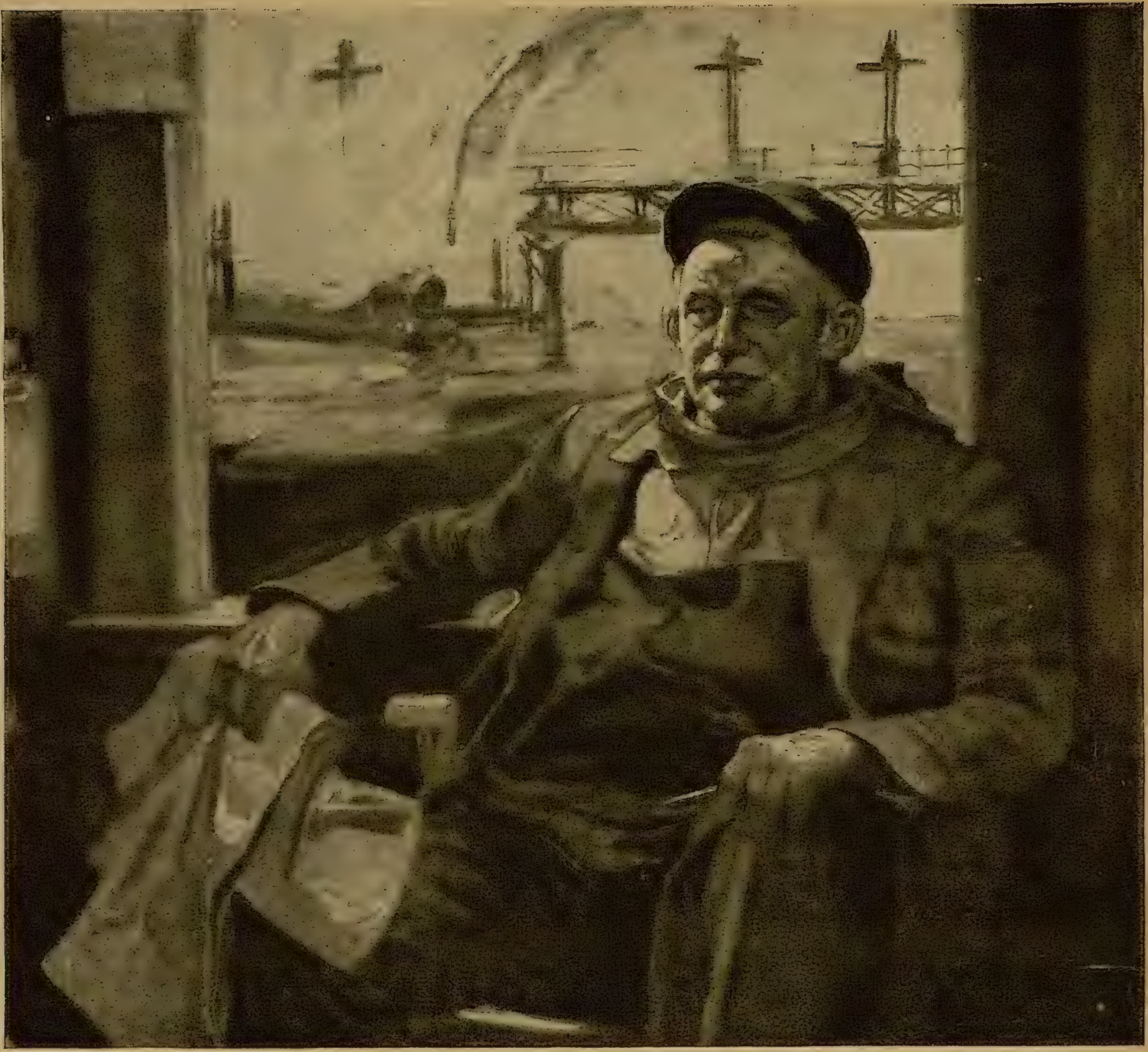
It was an old joke between them.

Boles exhaled his cigar smoke in rapid puffs, like the exhaust of a switch engine getting under way with a light load. "I've made Vic day operator at Kingston. What do you know about that?" Asking Dad's opinion was like passing the buck to a higher court.

Dad sat very still, a spare, stooped figure in nondescript overalls and greasy cap. Something—possibly the wind roaring past his cab window for thirty years—had weathered his face, cut into it myriads of tiny cañons until it resembled a relief map. His eyes had retreated under their white-fringed brows to escape, apparently, from the eternal dust- and cinder-laden blast. But they were still the keenest eyes on the division.

Dad drew on his pipe reflectively. "I'm not certain," he said at length, "Vic's cut out to be an operator."

"Why? The kid's fast enough."



than WATER

Pictures by
Rico Tomaso

Would You Lie to Keep Your Son Out of Jail?

"That's the answer."

"What's the answer?"

"You called him a kid. He is."

"Oh," remarked Boles, tipping back in his chair and drumming on the arms. "I thought you had more faith in your son, Dad."

Still with that faint smile, Dad rose to stand over the desk. "Up to your old tricks, eh, Ed? Reckon you can get me mad enough to say what I think. Well, I'm not mad, but I'll say it. Vic means more to me than my seniority and—yes—you, Ed. But he's too young for the Kingston day trick. He's like a new engine—liable to run hot if you push him hard."

"Then you want him to stay where he is?"

"Have you promised him the other job?"

Boles looked uncomfortable. "Well, more or less—"

"Go through with it if you've promised," advised Dad soberly. "But tell the chief dispatcher to keep an eye on him, that's all. Because if my boy ever put two trains together—" Suddenly the engineer turned away, staring off across the yards.

Thus began a new and nerve-racking era for Vic. The dispatcher's office always kept the wires hot to Kingston, with its train-order board controlling a long length of single-track main line. Kept the operator on his toes, kept freight crews sweating blood, trying to wedge one hundred cars or more on a seventy-car siding.

A good man could hold down the Kingston day trick all right, provided he never slipped. Provided! A big word in railroading. He must face an unsteady stream of bulletins, holding orders, "31" orders for eight solid hours.

Vic did well from the start. Boles grinned when he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THICKER THAN WATER
Continued from page fifty-five

heard it, deciding that his old friend had been overly cautious. Yet he was bound to remember that this very quality of overcaution had brought Dad through thirty years of railroading without a serious accident.

Then came a black day in division history. Dad, at the throttle of west-bound passenger train number 74, sensed something wrong. It was as if he could read other, more subtle signals than semaphores. Nobody else on the train felt it—not even Conductor Carrigan, who had been making the same run with Dad for years. Dad was still trying to analyze the trouble as the pony truck of his big 1707 nosed around a curve and took the two-mile straightaway with Kingston in the distance.

Suddenly he was on his feet, his eyes searching the room. "They'll convict me of—of manslaughter."

A freight was in the clear—well in it; Dad could see that plainly. He knew by heart what his orders would be—74 rarely received anything out of the usual. The gong whistle shrieked the station signal; closed went the throttle. And then Dad applied train and engine air with so skilled a hand that not a drawhead touched.

Vic, facing a litter of train orders and clearance cards that snowed under the telegraph table, heard that whistle, recognizing it instantly. Number 74 was two minutes late, and time was what he needed. Time to hand orders to waiting conductors; time to clear a couple of trains; time for the multiple routine tasks that form the public's safeguard against mishap. The dispatching system of those days was not what it is now. Small wonder that bright young operators pressed for time took short cuts—nothing dangerous, understand, if they remembered everything; but time-saving.

And so now Vic took a short cut, telling the dispatcher in dots and dashes that Conductor Carrigan had signed for and received a vital "31" order for train 74. What difference? Carrigan *would* receive it the moment he got in. But Carrigan didn't. Vic forgot, due to the press of other business—forgot to include the order on 74's clearance card!

THAT is the way railroad accidents occur—a jinx scrambles through the apparently impenetrable barrier of precautions. To the layman that order would have sounded rather casual; to the train crew of 74 it meant life or death. It merely told Engineer Pearsoll to take the Cedar Creek siding in order to pass a special passenger train carrying a convention. Of course, if Dad failed to take the siding he would meet the other train head on. That was one reason why train 74 was doomed the moment Carrigan left the office minus the order. The jinx arranged the other reasons.

Meanwhile engine 1707 with air pumps panting was taking water. As the fireman had lowered the spout Dad had swung himself from the gangway by the "grab irons" to talk to Vic, now on the platform. The boy looked all in.

"Nothing wrong, son?"

"No. Only I ought to be a machine, the way they shoot orders at me. Seem to think Kingston's the chief dispatching point for the whole damned division!"

Carrigan came along then, handing over the engineer's copy of orders and clearance card to Dad, and checking them with him, while young Pearsoll hurried back to his key. Barely another minute elapsed before 74 pulled out.

From Kingston the track swung across the valley floor, entering a cut, eventually to wind its tortuous way over the divide. No big grades or sharp curves, but rotten visibility. If somebody at the other end forgot a holding order, thus allowing another train to enter that section—well, it would be just too bad! The roar of rumbling trucks and exhausting steam would prevent either engineer from hearing anything, and there wasn't a single straightaway for forty miles!

As the powerful 1707 gathered speed Dad determined to have a word with Boles about the congestion at Kingston. They were killing a willing horse, that's what they were doing. He had seen other, older operators go hay-wire under less strain.

FORTY-FIVE, fifty—Dad would hold the 1707 right there, making the run to the top of the divide a bit ahead of time in order to allow him a few precious extra minutes for the descent. It was an established custom of his, based on the belief that it is safer to go fast uphill than down. And 74 was light enough to permit it—a baggage car, three coaches, and two Pullmans. His orders had proved what he had expected. According to them, the first east-bound train would pass him at Meadowbrook, forty-six miles away.

They were in the cut now, blurred rock walls flashing by like uneven ribbons. Occasionally came the roar of trestle timbers or the shriek of the whistle warning theoretical traffic at some equally theoretical grade crossing. Fifty miles an hour, with the 1707 swaying like a running elephant; with calm-faced Dad peering from the cab, hand on the throttle, eyes forever probing the curves ahead; and with the fireman, stripped to his waist, feeding coal to the white-hot maw of the furnace.

Back in the Pullmans, passengers sat behind newspapers or watched the march of the landscape. They heard the sudden shriek of the whistle, wondering perhaps why it was necessary to blow a whistle at all in this mountain fastness. Wondering it for a brief, peaceful instant before the brakes bit deep into flying wheels, before cars reared against each other, before that awful moment when the tons of steel which they had trusted so blindly became twisted, tumbling tombs of death.

Dad, watching the right of way like a cat, saw the pony truck of an engine coming around a bend. An engine where no engine ought to be! In that split second he slammed shut the throttle, opened sand and air, and reached for the whistle. The fireman had seen it, too—not a hundred yards away: an Atlantic-type six-driver locomotive roaring down grade at better than fifty miles an hour. Funny, how details sink in. Atlantic type! Who cared? Who would live to care?

Small fortune favored the crew, for the cliff walls had fallen back at this point, leaving a strip of sod and underbrush on each side of the track.

"Jump!" screamed the fireman, hurling himself from the gangway.

Dad, having done all that was humanly possible in that first pregnant instant, leaped behind the boiler head in time to see the fireman hurtle through the air. No use sacrificing life needlessly. Nobody remaining on either engine could survive the crash. Dad thought of his boy, of Boles. Believed his duty was to live. The trains must strike while both traveled at terrific velocity—must tear into each other's vitals. For the briefest time he poised between cab and tender, then sprang into space. . . .

After a while the news trickled through to ghastly-faced dispatchers and was relayed to the super's office. Doctors and nurses back in Butte City were herded aboard the grim wrecking train always kept ready; the fastest engine available coupled; operators along the way cleared the line; expresses went into the clear like rabbits hunting burrows.

It was Boles himself who handed the orders to the engineer of the wrecker.

“Open 'er up,” was all he said—all he needed to.

And then, when there was nothing more to do but wait, the dispatcher's office asked of itself: How could it have happened? Was it possible young Pearsoll had forgotten to include the vital “31” order on 74's clearance card? Sent two trains together with his father at the throttle of one? No; a thousand times no!

Almost an hour elapsed before the wires were sufficiently clear to allow careful inquiry. And then, over the signature of the Kingston night man, came the puzzling news: “31 order signed by Carrigan on file here.” So Conductor Carrigan had received it, which meant but one thing: the blame lay one hundred per cent on the crew of 74.

“Get Vic on the wire,” ordered the chief dispatcher over the service phone.

“Sorry,” replied the night man. “He's gone up to the accident on the wrecker.”

But wait! We're ahead of schedule with this yarn, and that's dangerous business. When, some time earlier, Dad Pearsoll regained consciousness, he found himself unhurt except for minor cuts and bruises. Nobody noticed him join the group around the burning baggage car in which Conductor Carrigan had perished. He identified his fireman among the dead; the poor devil had struck a milepost in his leap.

YET even in that moment of horror Dad was thinking rapidly. Could Vic be responsible? Or was it the fault of the dispatcher? Clearly 74, being an inferior west-bound train, should have taken a siding somewhere. That meant a “31” order. And there had been no “31” order mentioned on his clearance card. The card, of course, had been destroyed when the engine went to scrap iron. As for Carrigan's card—well, one glance at his charred body answered that.

Vic responsible? Dad suddenly felt sick all over. There was only one thing to do, and that at once. Dad went down on an extra engine and caboose sent out hastily from Hilton. In answer to eager questions hurled at him he merely said:

“Nothing doing, boys. My report goes to Boles, nobody else.”

They passed the west-bound wrecking train at Cedar Creek. When they stopped at Kingston, Dad slipped into the station. Vic wasn't there. He wouldn't be. He would be at the scene of the disaster by this time, looking for his father. Nor was there anyone in the office at the moment. The night operator had stepped out on the platform, already crowded with tragic-eyed women begging for news of trainmen husbands.

Dad's quick eyes swept the table. A clue of some sort must lie in that wad of papers, unless the fault was, as he prayed, with the dispatcher. Making sure nobody saw him, he went through everything in sight. The “19” orders were there; nothing else. No—wait! Dad's eager fingers found another order in triplicate, caught beneath a heap of day-old stuff.

He stood motionless, reading it. That unsigned order told its own terrible story. Vic must have given Carrigan's signature on the “31” order to the dispatcher before making out the clearance card—and forgotten the order afterward. What could he do? What in God's name could he do?

SUDDENLY Dad Pearsoll made up his mind—not an easy decision for an honorable man, but better than disgrace, perhaps jail, for his son. For years he had read Carrigan's signature until he was familiar with every pencil stroke. Swiftly he drew forth his own indelible pencil and signed the “31” order with a fair imitation of the conductor's scrawl. Then he stuffed the remaining two copies in his pocket and went back to the platform, climbing aboard the same extra as it was getting under way for Butte City. That was why the night man found the signed order and told the dispatcher about it in answer to his belated query.

Dad, riding down on the caboose, had no regrets except for poor Carrigan, who must share the blame with him. But Carrigan had always been fond of Vic—wouldn't begrudge such an act to save a young man just beginning life.

Later that night Vic came home to find his father sitting motionless in the tiny living room.

Vic stopped dead in the doorway. “You're—safe!”

“Yes, I'm safe enough.”

“They weren't sure at the wreck—”

“Nobody had time to pay much attention to me at the wreck.”

Vic stumbled to a chair, sinking his head in his hands. His father watched him in silence for a moment. Then:

“Better pull yourself together, son. We haven't much time to face this business—you and I.”

“*You?*” Vic raised a drawn, chalk-white face. “What have *you* got to do with it? Oh, my God, I saw them dead—dying. Because I forgot!” Suddenly he was on his feet, his eyes searching the room as if he expected to find something in the corners.

“They'll convict me of—of manslaughter. I forgot, I tell you! I never gave Carrigan the order. You were to take the Cedar Creek siding—”

“Yes, yes,” interrupted Dad quietly. “But if you do what I say—exactly what I say—you won't be convicted, even indicted.”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Corrective Eating Guild, L-18
1926 Broadway New York City

[THICKER THAN WATER
Continued from page fifty-seven]

To Vic it was like reprieve on the verge of execution, this calm statement from his father. "What—do you mean?"

"I mean," went on Dad, "that Ed Boles is my oldest friend. I can't save you from the official blame; Boles will have to know, of course. But I can save you from the rest. Taking your medicine won't help the poor devils who lost their lives, and it will finish you and *me*. You'll be punished enough just remembering. You're through forever with railroading, son, but there's no reason not to start over somewhere else."

"I'll do anything—anything on earth, Dad. But how—"

"Never mind how. I want your word of honor, Vic, that you will obey me at once."

"Yes, Dad, of course!"

Pearsoll Senior paused to fill his ridiculously worn corncob. "All right, that's settled. Now pack a bag and catch number 89 for the East. Remember, don't talk to anybody. Just climb aboard at the last moment. I'll see you have money."

The boy stared open-mouthed. "You want me to run away?"

"I have your word of honor."

"Where will I go?"—dazedly.

"Go? Chicago, New York—anywhere you please. Vic, from the moment you leave here it is up to you. All I promise is that your railroad record will be clean so far as the public knows."

"But you can't have that much pull. Nobody has."

"Number 89 leaves in a half hour," reminded Dad quietly. . . .

It was after 1 P. M., but Boles was still in his office when Dad Pearsoll knocked. It was like him to come around the desk and catch Dad by the shoulders, grumbling:

"Tried to get yourself killed, eh? Lord, old-timer, we nearly lost a fine engineer. Sit down, sit down! Where's your accident report?"

This, when the super must be facing some of the most serious trouble of his experience! Nobody knew better than Dad what that head-on smash meant to the operating department—inquiries, accusations, discharges, damning editorials in the local press. A big man, Boles.

PEARSOLL laid the folded accident report on the desk. "I know," he said, "just how busy you are, Ed; but what I've got to say won't wait."

Boles nodded understandingly. "Shoot," he advised, going back to his chair and inserting a fresh cigar in the corner of his mouth. "Tell me how it happened. I'll read the report later."

It was some moments before Dad spoke. "It was my fault, Ed. I got that '31' order."

Boles forgot to smoke. "You mean Carrigan gave you a '31' telling you to take the Cedar Creek siding—and you didn't? You, Dad Pearsoll, are telling *me* that?"

"Nobody knows better than you, Ed, I didn't take the siding."

"Why didn't Carrigan stop you?"

Dad's voice sounded unfamiliar, even to himself. "Somebody said he was having a row over a ticket about then."

Suddenly Boles leaned across the desk, hands gripping the edges. "You're lying, Dad, to save your son. Why, God bless you, you're lying!"

"I'm not lying, Ed," insisted Dad monotonously. "You'll find Carrigan signed all right. Better face it, man. There's no one left to blame but me."

SLOWLY Boles sank back, eyes never leaving Pearsoll's face—eyes suddenly filled with pain, sympathy—not anger. And then he picked up his telephone. "I won't believe it," he said. "Not yet! . . . That you, Barrow? . . . Yes—Boles. Gimme Kingston."

And, when Kingston answered: "Divisional superintendent speaking. Who's this? . . . All right, Murphy. Have you got a signed '31' order to Engineer Pearsoll, train 74, telling him to take the Cedar Creek siding?"

The thin voice came off the wire mechanically clear, inhuman, filling the room: "Yes, sir; it's here."

"Do you know Carrigan's signature? Look at it again."

A second, longer pause.

"Yes, sir; it's his, all right."

Up went the receiver slowly. Dad was staring out of the window, afraid to meet Boles' eyes. Boles heaved his bulk from the chair to come around the desk. The next instant his fat arm encircled Dad's stooped shoulders and his fingers gripped fiercely.

"Dad!" he muttered—"Dad, don't you take it too hard. We all have to pull a boner sometime. There won't be any indictments, and I'll—I'll find a place for you. Running an engine was a pretty tough job for a fellow your age, anyway. You gave us the best of your life—thirty years. You don't imagine the board of directors or the district attorney's office will disregard that? Just you buck up, Dad."

Gently Dad disengaged Boles' arm. "Thanks, Ed. You—took it as I expected you would. Now, about Vic—"

"What about Vic?"

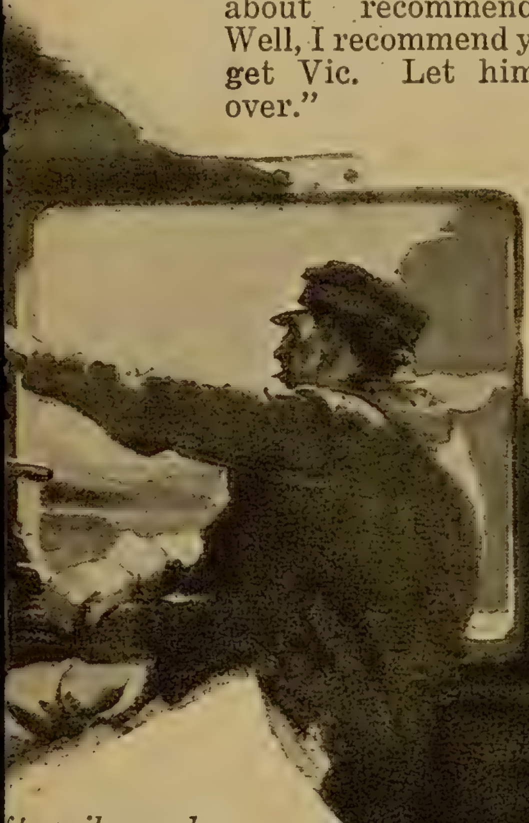
"He went East tonight," explained Dad quietly. "I made him go."

"You mean he left you to face this thing alone?" The super's voice was hard as railroad iron.

"I mean nothing of the sort. Why, Ed, that boy would have taken the blame if I'd let him. But I told him I could fix things with you—that one mistake wouldn't cost me my job. Don't you see, I don't want him to know—not for a long time—until he's got a foothold somewhere else."

"Pride, eh?" Boles made an impatient gesture. "Look here, Dad. The whole business is fishy. If it wasn't for that confounded signature—"

"Vic is through railroading," interrupted Pearsoll hastily. "That wreck finished him. I tell you, his nerve is gone. You used to consult me about recommendations. Well, I recommend you forget Vic. Let him start over."



fty miles an hour,
th calm-faced
d peering from
the cab.

"How'd you get him to run away? He never looked like that sort."

And here Pearsoll played his trump card. "By telling him, Ed, that it would make things easier for me in the investigation. I'll take my oath he never dreamed I was to lose my job. A lay-off, perhaps, nothing worse. . . . Now, if you don't mind, I'll be getting home. Put a good man on my run, will you?"

LONG after Dad had gone Boles sat at his desk, cigar dead, and tears—yes, Superintendent Boles' tears—dripping down his cheeks to make a small gray spot on the blotter.

Occasionally, even today, some old-timer on the Mountain Division will spin the yarn how Hoghead Pearsoll became a gateman. Most of the accounts are sadly garbled, yet never do they contain a word against Dad. The gist of them, however, is correct.

Dad Pearsoll, veteran engineer with a thirty-year record as shining as a main-line rail, became a gateman. Boles got him the job, argued the district attorney's office out of the idea of indictment, argued the board of directors into the acceptance of a situation it did not relish, to wit: the continued employment, even in a lowly capacity, of a man who had caused a head-on collision with resultant loss of life.

And perhaps Dad showed his greatest worth by accepting the job and taking as much pride in his gates and little shelter house as he had taken in his engine.

Providence and Boles worked together to keep his name out of the papers. The local sheet stated briefly that he had been discharged. But the news never got beyond Butte City—never reached Atlanta, Georgia, where Vic was starting over.

Once when a recently elected president of the board, who didn't know an Atlantic-type six-wheeler from a 400 series, stopped at Butte City to inspect shops and yards, Boles lost his temper concerning Dad. He and the board president were standing at a window in the former's office. Two blocks away Dad's gates stuck skyward like white toothpicks.

"What ever happened to the engineer responsible for that big wreck a year ago?" asked the president.

Boles pointed. "He's over there, minding gates."

"You mean to tell me you are still employing him?"

"Yes," replied the super, inspecting his visitor from head to foot—"and I will be just as long as you continue to employ *me*."

The president reddened, conscious he had probed deeper than he intended. "Of course, my dear man, I'm not questioning your judgment. It merely seemed—"

BOLES squared off, hands thrust deep in his pockets, cigar nearly stabbing his hat brim. "It merely seemed, sir, that because an engineer makes one mistake after thirty years of faithful, efficient service he should be turned out to starve. It seems so to you possibly, but not to me. Lord, if I'd been canned every time I'd made a mistake!"

"But couldn't he have found a better job elsewhere?" persisted the president more meekly.

"He could not! All he knows is how to run an engine. He's too old for a new trade, too young to be junked, and—dammit all—too much of a man to be cranking gates! Not that you ever hear a holler from Dad. No, sir. You might think he'd rather camp at that crossing than handle the crack train of the division."

"If he is such a remarkable person, why did he forget a vital train order?" the president couldn't help asking.

To this, strangely enough, Boles took no offense. "That's what whips me," he admitted thoughtfully, "and always has. . . . Well, let's get on to the shops."

Unconscious that he was an object of interest to so important an individual as the president of the board, Dad sat in his tiny shack, reading a letter from his son. Vic wrote often, and his father invariably read and reread every word between trains. After all, it had been worth while—this gigantic sacrifice. The boy, unhandicapped by a single blot on his record, was making good. When black moments came, usually following the passing of passenger train number 74, Dad remembered his wife and was comforted.

After all, he, Dad, had lived most

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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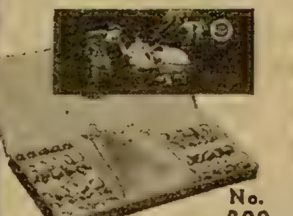

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THICKER THAN WATER
Continued from page fifty-nine

of his life, while Vic was just beginning.

Sooner or later Vic would find out what his father had done for him, and there would be the devil to pay; but by then the boy would be well established.

Victor Pearsoll working in a Southern city, Dad Pearsoll minding gates, and every railroad employee who knew him going out of his way to chat with the beloved ex-engineer—that is the picture which might well end this story. Which did end it for three solid years.

And then—*then* came a summons from Boles, imperative, brief, sending a chill to Dad's heart.

Dad, home from work, grabbed a mouthful of supper and hurried to headquarters.

Boles was in. Boles had a pleasant habit of always being in when wanted. A get-at-able man in spite of his many duties.

Dad hadn't been in the office for three years—not even when the super had assigned him the gateman's job.

His pulse hammered as he advanced toward the desk behind which sat his old friend. Nothing changed, even to Boles' eternal cigar and hat, except that Boles didn't come to meet him this time. His face wore no grin of welcome; instead, an expression that left Dad uneasy.

"Howdy, Ed."

"Howdy, Dad."

"You wanted to see me?" Dad hesitatingly drew up a chair.

"Yep. . . . Three years ago Carrigan's name was signed to a '31' order telling you to take the Cedar Creek siding. Who signed that order, Dad?"

Pearsoll stared, sheer panic in his eyes. "Why, what's the use of raking that up again? I thought—"

THE super, heaving himself erect, went to the window, where he stood, back to Dad, an ungainly, bearlike figure. At length he said without turning:

"You thought you could put one over on me, Dad—and you did for three years, you God-blessed lying saint! But there's no use lying any longer. As a forger you're pretty hot, Dad."

Boles paused; then, softly:

"It wasn't a square deal to Carrigan, but I reckon you remembered he didn't have any family to suffer. . . . Here, read this."

Dad, white, shaking now as if with a chill, fearfully took the letter that Boles extended behind him. It read:

DEAR SUPERINTENDENT BOLES:

I am coming home to face matters. When you and Dad hushed up my responsibility for the big smash and I ran away, it was, as you know, because Dad advised it. I thought that let me out, but I find it doesn't.

If there is anything you or the district attorney want of me, I'll be in Butte City next week. My boss has given me a month's vacation. Maybe the fact I have quit railroading and am doing pretty well at something else will weigh in my favor; I hope so, for Dad's sake. But one thing is sure: when I leave Butte City again, I won't be running away.

There is no use of my attempting to thank either of you for giving me a second chance, nor of asking your forgiveness for my carelessness resulting in the wreck. Believe me, Mr. Boles, whatever punishment is still due me, I have been punished considerably already, remembering that scene in the cut.

And all because I forgot to give Dad an order!

Although Dad has repeatedly urged me not to come back, I've got to go through with it, regardless of consequences.

Hoping you can convince him I am doing the right thing for everybody concerned, and assuring you of my gratitude, I am,

Most gratefully,
VICTOR PEARSOLL.

SILENCE in that room—the sort that settled like invisible fog. Somewhere from the distance came the shriek of an engine blowing for a crossing—perhaps Dad's crossing, where the gates were always shining clean and the little shanty spick and span. Silence, with Boles in the window, with Dad bowed over the letter.

When he spoke the ex-engineer's voice was barely a whisper:

"It means—jail for my boy."

Then, and then only, Boles turned, spreading his legs belligerently, hiding his face behind a perfect barrage of cigar smoke.

"Jail—hell! Why, you old fool, Ed, don't you know this division *elects* the district attorney? He won't start anything unless the railroad says go ahead."

"But the railroad will."

"The railroad won't. That letter you've got there came a week ago. I've been East since then, having a powwow with the board. When they learned what you had done—well, Dad, they figured that if a father could do that much for a son, they ought to be willing to help. No, there won't be any district attorney for Vic to face. Of course he'll have to take the blame officially; it's already wiped from your record."

"No!"

What grief and heartache can be condensed into one word!

Boles jammed his hat still further back on his head. "Yes! Think we could put you back on an engine otherwise?"

Dad looked up dazedly. Then, gradually, a wonderful light came into his eyes.

"—An engine?"

"Sure—the best in the yards—and passenger train number 74. Tomorrow morning if you like. I've got the order in my pocket."

THE END

War in Football

HAROLD DENISON

Victory is the goal—to be gained by superior force or superior brains.

Inside Stories of Scouting and Camouflage That Often Decide Gridiron Battles

By JOHN F. ("CHICK") MEEHAN

Picture by HAROLD DENISON

(Reading time: 12 minutes 55 seconds.)

WAR and football are brothers. The resemblance is clear. They both employ spy systems, propaganda, and carefully planned field strategy. Victory is the goal—to be gained by superior force or superior brains; and in either case courage is a necessary element.

Many of the factors brought to bear in military strife are part and parcel of football. One side has its scouts; the other side uses camouflage. One side toils to create the impression of strength on the left; the other side prepares for a sudden thrust to the right. One side uses the public press to disseminate misleading information; the other side seeks to ferret out the truth.

A long time is required to gain a broad knowledge of football strategy. Coaches spend years studying it, and then try to inculcate their players with a good working share of strategy in the short space of a few weeks. To simplify this course of instruction, various methods are used. One of the features that I have established at training camp is the nightly quiz meeting. Players are permitted to pop questions at me, and I attempt to answer them. Several years ago, at one of these meetings, a questioner trapped me.

"Suppose you were the only man between the goal line and the ball carrier on the other team," he began. "Suppose the ball carrier was running straight for you, and suppose he had three big bruisers in front of him for interference. What would you do?"

Here was a spot in which I needed strategy of a different sort. It behooved me to be evasive. I turned to the quarterback, Jack Connor, and commanded:

"Connor, you answer that."

Jack hesitated, and his eyes twinkled when he spoke.

"In that case I would pull the unexpected," he said. "I would calmly romp down to the five-yard line, remove a banana from my back pocket, eat the banana, and throw the peel directly in the path of the ball carrier. Then I'd trust to fate that he would slip on the skin."

For that particular poser the solution was as good as any. However, there are other problems which we don't have to create. They are present *ipso facto* when a game is scheduled. What style of play does the other team employ? What are some of its weaknesses? What defense is best against it? These are questions which must be answered. To simplify the task, every college football team has its scouts, paid or otherwise; and chief among their duties is to discover give-aways in the individual members of the team under surveillance.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WAR IN FOOTBALL
Continued from page sixty-one

I detected a give-away at New York University last year, but too late for my complete comfort and satisfaction. We had been defeated by Fordham. Our attack had been stopped stubbornly. I was obsessed by the picture of Tony Siano, the Fordham captain, anticipating play after play. There must have been a give-away, I decided. So I consulted my assistant coaches, and we proceeded to make a complete study of the team.

We did not have to look far. The backfield was ordered into formation, and Joe La Mark, the quarterback, began calling signals. Soon it was apparent that whenever La Mark called a play that went to the right, his right shoulder rose slightly, almost imperceptibly, yet enough to give away the direction of the attack to a close observer. When he called a play that went to the left, his left shoulder came up. The cause of the unconscious signal was found to be that he crouched too low.

The necessary correction was made—after Siano had read plays off La Mark's shoulders for a whole afternoon. He was probably the best player at spotting and reading tip-offs that I have ever seen. In three different years I had the extremely doubtful pleasure of watching him back up the Fordham line against us. Toward the end of all three games I found myself following Siano with my eyes to find out where we were running the ball, for he was usually one whole step ahead of our backfield.

Obvious give-aways are sometimes comical. There was the case of Bob McNamara as a sophomore halfback at New York University last year. Every time his signal was called McNamara religiously wetted the tips of his fingers by touching them to his tongue. A rival team couldn't have hoped to be told in plainer language. The gesture was so natural to McNamara, probably because he was a baseball player, that we found difficulty in breaking him of it. Eventually we gave up, and instructed him to wet his fingers on every play. It was the only course left.

Give-aways are a chronic affliction in many cases. When they trace back to high-school days they are almost impossible to cure. In such instances you may try relentlessly to break the habit, you may criticize and plead, and you may even congratulate yourself at success. Yet that give-away is almost certain to come out again when the team gets within ten yards of the goal. The player then becomes imbued with a changed spirit and instruction yields to instinct.

Not long ago one of our scouts made an astonishing discovery. He was watching a team which we considered exceedingly dangerous. It was possessed of a smashing line bucker who stood forth as one of the best in the country. That player was to be the weapon with which the opponent would shatter our defense, and we were well able to imagine such a thing happening. Our task was to stop him. We did. New York University's scout found the key to our eventual victory on the knuckles of one of the linesmen—the running guard.

If the boy placed his knuckles parallel to the line of scrimmage, it meant that he was to swing out of the line and run interference. When his knuckles were perpendicular to the line of scrimmage, he would always charge straight ahead. That was the information we wanted. It was conveyed to our linesmen. Our three center men looked marvelous when they faced the great fullback. He couldn't gain, except sporadically, and an eagle-eye on the side line that had seen well was the humble hero of the fray.

Scouts, I want to point out, are not regarded with disdain. As a rule they are simply assistant coaches assigned to observe a team. They are an accepted and honorable part of football. Graduate managers make a special effort to give them whichever seats they prefer, and they are often entertained by the coach whose team they are scouting. Incidentally, they do not ask for tickets on the fifty-yard line. You generally find them high up in the grand stand at the end of the field, from where they can see the holes break open. Although the public doesn't realize it, the best place from which to watch a game is from a height behind the goal posts.

There are always scouts in the stands, and efforts to delude them are a regular practice. One recent season they found cause to discuss and argue the greatness of Al Lassman as a tackle. He had the experts guessing for a good reason. In minor games before important ones, I played him from three to five feet out of position. When the ball was snapped, he always charged for the hole he had left open—and in most cases he stopped the play. The scouts invariably designed an attack for the other side of Lassman. When the important game rolled around, Lassman was back in his proper position, and I enjoyed watching the other team shooting its plays at him. From our viewpoint, they couldn't have aimed at a better spot.

Such attempts to mislead are so elementary, as a rule, that they seldom have the intended effect. You keep trying, however.

We were to play Colgate in a post-season game for the unemployed last year, so I took advantage of a game with Rutgers to confuse the Colgate scouts. Our backs opened up with a barrage of passes. I wanted Andy Kerr, the Colgate coach, to believe we had gone aërial. He wasn't deceived a whit.

The post-season game came. We received the kick-off, ran the ball back, and tried one play from scrimmage. Jack MacDonald carried the ball into a Colgate defense which, lo and behold! was built to stop a running attack. He made a nine-yard gain, and then was hit so hard that the ball was sent bouncing out of his arms. Colgate recovered, and marched straight for a touchdown with which it won the game. Strategy? Bah!

You need broader plans than that one. Greater weaknesses in the opposition's armor must be found. More often than not, you will locate the desired flaw in the second most popular, and most natural, formula employed by coaches for obtaining information. Nearly all coaches peruse newspapers from the home town of the coming opponent. The press thus becomes a factor with which to reckon. A friendly reporter is apt to do the most harm. He recognizes innovations quickly, and in the end is apt to give away your most important tactical secrets. In such circumstances, a sound and ethical precaution for the coach is to safeguard his strategy against the discerning eye of the press.

Last year the whole country, quite unwittingly, was let in on a gorgeous piece of football artifice which preceded the game between Notre Dame and the University of Southern California. Ten months before the contest, Knute Rockne confided to me that he wanted Notre Dame to win that game above all others. To achieve that purpose, he made the press an agent for a far-reaching football maneuver.

Rockne had a backfield problem that intrigued the nation. He was facing his last game of the season. Misfortune had robbed him of a regular fullback. Who would get the place? Every newspaper in the country was speculating on the question. The answer became big news. Meanwhile Rockne knew the solution, but told no one. Before Notre Dame left South Bend to go to Los Angeles for the game, it was announced that Dan Hanley, a powerful plunging back, had won the assignment.

At every way station photographers and reporters met the Notre Dame squad. The new fullback always became a center of interest. He was supposed to be Hanley. In reality he was Bucky O'Connor. News gatherers watched O'Connor perform in the shirt that bore Hanley's number, and they sent out a string of stories about Hanley. Rockne had Hanley himself playing fullback for all the photographers. Pictures rushed to Los Angeles served as confirmation for Howard Jones, Southern California's coach, that Hanley was Rockne's new plunging terror. There was no doubt about it. Hanley! Hanley! Hanley! Rockne, through the press, hammered away.

Had O'Connor been a fullback, there would have been nothing to the ruse. But O'Connor was a halfback; Rockne was going to use three halfbacks against Southern California instead of two and a fullback. It made a tremendous difference. There was no fullback of the plunging type in the Notre Dame backfield, but there always had been one. Jones naturally allowed for one in planning Southern California's defense.

If Jones had learned in any way of Rockne's newest stunt, he would have known immediately what to expect. He would have known that Notre Dame's attack was being built around the ends and tackles, with lateral passes and end sweeps thrown in. He would have spread his line and set his backfield deeper in order to stop these plays.

But, as things turned out, Southern California was completely deceived in the early stages of the game, before Jones was aware of what had happened.

That shrewd maneuver sent Notre Dame on its way to a victory which was the final glorious chapter in Rockne's great career.

It would be ridiculous to pretend that this type of stratagem alone wins games. One battle doesn't always win a war. A good quarterback can shatter the effect of every pregame maneuver; but that rarely happens. Nevertheless, a premium is paid on quick thinking.

Albie Booth, Yale's famous little back, has mixed exceptional cleverness with exceptional mechanical ability to rise above the mass. A little fellow must use his wits in order to get by without injury.

I always feel sorry for those elusive football mites, because a good defensive team will never try to tackle them low.

Booth has been aware of it. Last year, in the game with Georgia, he was tackled high by Catfish Smith, and at the same time was roughed up. It occurred to Booth that he might talk his way into gentler treatment.

“Say there, say there!” he said in the manner of one who had been highly offended by a misplaced remark. “That sort of stuff doesn't go around here.”

SMITH, it happened, was a smart young chap, too. He adopted an air of even greater injury. With a plainly hurt expression, he replied:

“That isn't the only thing, Booth, that doesn't go around here.”

Booth was put on the defensive.

“What's that?” he asked.

“Albie Booth,” Smith chuckled, and he trotted away.

It can be said for Booth that, although he lost out on this occasion, he was thinking.

Self-reliance and original thought are encouraged constantly by the coach. It is in this respect that he is a builder. Youngsters are disciplined and taught obedience. When they reach college they are to learn just how far discipline and obedience should go. In the lessons of the football field they are quite apt to learn quickest. I shall never forget my first instruction on the subject of thinking.

It followed the game between Princeton and Syracuse in 1915. Our coach, Buck O'Neill, scouted the Rutgers-Princeton contest prior to our game, and he made note of a very pleasing phenomenon. The Rutgers team was able to gain considerable ground through a Princeton tackle named McLean; so O'Neill set about building up an attack directed at the weak tackle. I was quarterback—playing my third game, by the way—and I was to fire away at that tackle to the limit.

ON the afternoon of the game McLean gave one of the finest defensive exhibitions I have ever seen. He had changed overnight. Although we pounded away at him and made nineteen first downs, we could not score. Eventually our attack began to wear McLean down.

The Princeton quarterback who was backing up the line, Frank Glick, moved nearer to McLean to bring him support.

I was too obedient to think of switching tactics. If it occurred to me to start pounding on the spot that Glick had vacated, I probably banished the thought. I don't remember exactly. I do know, however, that Princeton made only one first down and beat us by 3 to 0!

The kindly lecture which O'Neill delivered to me, quietly, is still clear in my memory. I remember distinctly his concluding remarks.

“I'm glad you listened and were obedient. I truly appreciate it. But you will be a great quarterback only when you learn to think for yourself in emergencies and when you have enough confidence in your own judgment to disregard instructions. Your ability to think is your greatest asset. Always remember that.”

From time to time I have used the same theme in lectures to members of my squads. At the conclusion of one of these talks I repeated the theme:

“Remember, your ability to think is your biggest asset.”

My listener looked up at me, startled. “Why, coach,” he said in amazement. “It is not! Didn't you see me punting out there today?”

Apparently all his interest in the science of football was carried in his foot. He did not become the varsity quarterback.

THE END

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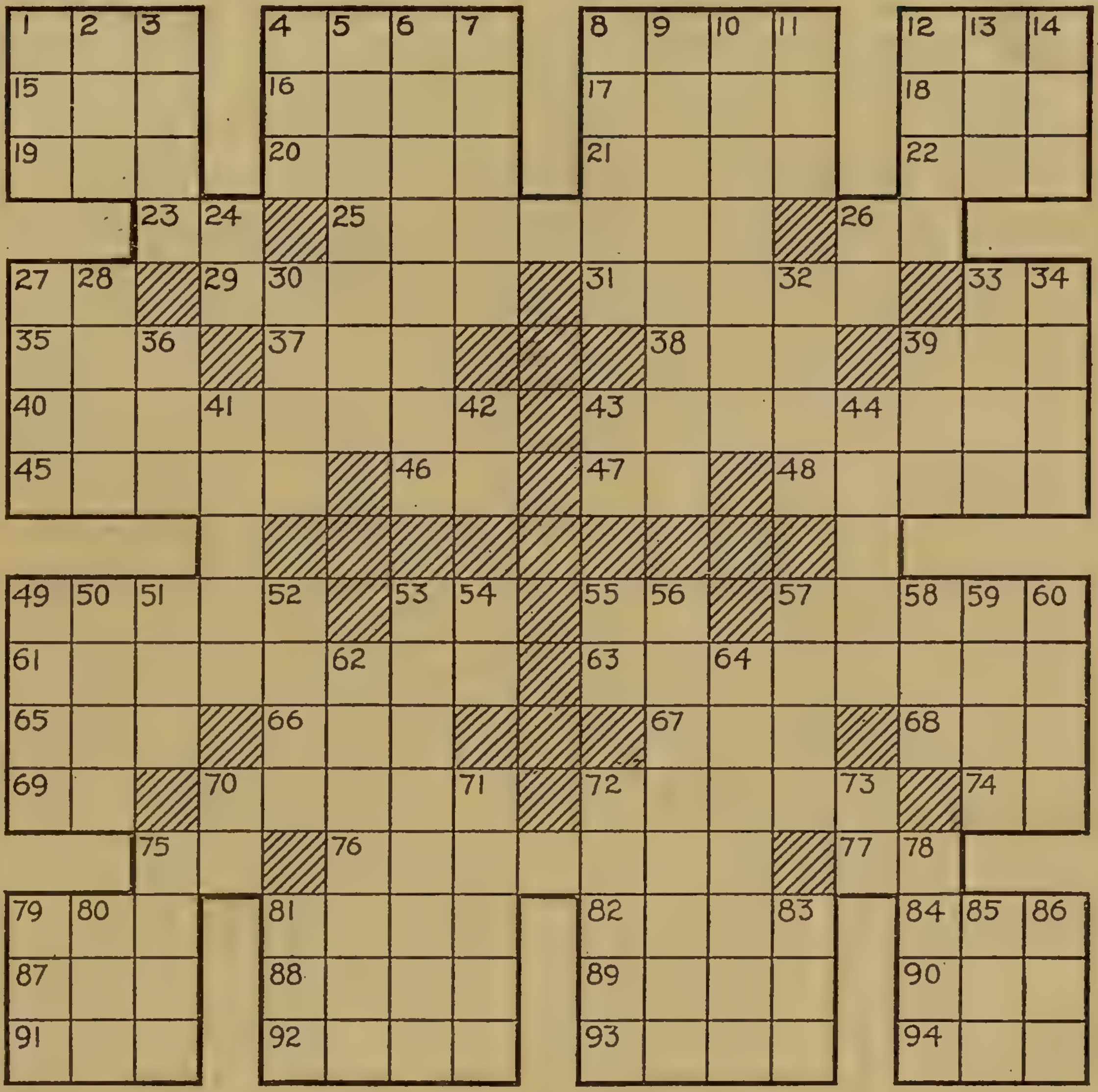
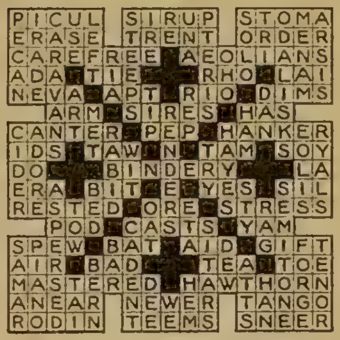


HORIZONTAL

1 Possessed
4 Saucy
8 Lacking color
12 Authoritative rule
15 Poem
16 District
17 Mortgage
18 Unit
19 Cardinal number
20 A son of Jacob
21 Exclamation
22 A coin
23 Thus
25 Threatener
26 Exist
27 Greek letter
29 A coquette
31 Birds of prey
33 Exclamation
35 Peer Gynt's mother
37 Corroded
38 Over
39 Bird's craw
40 Devout
43 Point out
45 General course
46 Perform
47 A bone
48 American Indians
49 Species of willow
53 Note of the scale
55 By
57 To rent
61 Commands
63 Determined
65 Woman's name
66 Write
67 River (Spanish)
68 Even
69 Note of the scale
70 Torn places
72 Measures of weight
74 A parent



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C	A	R	E	F	R	E	E	■	A	E	O	L	I	A	N	S
A	D	A	■	T	I	E	■	■	■	R	H	O	■	L	A	I
N	E	V	A	■	A	P	T	■	R	I	O	■	D	I	M	S
		A	R	M	■	S	I	R	E	S	■	H	A	S		
C	A	N	T	E	R	■	P	E	P	■	H	A	N	K	E	R
I	D	S	■	T	A	W	■	N	■	T	A	M	■	S	O	Y
D	O	■	■	■	B	I	N	D	E	R	Y	■	■	■	L	A
E	R	A	■	B	I	T	■	E	■	Y	E	S	■	S	I	L
R	E	S	T	E	D	■	O	R	E	■	S	T	R	E	S	S
		P	O	D	■	C	A	S	T	S	■	Y	A	M		
S	P	E	W	■	B	A	T	■	A	I	D	■	G	I	F	T
A	I	R	■	B	A	D	■	■	■	T	E	A	■	T	O	E
M	A	S	T	E	R	E	D	■	H	A	W	T	H	O	R	N
A	N	E	A	R		N	E	W	E	R		T	A	N	G	O
R	O	D	I	N		T	E	E	M	S		S	N	E	E	R

Answer to last week's puzzle

75 Note of the scale
76 Plan
77 Not
79 Playing card
81 A metal
82 Frosts
84 Parity
87 Nephew of Abraham
88 Color
89 Spanish coin
90 Past
91 Sheep
92 Otherwise
93 Paradise
94 Tennis term

VERTICAL

1 Heated
2 American author
3 Lairs
4 Intimate associate
5 A recluse
6 Worthy of great respect
7 Trace of unsoundness
8 Put in position
9 Part of an airplane (plural)
10 Erudite
11 Printer's measures
12 Earthy mixture
13 Insect
14 Moist
24 Pertaining to
26 While
27 Market
28 Employer
30 A shortening
32 County in New York
33 Detest
34 Bound to pay
36 Woman's name
39 A month (French)
41 Terminated
42 Toward
43 The beloved of Zeus
44 Fisherman's basket
49 Ancient poet
50 Mentally sound
51 Hostelry
52 Plunder
53 Alludes to slightly
54 Exists
55 Measure of area
56 Built in successive terraces
57 Weaving apparatus
58 A salutation
59 Appear to be
60 Woman's name
62 Part of a plant
64 An Asiatic
70 Egyptian deity
71 Health (French)
72 Grasp firmly
73 Symbol for tin
75 Festival
78 Semiprecious stone
79 Beverage
80 Domestic animal
81 An adherent (suffix)
83 Descendant
85 To mature
86 Disease of sheep

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Romance in the Air

A New For the Love o' Lil

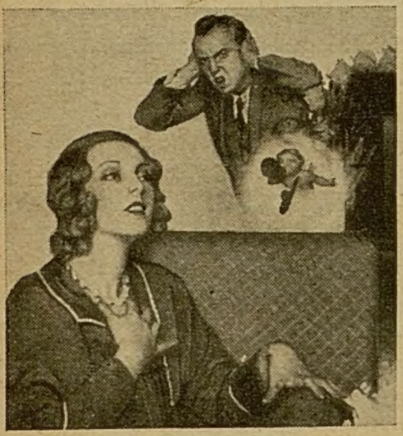
LIL and Sandy had quarreled all afternoon and all through a thin, unsatisfying dinner.

Smithers had come over and talked to Sandy that noon. Offered him a chance. Big money.

Nobody could keep it a secret from Lil. She knew! Sandy accused her of putting the Smitherses up to it. Heaven knew the offer was tempting. A clean-up—but—in bootlegging! She wanted him to be a bootlegger.

"Just until you land a real job!" Lil had argued hotly. "You can quit then. But in the meantime we could pay our debts and live on something besides canned beef! And we could get the furnace fixed, and the leaking hot water boiler!"

On and on she piled their disasters until poor Sandy's head swam. It wasn't fair, she insisted. A bag of cash at his feet, and he wouldn't stoop to pick it up. Who need know he was bootlegging? Just a couple of jobs to tide them over. . . .



This week's cover picture.

"I won't do it!" stormed Sandy. "I won't. You women and your extravagant ideas are just what drive men into a corner. I won't be driven!"

"Oh, so it's an extravagant idea to want to pay the milk bill? Umm, I'm an extravagant wife to want to get the kid new shoes and a warm coat, am I?"

"If you think I'm going to have him point at me and call his father a bootlegger some day, you've got another guess," shouted Sandy. "And now, leave me alone. Other kids go without new shoes and a warm coat. Wrap him up in newspapers."

So Lil, frigid, boiling within but icy in her elaborate pretense at having dismissed the matter, flounced into the living room where Sandy was reading the newspaper and turned on the radio. "Marvelous entertainment," she said snippily, "for the seventh night in the week."

"You ought to be mighty glad you've got a radio. You know, Lil, you're just nagging me into a desperate career. I'll be a rumrunner just to shut you up and have peace. And maybe some day I'll lie dead with a bullet in my back. How would you like that?"

"No worse than starving to death," she shrugged.

Sandy rustled the newspaper angrily and subsided. Lil's favorite crooner was announced, and a moment later his soft shivery voice, gentle but vibrant, came wheedling thoughts of calmer days, softer words, smiling times . . .

"So if you will give me a break
And order those love scenes to begin,
So close to you I will stay
That you'll never say,
'Baby—where have you . . .'"

"Holy jumping juniper cracks!" Sandy, his voice a bit hysterical, stamped to his feet, kicked his newspaper half across the room, and clamped his hands against his ears. "Can't you turn off that dying colt?"

Lil withered him with a glance.

"He earns seven thousand a week," she informed her husband tartly.

"He may get it, but he doesn't earn it."

"Same thing in the end. I think he's grand. It's nice to know there is some romance left in the world."

"The trouble with women is that they don't know the difference between romance and love."

"What is the difference, Mr. Bones?"

"A wedding ring—engraved with a date."

(Next week's cover adventure: Pirate's gold)

You see some wicked spills in hockey, the fastest game that's played. But they always come back for more. There's NYALGESIC in the dressing room. It takes care of pains and sprains of all sorts, relieves neuritis, chilblains, rheumatism, and isn't sticky or greasy. Ask for the 60c shaker-top bottle

WHEN BONES ACHE AND MUSCLES ARE SORE

Nyalgesic

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

The NYAL Druggist thinks of your satisfaction before his profit

Choose A Hobby That *Benefits* You

—a hobby for health.

Of prime importance is exercise of the muscles of face, teeth and jaws, due to the fact that our modern soft foods do not afford sufficient chewing exercise.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum will massage gums, strengthen the teeth and tone facial muscles while the fresh piquancy of the long-lasting flavor will delight your taste and afford enjoyment.

WRIGLEY'S is the new and pleasant way to health and efficiency.

L187

Keep Fit with

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
LASTS

To The Ladies!

Picture by
TY MAHON

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 4 min. 30 sec.)

I ASKED H. G. Wells what women should do to keep young.

"Stay poor," he replied, twinkling at me mischievously over our teacups.

Talk with Mr. Wells is always surprising. While his peculiarly bright blue eyes are laughing, his mind jabs sudden shafts of thought, like a surgeon's knife, deep into the dark and puzzling problems of our day. The conversation I am writing about occurred during his recent visit to New York. He went on to explain:

"Women should cling to poverty. Or they should work for a living. The struggle to get on keeps them animated. Nowadays, what can a woman do with her superfluous energy if she is safe financially? In more primitive times she fulfilled her biological destiny by bearing children until she was exhausted. She bore and reared them by the dozen—or she died early. And she had all the hard domestic chores to do. Now her life is completely changed. In our civilized state, women are relieved of excessive childbearing. Even in the worst cases, a woman's domestic duties today are light, compared to what they once were. So most married women are now left with time and energy on their hands.

H. G. Wells

"Bored stiff," said Mr. Wells emphatically. "That's what's the matter with most of the wealthy or moderately affluent women of today, both married and unmarried, unless they have jobs of their own to do.

"Look at their day. Morning—well, not so bad. Afternoon? Oooh—awful! Nothing to do but pile up silly social occasions, and dress for them. Evening? Fair or bad, as the case may be. So the average nonworking woman goes flirtation hunting, chatters, plays cards, buys clothes—and is bored."

I was far from bored watching this famous English author try to make friends with a New York cat. Mr. Wells likes cats. Usually they return his affection, but this one didn't seem to. Said Mr. Wells:

"All cats loved me in the days when I was doing active scientific work in my laboratory. Possibly because my research led me to dissect so many dogfish. I was always cutting up dogfish, and the cats were all crazy about me. I'm afraid they no longer find me so charming."

Mr. Wells believes that many cat owners are *miscatted.*

"We rarely find the right cat for ourselves," he declared. "It is usually someone else's cat that we would be happiest with—or so we think, at any rate."

SOUP at ten-fifteen for the Prince of Wales! The Prince has acquired late dinner habits, and poor bewildered London hostesses are wringing their hands. To say nothing of the 'ired 'elp. Well trained servants are scarce in London, even in these unemployment days. Hostesses fear they may lose their best cooks or butlers if society follows the Prince (as it usually does) in his new fad for ten-to-midnight dining.

They say the Prince picked up this trick from his Spanish friends and relatives. Society never dines until ten in Spain, but Spanish society never goes to bed at night or gets up in the morning. Theatrical performances may start at eleven or eleven-thirty in Spain, whereas London curtains rise around nine. If the Prince sticks to this old Spanish custom he has embraced, life in London may become just too utterly nocturnal, really!

Can't you hear the servants saying: "Breakfast at eight, then up till all hours!—wot a life for *us!*"

NO more necklaces for evening wear. They're out! Jeweled clips on the sides of the décolletage are smart—and bracelets. Very bediamonded bracelets—lots of them—are still in favor among the gay damsels of Paris. They call them "service stripes."

Real French society women object to such ostentatious ornaments. Instead, they wear a new type of bracelet featuring exquisite workmanship rather than big diamonds. Their new bracelets are of hand-pierced gold or platinum half an inch wide, discreetly studded with precious stones. They're worn two or three on a wrist.

Excellent with the new picturesque type of evening frock are the distinctive bracelets of velvet ribbon with lovely antique clasps. Old brooches of enamel or gold and colored stones are remade to serve as these clasps.

A NEW book by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: A Buried Treasure (Viking Press). The effect of sudden wealth on a family and the small community where they live. Charmingly told.

CRISP little almond puffs or tomato cubes served in clear consommé will relieve the somewhat uninspiring limpidity of that excellent dinner soup. These that I suggest are both easy to make and will raise your reputation as an artistic cook.

You'll need 24 almonds for the puffs. Grind or chop very fine. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff. To the ground almonds add 3/4 cupful stale bread crumbs, a dash of salt, and enough beaten egg white to bind. Work the mixture well with a wooden spoon. Shape into balls about the size of a grape and roll these in egg white. Fry quickly in hot oil, shaking pan constantly until puffs are golden brown. Drain on paper and serve three or four to each portion of consommé.

Tomato cubes are cheerful to the eye and they taste good. To 1/2 cup *thick* tomato purée add salt, a dash of ground mace, a drop of tabasco. Stir in the well beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour the mixture into a shallow pan, place this pan in another pan containing hot water, and cook in a slow oven until the tomato mixture is firm.

Cut into small cubes or fancy shapes and serve in your consommé.

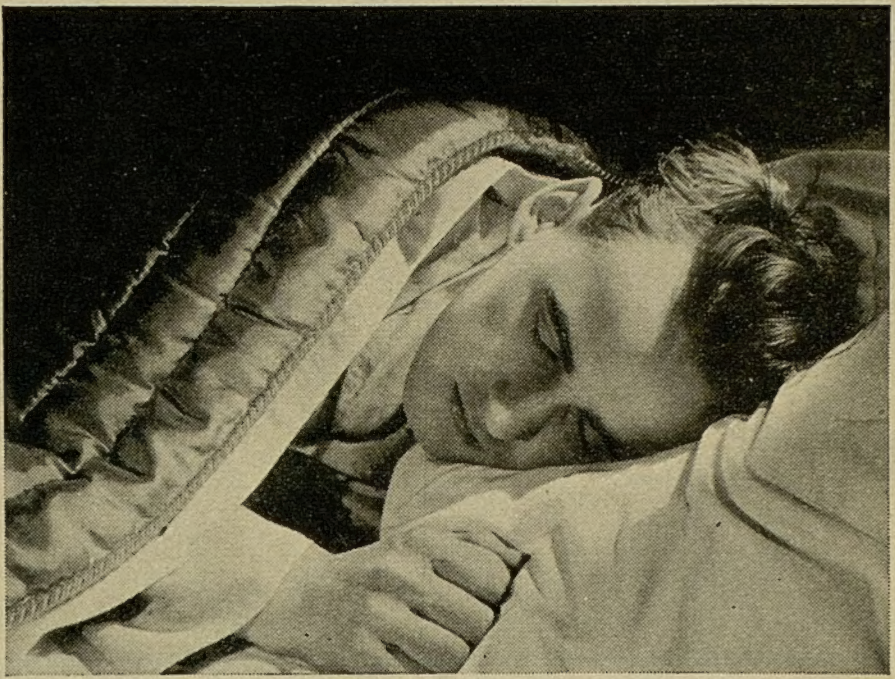
How to end *Nervousness* and

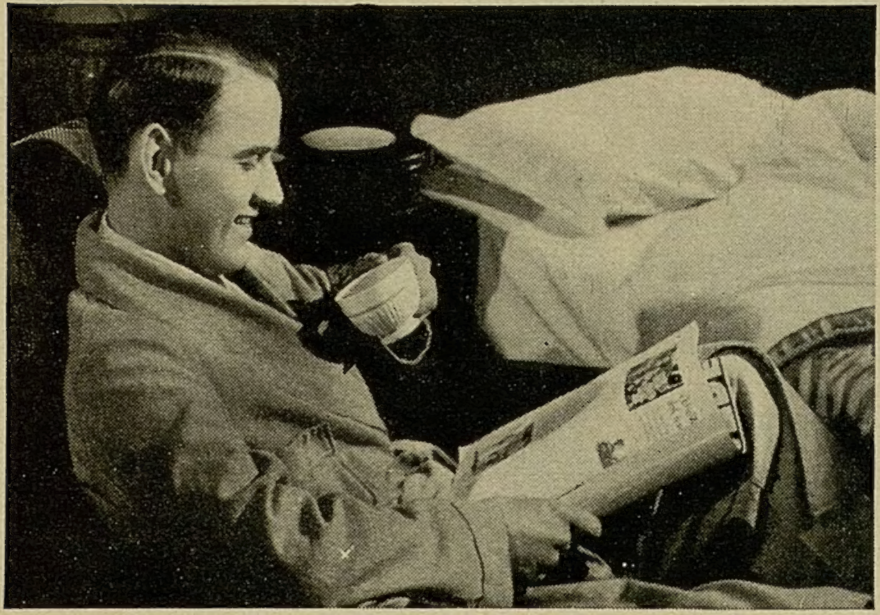
Get 8 Hours' Sleep

Utterly *Without* Drugs!

Swiss Food-Drink Brings Natural Sleep —the kind that rests you and rebuilds you

MAIL COUPON BELOW FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY





YOU may have thought it impossible—a safe, sane and drugless way to end nervousness and get sound, natural sleep for eight hours each night!

But it *is* possible—for you, any night; by using a delicious food-drink that you take just before going to bed. It brings you sleep almost instantly.

You sleep soundly the whole night through and wake up in the morning feeling rested, refreshed and rejuvenated. If you are nervous and can't sleep, please mail the coupon below for a 3-day trial supply.

In even the short space of 3 days you will be amazed at what it does for you — the difference it makes in the way you feel and the way you look.

What It Is and What It Does

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the World War, it was made a standard ration for building up invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And this rebuilds nerve and brain cells as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually combats* the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of warm, cooked oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach—and when taken just before going to bed, relieves digestive unrest and combats sleeplessness.

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180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..........
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address..........

City.......... State..........
(*One package to a person*) 834-R

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette
CAMEL

Something to be thankful for

FOR that cool, mild, throat-friendly enjoyment you get from Camels you can thank the Camel blend and the Camel Humidor Pack.

Of course there had to be the goodness of good tobaccos to start with — fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended.

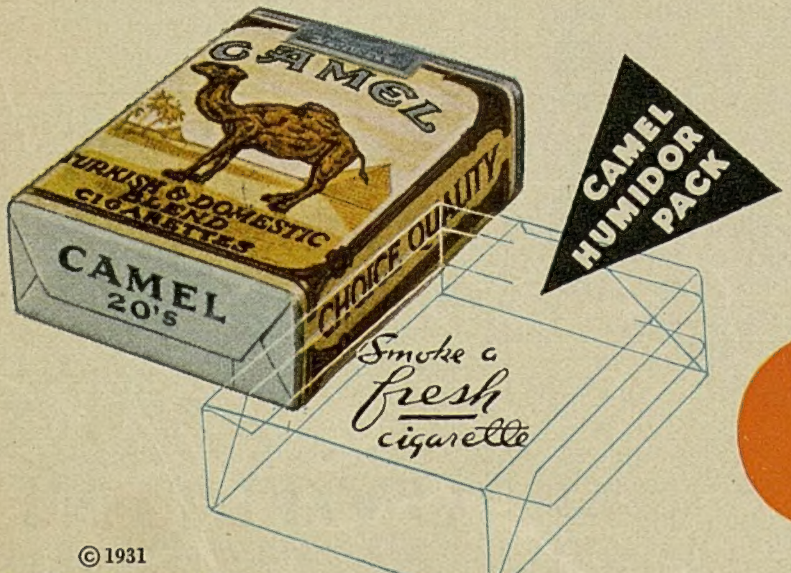
There had to be, too, freedom from the peppery dust that ordinarily is found in tobaccos — a special vacuum process took care of that.

The problem was, to get *all* the aroma and fragrance of Camels to you, *factory-fresh,* if you were to know what a joy a fine cigarette kept in prime smoking condition can be.

That's just what the Camel Humidor Pack does — it delivers you perfectly conditioned mild Camels no matter where or when you buy them.

Just try Camels — see how your throat registers its thanksgiving for the unalloyed pleasure of fine cigarettes *kept* fine!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

CAMELS

Mild **. . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

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